Outdoor America

JULY, 1928

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Beginning a Story by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

INVADING ALL MARKETS WITH ITS NEW BEAUTY

STYLE ~ POWER ~ SPEED ~ STRENGTH

SELDOM does a car present such attractiveness and such value that it successfully invades all markets, and particularly those above its own price. Yet that is precisely what has happened with the Hupmobile Six of the Century, and what is happening today on a larger scale than ever.

The buying public seized upon the Six of the Century as striking a much-wanted new note in beauty and distinction. It well knew what to expect of Hupmobile in quality engineering and manufacturing; in superb performance and reliability.

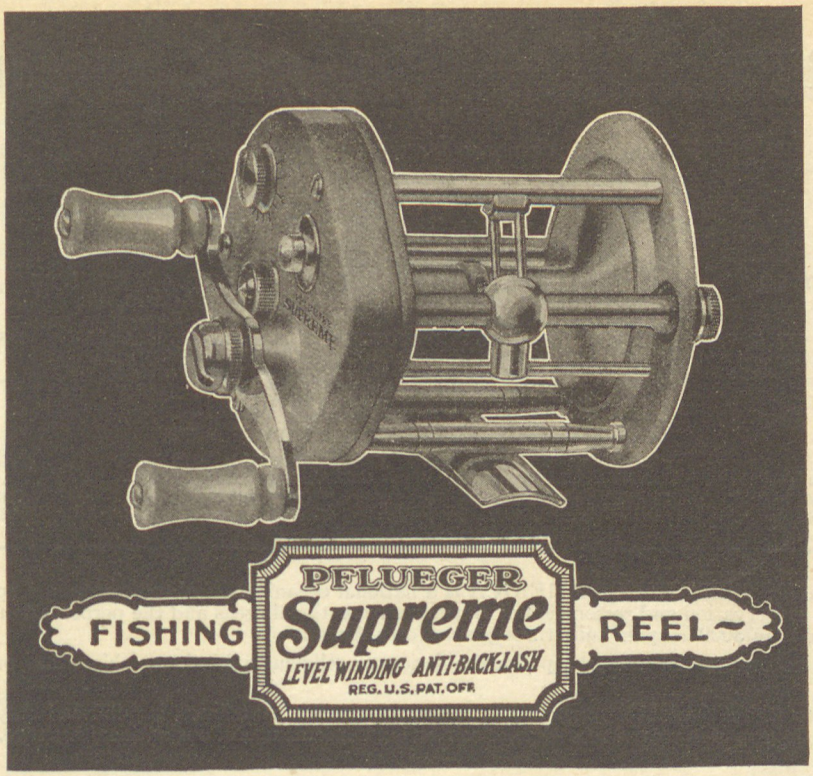
And when it found these features elevated to still higher levels; with luxurious operating and riding ease; with a distinctly artistic exterior and interior design, and all at an unprecedented price, the flood-gates of demand were thrown open. You have but to inspect the Hupmobile closely, and test the way it rides and drives, to agree that this Six of the Century is indeed the "buy" of the century.

Twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, $1345 to $1625 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPMOBILE
The SIX of the Century

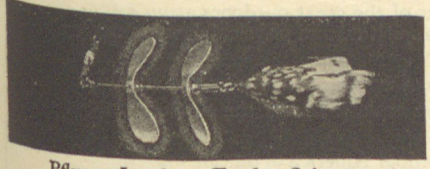
Dr. R. C. Myer, Plymouth, Wis., wrote: "Your Reel is the best I have ever used." He landed this Wall-Eyed Pike with the Pflueger Supreme Reel. It was 28 1-2 inches long and weighed 8 1-2 lbs.

No wonder W. D. Arrison, West Palm Beach, Fla., is smiling so happily in the photo above—look at that string of Black Bass. He's probably thinking of the wonderful meal they'll make. He used the Pflueger Supreme Reel to land this bunch.

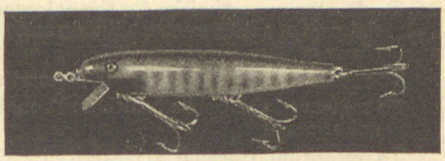


In the photo above is an eleven pound Rainbow Trout—caught by H. P. Hughes, Caribo Road, Likely P.O. Vancouver, Canada. He's naturally proud of his catch—note the look of pride on his face. He used the Pflueger Supreme Reel.

Here is a very pretty limit of Rainbow Trout, caught at June Lake near Bishop, Calif., with the Pflueger Supreme Reel and Nonsuch Silk Line. One weighed 12 1-2 lbs., the other 9 3-4 lbs. Mr. I. H. Taffe, Phoenix, Ariz., is the gentleman proving his case with a photo.



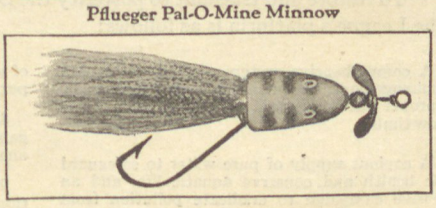
Pflueger Luminous Tandem Spinner



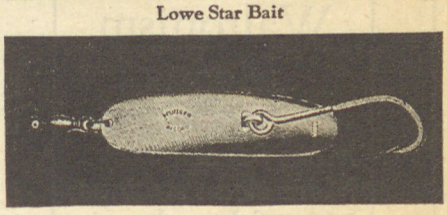
Pflueger Pal-O-Mine Minnow

Lowe Star Bait

Pflueger Harp Pork Rind Spinner



Pflueger Flilite Floating Bass Bug



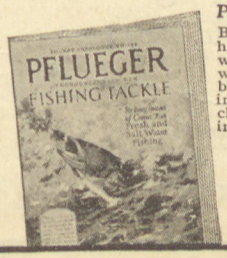
Pflueger Record Spoon

Where Experience Outshines Experiment

The Pfluegers have applied the benefits of three generations' experience to the art of making fishing tackle. Good results are not trusted to "fisherman's luck"—but are insured by advanced designing, precision workmanship, rust-resisting metals, accurately balanced spools, smooth-running bearings, dependable, level-winding mechanism.

This year Pflueger has provided more than 5000 items of tackle for fresh or salt water fishing—all backed by the Pflueger No-Time-Limit Guarantee. Ask your sporting goods dealer to show you the Pflueger line and give you the new Pflueger pocket catalog. If he can not supply you, write us direct.

PFLUEGER
PRONOUNCED "FLEW-GER"
FISHING TACKLE
Leaders Since 1864
THE ENTERPRISE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. OA-7 Akron, Ohio E. A. Pflueger, Pres't



Pflueger Pocket Catalog
Brim full of interesting and helpful information which every fisherman wants to know—valuable tips on fish and fishing with leading articles of Pflueger Fishing Tackle.

Mail the Coupon

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.
Dept. OA-7 Akron, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send me, free of cost, your Pocket Catalog No. 148.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Izaak Walton League of America

FOUNDED BY WILL H. DILG

INCORPORATED

549 WEST RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO

NATIONAL OFFICERS

HON. HERBERT HOOVER
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Honorary President

DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD
URBANA, ILLINOIS
President

FRED A. PRESTON
CHICAGO, ILL.
Treasurer

FRED N. PEET
CHICAGO, ILL.
Secretary

THEO. ROBINSON
CHICAGO, ILL.
Vice-President

DR. G. C. REDFIELD
SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
Vice-President

CHARLES BIEDERWOLF
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Vice-President

THOMAS A. E. LALLY
SPOKANE, WASH.
Vice-President

DR. JOHN A. STANFIELD
FT. WORTH, TEXAS
Vice-President

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN—HASKELL NOYES, MILWAUKEE, WISC.

H. A. SAVAGE
SAGINAW, MICH.

FRANK M. WARREN
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

JUDGE FRANK B. BURFORD
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

CHARLES K. FOSTER
CHICAGO, ILL.

FRANK J. BRADY
ATKINSON, NEBR.

HARRY C. GOODWIN
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

J. QUINCY WARD
CYNTHIANA, KY.

DR. WM. H. MOORE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

Will You Fight to Save Our Outdoors?

Do you want your boys and girls to enjoy hunting, fishing and camping?

If so, use this coupon now.

Join This Great Movement Now!

Izaak Walton League, 549 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois.
Please tell me, without obligation or cost, how I may best aid in the campaign to save our outdoor heritage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

ADVISORY EDITORIAL BOARD

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE
DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD
STRUTHERS BURT
GEORGE M. L. LABRANCHE
REX BEACH
WM. L. AND IRENE FINLEY
WILLIAM BEEBE
HAROLD TITUS
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
BEN AMES WILLIAMS
ROBERT H. DAVIS
IRVIN S. COBB
HAROLD PULSIFER
BEN EAST
OZARK RIPLEY
THOMAS AMBROSE

MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

COPYRIGHT 1928

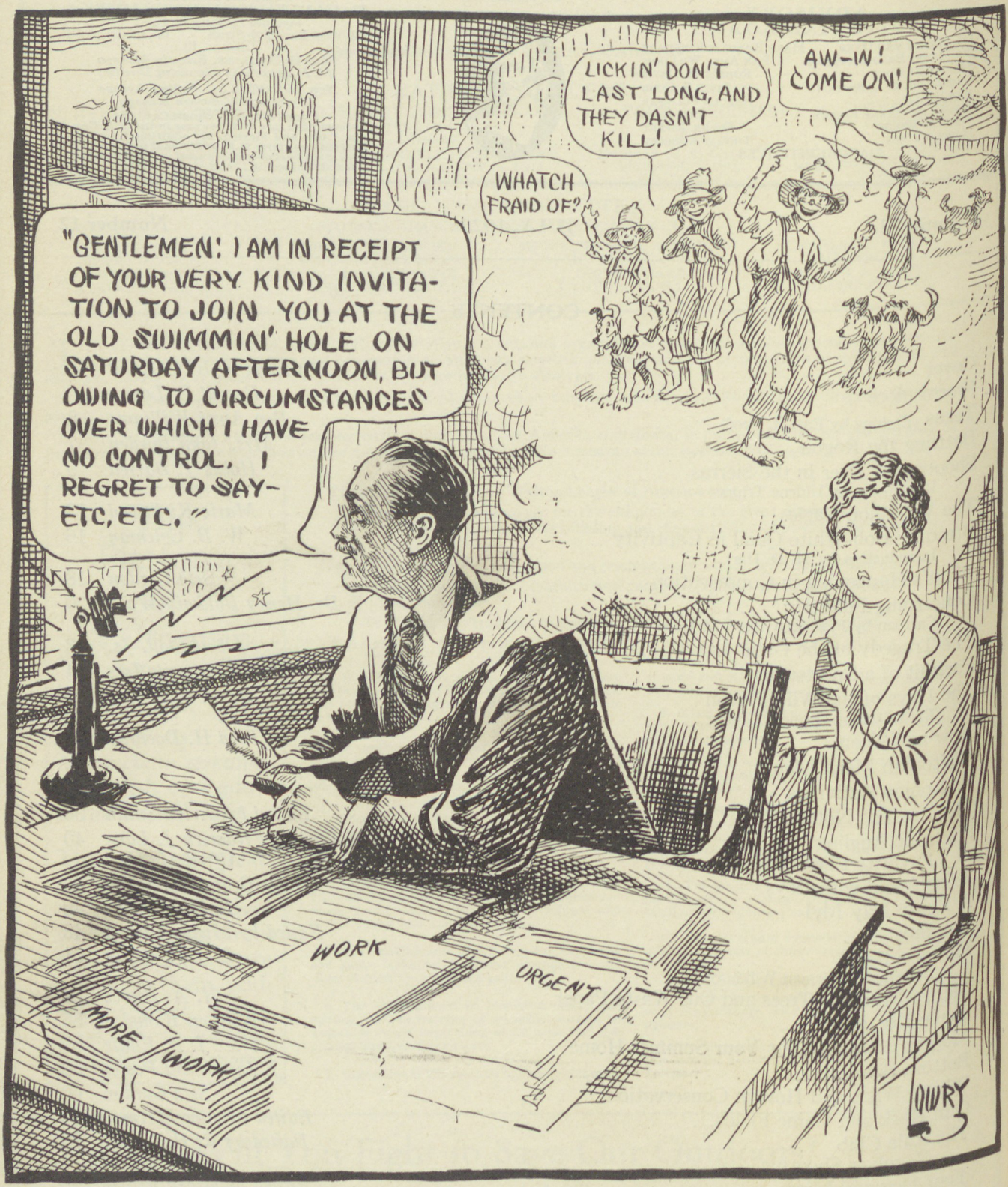
Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
Founded by WILL H. DILG
549 West Randolph Street. Tel. Central 5550
Chicago, Ill.
FRED H. DOELLNER, *Executive Manager*
M. A. BERGFELD, *Advertising Director*
New York Office, 342 Madison Avenue
A. J. STOCKER, *Eastern Manager*
Issued Monthly. Single Copy 25c
Subscription rate $3.00 per year in the U. S., Canada, Cuba and Mexico. 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Volume VI **JULY, 1928** **Number 12**

CONTENTS

Cover . . . . . *Painting by E. J. Lund*
Frontispiece . . . . . *Everett E. Lowry*
Texas (Etching by Earl H. Reed) . . . . . *Ben Ames Williams* 5
Battling the Rogue . . . . . *Mrs. John Borden* 7
Shooting at Deer in the Sierras . . . . . *Hollis J. Barrett* 9
Illustration by Uldene Trippe
The Vermilion Eagles . . . . . *Marie Kirkwood* 13
Breeding Bob-White Quail in Captivity . . . . . *W. B. Coleman* 16
Introduction by M. D. Hart
What's Happening in Conservation . . . . . *Seth Gordon* 18
Concerning Pollution . . . . . *Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward* 20
Cartoon by Florence Gibson McCabe
The Tragedy of the Great Lakes . . . . . *Albert Stoll, Jr.* 23
Portrait of a Sportsman . . . . . *Marguerite Ives* 24
The Days of the Wild Pigeon . . . . . *David Whittaker* 28
Illustrated by Clemens Gretter
Now and Then . . . . . *Fred H. Doellner* 31
Waltonian Merit Men 32
Waltonian Activities 34
The Angler's Notebook . . . . . *Edited by O. W. Smith* 36
Scientific Angling . . . . . *Edited by Frederick J. Lane* 40
Favorite Flies . . . . . *Alfred M. Hall*
Trips Afield with Boys . . . . . *Judge George W. Wood* 42
A Rainy Day Idyl . . . . . *L. B. Howsley* 46
Camping . . . . . *Edited by Murdo Gibson* 48
Paradise Pool . . . . . *L. J. Andrews* 51
Etching by Norman Wilkinson
More About Our Trees and Our Waste Paper . . . . . *H. A. Pierce* 54
Snake Doctors . . . . . *William Kemsley* 56
Modern Sanitation for Your Summer Home . . . . . *J. P. Eddie* 57
Bottom Boards . . . . . *J. Lippincott Foster* 59
What's What and How in Conservation . . . . . *Seth Gordon* 60
Gun Rack and Game Fields . . . . . *Edited by Alec Mermod* 64
The Rifle Club . . . . . *Edited by R. H. Nesbit* 66
Revolver Shooting . . . . . *Bob Limbert*
Your Dog and Mine . . . . . *Edited by Ozark Ripley* 70

30 days' notice must be given for change of address.
IMPORTANT—*If you move, send in your new address at once. Second-class mail will not be forwarded.*


"GENTLEMEN: I AM IN RECEIPT OF YOUR VERY KIND INVITATION TO JOIN YOU AT THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, BUT OWING TO CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH I HAVE NO CONTROL, I REGRET TO SAY- ETC, ETC."
WHATCH FRAID OF?
LICKIN' DON'T LAST LONG, AND THEY DASN'T KILL!
AW-W! COME ON!
WORK
URGENT
MORE WORK
LOWRY

The Call of the Wild—Everett E. Lowry

Texas

By
BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Etching by Earl H. Reed

THERE must be a title for a deed like this, and "Texas" is at least comprehensive. "Geese" only tells a tithe of the story. "Alligators" would lend atmosphere, or even "Moccasins"; or "Rattlesnakes" for menace and suspense. To call it "Prickly Pear" would do the villain too much honor; and so would "Sand Burrs." "Prairie" isn't so bad; but on the whole, "Texas" covers the ground. See any good map for confirmation.

There are two chapters. Here is the first of them.

CHAPTER ONE

THREE of us set out to find geese and come within range of them. There were geese in the land. We had seen them from the camp, we had seen them from the blinds while our guns blazed at fat sprig; we had seen them from the boats at dawn; we had seen them circling over distant trees; and when we came to the trees we saw them pass our abandoned skiff, on the shore a mile away.

But they were, under such conditions, remote and unapproachable; we desired a nearer view, and to that end were now set out, in an ancient and undaunted Ford—if this be advertising, make the most of it—without top or windshield, along an unbelievably bad road which trailed for miles behind us and extended for miles ahead of us as straight as a string. It had been mud; the mud had rutted; then the mud dried to the consistency of brick. The result was on our spines now made manifest.

J H was at the wheel. If you know him, enough; if not, you are unfortunate. He drove jauntily, chatting while he drove, drawing upon his vast store of experience for comment and prediction and reminiscence. We whom he thus transported were, in theory, gunners; large, heavy men more used to be indoors than out, but passionately desirous of concealing that fact. The road wounded us in our tenderest parts; and we were equally cruel to the car.

J H spoke of geese, of wolves, of ducks, of cattle, of great storms when the temperature falls to twenty degrees above zero and cattle freeze in the wide pastures and fish freeze in the Gulf and float ashore. Also, he spoke of rattlesnakes, and so feelingly that one of us, who is afraid of rattlesnakes, sat in the middle of the rear seat lest a serpent reach over the side of the car to bite him.

Fifteen miles or so from our starting point—a good hour's drive on this incredible road—we invited Chesley to join and direct our expedition. With J H we had been rich; with both him and Chesley, we were plutocrats.

At a certain moment, on this straight road, with open prairie climbing to the horizon on every side, Chesley said:

"Turn off here."

The Ford took the ditch and began to meander through mesquite, prickly pear, live oak motts, sloughs and hummocks, in a general direction which was sufficiently clear to Chesley. The road behind us disappeared, and so did every other landmark. Then two geese dropped down to feed on the prairie a half mile to our right, and the rear seat passengers proposed to begin an immediate stalk; but Chesley and J H pressed on.

By and by, Chesley pointed toward a smoke cloud, two or three miles away to our right, and said mildly:

"Geese!"

This was obviously a lie. If the flock had been geese, there must have been three or four hundred of them, and one of us was perfectly sure that there were not so many geese anywhere. But the rear seat was too polite for open contradiction.

There was snow on the prairie to our left, a mile or so away. It turned out to be snow—geese. Thirty or forty of them rose as we passed by.

The birds like herons, a quarter of a mile east of us, standing on a low knoll, were sand hill cranes, said Chesley. Then seven mallards lifted from a tiny, bush-cloaked slough.

Later, there appeared to be railroad lines on all sides of us; the smoke trails from the passing engines showed above the live oaks. "Geese!" said Chesley, again; and the rear seat smiled. Five hundred pounds of gunners, sadly disappointed because they had been refused permission to crawl a mile through prickly pear in the hope of a shot at two geese—smiled in ironic disdain.

There was another slough ahead of us, rather more extensive than those we had passed; we could catch glimpses of open water over a space roughly circular and perhaps half a mile in diameter. An authentic flock of a dozen or fifteen geese rose from this water and flew away. We stopped, alighted, and planned our campaign.

We were to separate, said J H; take post here and there about this slough—which he called a lake. When geese came within range, we would shoot them. This was simple enough. We had shells a-plenty. I had twenty; J H had fourteen; Chesley had eight, and the other gunner was somewhere between J H and myself. If we saw a goose, well. If not, it was no worse than we expected, since we had so sadly neglected the chance at those two on the prairie a mile or so behind us.

The month was December, the temperature seventy or so, the humidity near the saturation point. In low shoes, gunning pants, and a flannel shirt open to the waist I was too warm. We separated, and I chose a spot where two weeds offered some shelter. I inspected the locale for rattlesnakes, scanning every grass blade most minutely. But this appeared to be one of those spots—rare, hereabouts, if J H could be believed—which was momentarily free from serpents. I sat down. J H was out of sight two hundred yards away; the others quite gone out of sight and sound.

Some sound drifted down wind. It might have been a goose, honking; but the sky was innocent of birds except for the ducks, unconsidered now, which whirled and dropped into the water and rose again. But abruptly a string of a dozen geese came drifting from the southeast, twenty yards above the prairie. They lifted high, scaled over the water, hooked wings and dropped into the middle of the lake.

My heart picked up a beat. If another flock saw these birds and decoyed, I might get a shot at a stray.

Another flock did come along, half a dozen this time. They passed within a long hundred yards of me, but I was still sane. Then someone across the lake fired; and I came to my feet in time to see three other flocks in the air in that direction. Seven. Fourteen. Twenty-two. My wrists began to pound. I stood watching these flocks break away, wheel back—and drop into the water far off shore.

Two geese were coming in from the northwest, over toward J H. I crouched. They came on a steady line, and his gun lanced at them. They were incredibly high; but on his second shot one bird tipped and scaled down to fall upon the prairie. I saw J H run in that direction.

My throat was pounding now. The heat, undoubtedly. It was a quarter past four, but too warm for comfort. It amused me to count my pulse. Ninety-seven!

Then a trumpet sounded in my ears. I looked up, and scores of geese, just above my head, swirled and eddied like black flies in the sun over a Maine lake. Those explosions were my gun, one, two, three, four, five. And two geese toppled and fell.

They struck the water just outside the bushes in front of me. Low shoes and all, I plunged after them. One bird was dazed, and I caught it easily; but the other had hidden among the bushes, and I began to search for it, wading along the shore.

Then another flock of geese sailed over me, and I aimed the empty gun. In so doing, I dropped my wounded bird; by the time the gun was loaded, this goose was swimming

away. It was no great trick to capture him again, but the other one was hidden beyond discovery.

I returned to my hiding place. Pulse, by estimate, a hundred and ten. Mouth dry and feverish. Eyes wide and protuberant. Temperature a hundred and two. Hand tremulous. Prognosis, bad!

The air was full of geese. Those which passed nearest me came from the northeast; and I watched in that direction. I had forgotten rattlesnakes; I sprawled flat in the grass. When I rested my hands on the ground, sand burrs pierced them; but when I lifted my hands, they shook so that the burrs flew in a dozen directions. A line of geese, rising and falling, low over the prairie, came directly toward me. A mile away, half a mile, a quarter. Then another flock made a flank attack, swinging in low from the east, and they were directly overhead before I saw them.

My gun blazed again, and one bird came down. By some miracle, he was dead; he hit the prairie soddenly.

Other guns were going, in all directions. There were only four guns, none of them well supplied with shells; but the cannonade was constant. I fought off swarms of geese, and abruptly my shells were gone.

For five minutes longer the others continued to fire; but by half past four, a great silence fell.

Yet I stayed where I was; for the geese were now beginning to come in earnest. My pulse had touched two hundred and twelve, the boiling point; but now that my shells were gone I began to return to normal. By and by, I began to try to count the incoming birds. An army of snow geese passed over me; I counted sixty and estimated by length of files the numbers in this flock. Not less than four hundred, nearer six hundred. In fifteen minutes I thus tallied the four largest flocks which passed directly over me. Of these four, no flock was less than four hundred, and the smaller bunches I ignored. Yet the birds came by dozens and scores. There were snow geese—J H called them brant—and black breasted geese, and Canadas, these last both large and small. . . . .

We stayed till sunset to watch this tremendous spectacle. Even J H had never seen such a convocation, and confessed it. There was a little cove within seventy yards of the car. As dusk fell, the geese dropped in this cove, till the water, a space a hundred yards one way and fifty the other, was black with them.

We hung our birds over the hood of the car, great clusters of them, yet short of the limit permitted us; for the goose fever which had infected me had also laid hold upon the others, and many a charge of shot had pierced the empty air. So at last we set out for home, across the pathless prairie, where every live oak looked like every other, and only Chesley and the stars could guide us. Now and then, prickly pear walled us in so that we had to retreat. The tires were puncture proof; but they assumed the aspect of the fretful porcupine. Now and then we mired, and three of us pushed while J H jockeyed the car back to good ground again. So we came at last to the road.

There was some argument, before we dropped Chesley at his door. I asserted that when we came again we ought to concentrate at the spot I had occupied.

"The big flight came that way," I insisted.

The other three dissented, each advancing the claims of his own post; each one of us four was positive that half the geese that flew into the pond passed directly over his head.

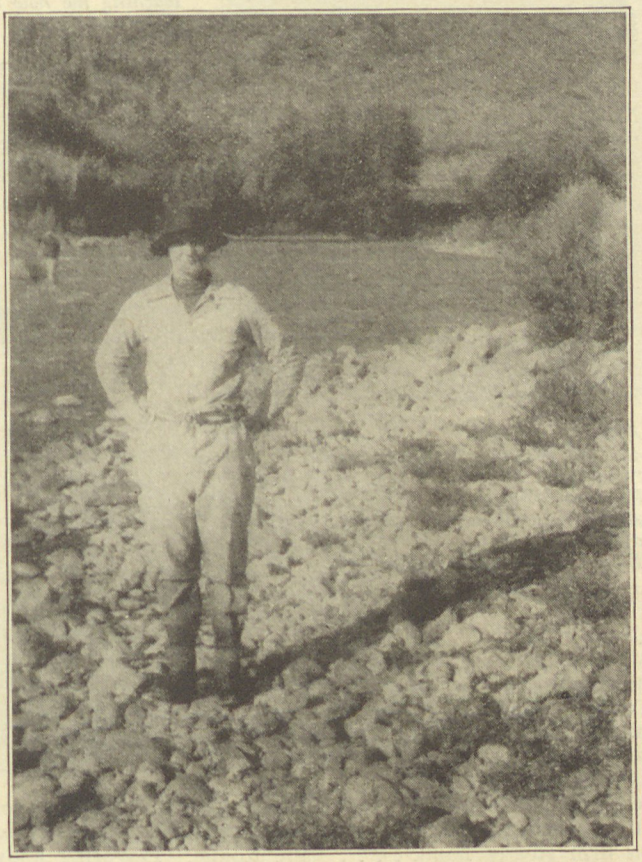
(Continued on page 27)

"The Troopers of the Sky." From the original etching by Earl H. Reed.

Battling the Rogue

or How a Beginner Sees It

By
MRS. JOHN BORDEN



THIS story by Mrs. John Borden of her first experience fly fishing for salmon is particularly interesting in view of the fact that she has since become a highly proficient angler and her exploits hunting Kodiak bears on the famous Borden Alaska Arctic Expedition prove her also an exceptional huntress.
EDITOR.

THE train roared over the Siskiyou mountains. Oregon,—with its rolling hills, lovely fertile valleys overflowing with ripe fruit, on a clear September day—a cloudless sky shining over the peaceful landscape, lay before us. In the valley a winding river sparkled in the early morning sunshine, the clear blue waters tumbling and splashing over grey boulders, hastening in a furious descent towards the Pacific.

"There's the famous Rogue!" exclaimed my husband excitedly—he too stared out of the car window.

While the train descended into the valley, I sat back, watching the swift onrush of Mister Rogue. So—it was in this river where one must wade in order to catch *Steelhead!* The riffles looked unpleasantly rough—the current much too rapid. Cool shivers tingled up and down my spine. How I wished that I had taken our trip more seriously — had practiced — anywhere—the precious art of "presenting the fly!"

"This will give you a good chance to see whether the outdoor life appeals—before we start on a long trip to Alaska," John Borden interrupted my questioning thoughts.

"Medford!" shouted a third member of our party, standing in the doorway—hat on the back of his youngish bald head; a broad smile extending from ear to ear.

We climbed off the dusty car and breathed deeply the cool, clear air that blew off the mountains. A young man in tweeds, and tennis shoes, met us. He was the fourth member of our little vacation group, and he, too, wore a healthy grin.

"Hello, boy! Here are the Bordens!" introduced our companion as we all shook hands.

A hundred and one suitcases and what-nots were hastily thrown into an automobile, bound for our host's ranch about ten miles distant. We were piloted to the nearest outfitting store. Here, we were to buy high waders —either waist or shoulder length, besides, of course, the particular flies that were then in vogue among the fickle steelhead. I had fished before—and caught brook trout—but never had I heard such heated, violent arguments concerning the many varieties of flies that were spread out alluringly on the counter. There were reds, blues, browns, and oranges—some bright feathery ones,—others distinctly drab and dull. *"Eenie, meenie, minie, mo!* My mother told me to take this one—!" Why not—it seemed plausible?

"Do many wives try this game?" I asked hesitantly—I was almost weakening.

"Sure! But most of them sit on the bank and have their fun getting tangled in branches," laughed the man who had met us, being highly amused. His was the point of view known and understood by confirmed bachelors of forty years experience—women were still a grim conundrum.

Other people were bustling in and out of the store. It seemed to be the hot-spot of fishing gossip. An odor of rubber (that unmistakable aroma which immediately greets one's sensitive nostrils on boarding ship) permeated the stuffy room—equally diluted by strong smells of fish and leather—an entirely proper outfitting store.

Armed with appropriate implements we hurried off —anxious to be somewhere along the Rogue before the afternoon was over. Nothing to interrupt now—only time out for changing clothes. The famous sport—Steelhead fishing—was nearly upon us.

Soon we reached the white ranch house snugly situated below a hill, surrounded by trees bearing luscious pears and crimson apples. Below these trees were men and children—packing the delicious fruit in crates—piling the crates one on top of the other.

"Well—we're ready!" shouted someone. Of course, a male voice! Four of us—after a hurried unpacking—our arms bulging with rods of every length and weight—our heavy hob-nailed boots echoing along the porch over which we attempted to walk very lightly—so as to avoid scratching the recently painted floor. Next, the bottom of the car groaned with boxes of tackle, flies and leaders, dry shoes, extra sweaters, and, last but not least—food. . . . . It was eleven o'clock.

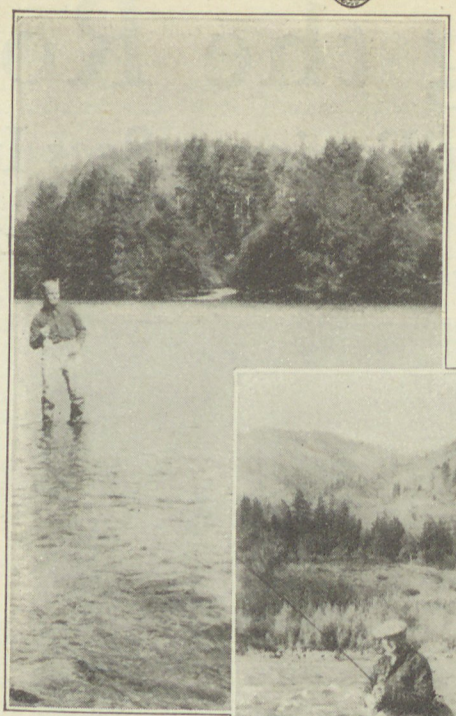
The cool winds whipped across our faces as we sped over gravel roads; everywhere was health and peace. We somewhat resembled dogs—with our necks stretched to windward—sniffing the fragrant apple-laden air. "What a life —this gentleman's sport! No more afternoon bridge games, pink teas, and pinker houses," thought the beginner in the game.

"Think Ross' riffle the best bet today," announced our host who was driving the car. "Bill caught one there yesterday."

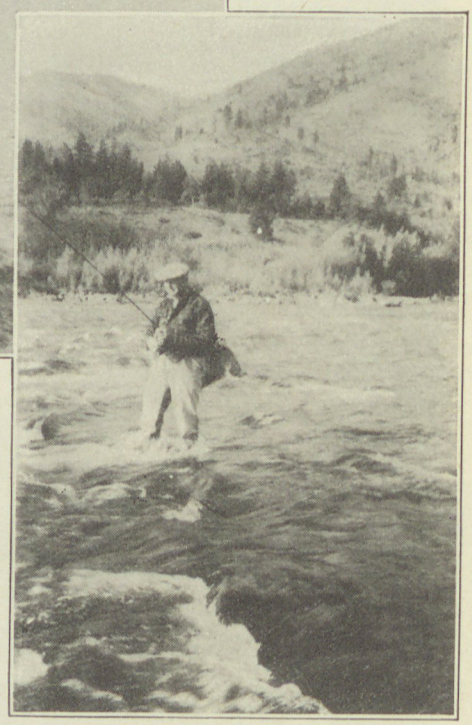
"'*One* there yesterday . . . .'?" And I had imagined five or six of the silvery creatures would be a good fisherman's daily catch! You see,—brook trout was my standard of measurement. Did he actually infer that the bigger and better go-getters boasted of one steelhead? . . . .

Little did a tenderfoot realize how remarkable a feat it is—hooking and landing one of that special brand of rainbow trout.

Reaching a particular bend in the river, where it seemed to be gurgling and splashing over blacker depths, we learned this was Ross' riffle—it carried a juicy reputation. Each of the three men announced into which pool he would wade—my allotted spot was in between. One thoughtful man among the three, gave me an arm on which to lean as I made my initial acquaintance with the rocky, slimy depths of a steep pool. The water was mercifully not as cold against the waders—as anticipated. But the boulders were fiendish! Rough, jagged, slippery — some round, others pointed; and every so often we stumbled over an honest to goodness perch upon which we could rest — before struggling, pushing, ahead. We dropped into space—then, again, an unexpected rock knocked against us. It was uncanny! . . . . Somewhat like I have always imagined it would be like to walk on stilts that were about to skid out from under—at any minute. The swift current pushed against us—a mightier strength it had than one would suppose. Almost common night-mare sensations: trying to stand up against a cyclone!



Below — "Standing in a shallow pool teaching me how to present the fly."



Above—John Borden, well known as "Captain" of the Borden Alaska Arctic Expedition after Alaskan Brown and Kodiak bear.

Then I was coached. . . . . One must cast quickly—agilely—letting the feathered lure stretch out into a pool where the water gushed over magic depths—drawing it back with a firm steady hand. . . . . Then out again! This we continued for four or five lessons. One must quarter the pool: exhaust its fish possibilities before moving on. It didn't seem so terribly difficult. . . . . But my line never seemed to strike the water far enough away. . . . . And when it did—there was too much splash!

Soon I was left to my own devices. A fresh, crisp smell of clean earthy things rose from nearby shores. A breeze swayed the branches which hung over the bank—rippling across placid pools; birds twittered. . . . . Hours passed. . . . . My stomach began to rumble! What time was it—I wondered?

But no signs of any interest from below the greenish waters. . . . . Not a nibble! "Perhaps the others have had better luck?" I queried. Visions of a crackling fire—fish sizzling in a frying pan from where a hot, greasy smell would greet our hungry senses; my mouth watered at the memory of closing my teeth over such tender morsels. (We had no forks—I knew—but so much the better for the novelty.)

After what seemed an eternity, something splashed behind me: Mine host was picking his footing very gingerly. "Ha!" I thought: "There are others who have a hard time keeping right side up!"

"Catch anything?"

"Skunked!" He shouted. "Let's eat. . . . . Better take my arm," he added—wading closer.

Firm ground was a relief. . . . . Sitting down still more of a relief! In a few minutes the two other men made their wet, bedraggled appearance from round a bend in the Rogue. Both were empty handed—both began talking at once. "Skunked!" — They were too.

"I had a hunch *Brown Marsh* was the baby that would do the stuff," moaned H—, the one person who had cheerfully wasted precious time teaching me.—"I'm going to stick to that hunch next time. Nothing even smelled my fly!" sitting down with a thud—reaching for a sandwich.

"Me for *Dusty Miller!*" put in another voice.

My husband chuckled. When one lives in Chicago—one fishes seldom—not enough to take it with heartbreaking seriousness.

Sandwiches, oranges, and a drink from the river, refreshed us. Another ten minutes saw us at it again. It was four o'clock.

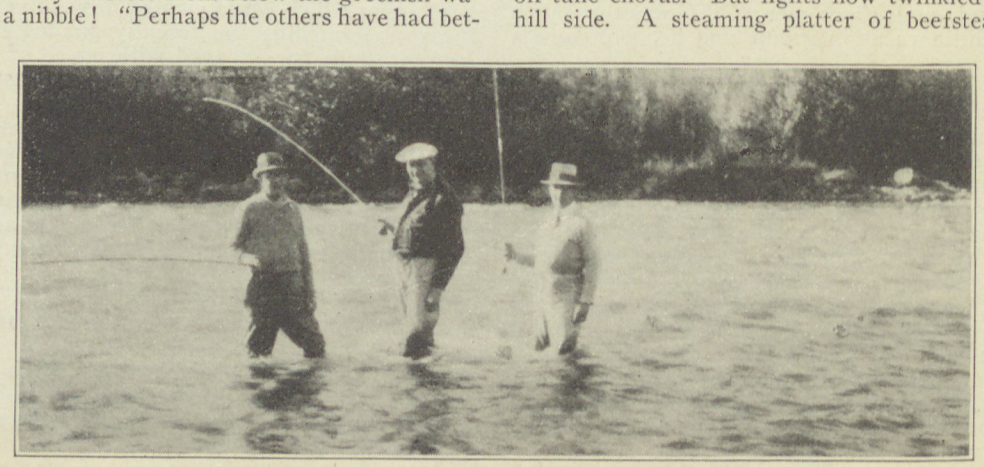
This time—the beginner's fly went out—a little bit further. The late afternoon sun played lazy shadows over a green world; glittered across the darkening surface of the Rogue. Hovering above the summit of a high ridge, it then dropped out of sight. . . . . Evening descended. Would the men never appear? The earthy smell had lost its sweetness—become damp and strong.

At last! Voices came out of the gathering twilight—Voices that were still arguing about flies and riffles. No one had enjoyed success . . . . but there was always hope for the morrow.

Four tired Trojans scrambled into the car. Before we reached our haven of rest, a round pink moon burst upon a black world—shedding golden rays along our path. Houses and barns were silhouetted against dark shadows. . . . . Someone started singing *"Sweet Eveline"*—a very off-tune chorus. But lights now twinkled from a familiar hill side. A steaming platter of beefsteak smothered in onions was crackling on the stove—guarded by a faithful Chinaman — despite its being after nine o'clock.

After a much relished meal, while the pine logs flickered in a wide, cheery fireplace, we sat toasting our

(Continued on page 38)



"The three who nobly tried to teach a beginner."

Shooting at Deer in the Sierras

All the thrill of being in deer country, seeing them and shooting at them but not a drop of blood spilled!

By
HOLLIS J. BARRETT

Illustrations by Uldene Trippe

SINCE the time that my wife and I went deer hunting in the High Sierras, my ideas about the sport have suffered a change. Before then I had always held that shooting those poor, defenseless animals was not the proper pastime for a sportsman of my caliber. Grizzly bears and mountain lions were more in my line. Perhaps that may be true because they move slower and are easier to hit than deer, but at any rate, let me assure any person who thinks, as I did, that he will feel too sorry for the poor deer to get any fun out of shooting them, that after he has spent several days in a hard saddle on a mount that deliberately chooses the most dangerous point on every steep trail to stop and eat; after he has frozen his fingers in the evenings, crawled out of a warm bed into sub-zero clothing every morning before the sun was up, and had a kneecap or so scraped off against a tree, that if he is normal he will generally be in such a frame of mind that he would gladly shoot his "grandmother" if he came across her. And therein lies much of the sport of deer shooting.

When we decided to go hunting, we were living in a cabin in the Mojave Desert, where, for a month, I had been looking after a large ranch which was under litigation. It happened that a friend of ours, a cowman named Art Lubkin, had a camp on one of the big mountain meadows that lie behind the peaks of the Sierras above Owen's valley. Art offered to pack us up, and said that with ordinary luck we should have no trouble in getting our deer. He had seen plenty of bucks before the season had opened and knew just where to find them. One was all that we wanted. My wife said she did not care to shoot the darling things at all, etc., etc., and I was not very particular about that part of it myself, but we did want a vacation from the desert, and so we decided to go.

We made the trip to the mountains in the last week of the hunting season, over what is called the Old Government Trail. We took a retinue of two horses which were packed with our outfits and food, and three more animals without packs, besides the three which we were riding; the extra horses were being taken by Art to carry out such of the articles in his cow camp as he could not leave there over the winter.

The trail led us up from the desert and the sagebrush through the forests of scrub oaks that grow upon the foothills, and finally into a region of pine trees, which became larger and larger as we ascended, until we reached places where there grew monsters whose trunks must have been six or eight feet thick. At the same time the air became chilly, and the view below widened into a stupendous panorama of desert and mountains. Even before we had reached the summit, we could see far across the yellow desert and over the ragged, volcanic Coso mountains beyond it to the Funeral Range, that lies before Death valley, and from the top of the pass, which is about ten thousand feet in altitude, we gradually descended again, along deeply forested slopes and through small clearings, until we had reached the level of the Monacha Meadows, which are about eight thousand feet high.

Before sundown we were in Art's camp, a colony of four tents and a lean-to shack which stood fifty yards back in the woods from the edge of the meadow. The tents had been left standing by cowmen who had used them during the last roundup, and two of them were already occupied by a party of three men who had arrived earlier in the day and had made themselves at home there, knowing that an unwritten law of the range permits anyone to make use of an empty camp as long as he does not commit any vandalism and leaves no dirty dishes for his host to wash. Two of these three men were friends of Art's. Tom Devine was the red-headed Irish constable of Lone Pine, and Claude Van Norman was a middle-aged ex-ranchman who hailed from that same city. Reed, the third, was a young superintendent of one of the talc mines in the valley. He soon proved, to everybody's satisfaction, that he was almost as green at hunting as we were. I can safely say this now because I am where he cannot get his hands on me. Van Norman and Devine were experienced hunters who had been in these mountains many times before.

To Jessie (my wife) and me fell the only tent which had a bed in it, besides the main tent, where all of the cooking, eating and story-telling was done. It was too cold to spend any time in our own tent except when we were in bed, but we always slept warm in our eiderdown sleeping robes, even though the spring froze an inch or two deep with ice every night.

On the first day after our arrival we did little hunting. Art and the others were off early; Art to look for an old cow and her calf that had been missed in the roundup and had been leaving their tracks around the country, and the other men to hunt deer. But Jessie and I were able to get away from camp for only a little more than an hour before sundown, and then on foot. This means that we started before three, for the sun sets in the Sierras much earlier than it does down below—it was always dusk at four and dark soon afterward.

We walked through the pine forest for about a mile, making our way along the side of one of the mountain slopes in a direction that took us away from the vicinity of any trail. There was little underbrush, the trees were tall, and their branches started to spread out high up from the ground, so that we could see for long distances through the aisles among the trunks. At one time, when we were sitting upon a log to rest and get a few breaths of the cold, piney air, we saw a little band of does and fawns flit noiselessly and gracefully past the forest avenues far down on the slope below us. Inexpressibly shy and wild, they had passed out of our sight within a moment, and left us with the feeling that we had had a peep into another world, a world where there are no laws but the laws of nature, and no conventions to be contravened or inhibitions to be conquered.

On our way home a snowshoe rabbit jumped up before us and began to make rapid progress toward other parts. A shot from my 30 '06 only added to its m.p.h., and then the bullet hit a rock and continued on its way into camp at the rate of something like 2000 ft. per sec., until it plunked into a tree beside which Mr. Van Norman happened to be unsaddling his horse. Mr. Van Norman was not pleased. But I had had no idea that the tents were so close, because they had been completely concealed from us by the trees.

At camp we found that the hunters had returned deerless from their deer hunt and that Art had come back cowless from his cow hunt. No one worried much about Art's cows except Art, but it was imperative that someone shoot a buck before long. We had all heard that there were plenty of deer in the mountains and so we all came up expecting to be able to supply ourselves with venison.

I spent half an hour that evening puttering with the guns

in order to have them ready for an all day hunt the next morning. Perhaps I did mention the fact that we two intended to show up the old hunters at their own game. Anyway, my brand new 30 '06 became the subject of much comment among the other men. Art, who was addicted to light guns, said that if I should ever accidentally hit a deer with it, it would splatter him around so badly that I should never be able to tell, for sure, what I had shot at—that is in the unlikely event that I was able to get up again and was interested to know about anything.

With lunches in the saddle pockets, coats strapped behind the cantles, and rifles in their scabbards, we started away from camp the next morning. As our meat supply had diminished, so our sympathies for the deer had declined; and besides, the stories of deer hunting to which we had listened in the evening had inflamed us, and made us anxious to get a buck if only to show the other hunters what we could do. It is customary for all good greenhorns, unless the books which I have read have misinformed me, to bring in the biggest and fattest buck which was ever shot, or the heaviest trout ever caught in the particular section of the country in which they are operating. We wanted to uphold the tradition.

We rode out of camp down the edge of the big meadow past a line of Art's barbed wire fence, and were just climbing a low, rocky incline at the beginning of the trail, when a number of things happened at once: my saddle began to slip sideways, my horse became frightened at it and bucked me into the rocks, the brand new gun slipped out of its holster and was twice stepped on, and I did some fast work figuring out just where the horse's hoofs were coming down next and not being there, as the animal bucked and reared above me. Finally he bucked himself over to the fence and cut his throat on the wire. However, he was not seriously hurt. After that he decided that he had done enough, and trotted serenely homeward with the saddle hanging under his belly and the dangling stirrups tripping him at every other step. Thus ended the first day's hunt. Jessie went to bed to recover from the excitement as soon as she had reached camp, and I gathered up the gun and spent the afternoon trying to resight it. The wooden grip had been cracked and both sights stepped on, but the action and the barrel were undamaged.

At sundown Art came into camp, remarked that I was a great deer hunter, and announced that he had found his cows and would be able to go hunting with us next day. Van Norman and Devine came in a little later, but Reed did not appear. By nine o'clock it was apparent that he was lost. Art went out and shot his rifle twice, waited for a short interval, then shot it twice more, as is the usual signal in such cases. After two or three such attempts without an answer, Art, Van Norman and Devine resaddled their tired horses and rode off into the pitch darkness toward the parts of the forest where they thought Reed might possibly be found. They were all expert woodsmen and they all knew the trails within a radius of a good many miles. When I offered to join in the search, Art informed me that one lost man was enough for them to hunt, so I stayed in the tent and kept warm and gave thanks that I was a tenderfoot.

By midnight the men were back again, unsuccessful. None of their signals had been answered. After eating the lunch which Jessie had prepared for them, and cussing Reed for keeping them from their sleep, they went to bed, planning to resume the search in the morning. No one felt much anxiety about Reed because it was fairly certain that he would be found the next day unless a snow fell and covered up his tracks in the meantime. And unless he had been hurt in some way he would be no worse off for a cold night in the woods. In fact, after all the trouble that he had caused them, his companions and Art did not seem greatly grieved over this prospect, or if they were, they concealed their feelings very well. For my part, I did what I could to encourage the search without attracting too much attention to the fact that I had spent a comfortable evening by the fire.

However small the probability of an accident, we were all relieved when Art and Reed rode into camp at about noon the next day. Reed had been caught at darkness in the dense woods, and had spent a cold and hungry night wrapped in the sweaty saddle blankets from his horse, feeding his fire and dozing. In the morning he had discovered a deserted cabin at the edge of one of the meadows and had remained there until Art found him. This cabin was only about two miles from camp—though, of course, he did not know this—and to get to it Art had tracked him for about twenty-five miles, following all of the windings in the trail that he had made the day before, from the time that he had first left our camp that morning. Shortly afterward, Tom Devine, who had been searching in another part of the forest, came upon both sets of tracks, followed them to the cabin, and came on home. This tracking business was astonishing to Jessie and me, but it seemed to be commonplace to the cowmen.

With Reed in the fold again we could turn our attention to deer hunting, and so the next morning we organized a deer "drive." We all rode to the base of a high, wooded ridge that rose from the floor of one of the big meadows, and upon which Art had seen several bucks before the season had opened. Here Art instructed Jessie and me to remain with him while the others rode around and over the ridge to drive the deer toward us. While they were gone we three spent a long and anxious hour on our stomachs, drawing deadly beads upon imaginary deer, until the "drivers" rode into sight out of the woods upon the summit, and the drive was over. The deer on that ridge had previously moved camp. A bobcat which fell to the rifle of Van Norman was the only game killed that day.

We had another venisonless supper that evening. A cowboy to whom I had rashly promised the liver of my first buck dropped in to eat with us. He wanted his liver, but he got only canned oysters, if I correctly remember the bill of fare. Every time I saw that cowboy afterward he inquired about his liver.

However, we had better luck the next day. Jessie and I rode to a part of the forest that we had not visited before, and separated to hunt both sides of a high, pine-covered ridge, taking a chance of getting lost in order to cover more territory and possibly drive the deer toward each other. There could be no doubt that there were deer in the neighborhood, for there were tracks everywhere, and in the places where the brush grew thick there were well defined paths.

I might add that I had discarded most of my former ideas about the poor sport of deer shooting by this time. The thoughts of canned oysters for supper again would have changed my mind for me if nothing else had, and, besides, our friend, the cowboy, had reminded me that I had promised other parts of my hypothetical first buck to various persons in the valley.

For what happened that day I can only account in three ways. First, I had never seen a buck before; second, I could not be sure that he was a forked horn, and the law of California allows the shooting of no spike bucks; and third, I was very, very dumb. What occurred was this. I had left

"'Tis Written—"!

By Nash Buckingham

A BLEND of warmth and cheer—the firelog's rose ash plaid,
Incense of oak and hickory, crackling on a hearth of wide content
The grub and bunks we've shared, the friendly, blinking lamps,
That shone us "Welcome Home" from brave days hap'ly spent.
They are not lost, nor will they prove in vain,
The carefree, golden hours we've roamed afield,
Their comrade zests and memories alone,
Are riches fuller far than hoarded wealth can yield.

WHEN that hour strikes which marks my own,
In Life's appointment on the Mystery Trail with Fate,
When "That Which Might Have Been" is but to mourn,
And only "That Which Really Was" may pass the Gate,
Oh! Do not fail Reunion of the Hunter's Clan,
Else why should earthly teachings veil that promised dawn,
In endless voids that mock our lesson born of Faith,
That bids us "Sleep—until the winding of a Horn"!

Jessie and was riding through the woods about a hundred yards below a comb of rocks that followed the crest of the ridge, when I sensed that something was not quite right with the landscape on the slope above me. I looked again and saw that a big, grey buck, motionless as a statue, was surveying me from a point below the rocks, about seventy-five yards away.

There never was an easier shot nor a prettier sight. He was broadside toward me, his head turned in my direction, but his antlers were rendered invisible by the sun that filtered into my eyes through the bushes behind him, and I could not tell whether or not his horns were forked. I should have known from his size if I had ever seen a buck before. As it was, I dismounted from my horse, slipped the gun out of its scabbard, pointed it at the deer, and waited for it to make the slightest motion so that I might distinguish its antlers. I had a very good notion that I was a fool for not shooting. But the buck did not quiver an eye, and after I had covered him for perhaps thirty seconds, I discovered that the safety was on on my rifle, slipped it off, backed over to a sapling and wound the horse's tie-rope around it while I kept an eye on the deer, and drew a bead on him again. Still he didn't move, and still I could not tell whether or not he was a spike buck. Finally, beginning to think that wild bucks were not so very wild after all, I took a step to the side in order to get a view from a different angle—when, with a bound, he was out of sight among the trees and rocks, and in that instant I had a glimpse of his horns. They were a yard across the tips, with only one fork apiece at the ends. Such deer are called "Pacifics" by the cowboys, because most of the mule deer on the Pacific slopes of the Sierras have similar horns.

I am convinced that the buck spent so much time in looking me over because he had never viewed such a bonehead before. Throughout the whole fat-witted performance I had remained as calm as though I had been in a barnyard, aiming at a cow. But when the buck left, without showing any signs that he might change his mind and come back again, I came to my proper senses and began to realize how much of a deer hunter I had turned out to be, and how my story would sound when I told it to a group of hungry hunters who had come back to a supper of beans and canned corn. I left the horse where it was tied and trailed the buck for a couple of miles over rocks that would compare favorably in size with the Grand Central Station, and through brush that scraped off a good share of my skin, and I acquired the state of mind referred to earlier in the story in which my "grandmother" could not safely have crossed my path; but I did not find the buck, and, in fact, I had a hard time finding my horse.

It was a somewhat doctored story that I presented in camp that night—true as far as it went, but with one or two little things left out.

The following was the last day for Devine and Van Norman. They left in the morning, taking a trail which would lead them into the valley by a different route from the one which we had come, in order to get some hunting on the way down. Reed had gone down the afternoon before, so Jessie, Art and I found ourselves in possession of the camp.

Deciding to hunt in the vicinity where I had seen the buck, we arrived at the summit of the ridge, and separated; Jessie to ride along the other side of the ridge, and Art to go around the meadow which lay beyond it, while I intended to cover the same ground that I had been over on the previous day. I rode near to the spot where I had seen the buck, tied my horse, and continued on foot. I did not choose to have any horse to dismount from this time in case I saw the deer again.

After an hour of honest labor over the rocks and through the bushes, I returned to my horse without having seen anything to shoot at, but my horse was not there—only the rope around the tree. Art had tied the knot that fastened the tie-rope to the bridle that morning. I relate this fact to show there was one stupid thing done during the trip for which I was not responsible.

I untied the rope from the tree and marched off with it down the trail in the direction that Art and Jessie had taken, cheered by the thought that the lunches and water for all three of us had been in the saddle pockets of my saddle. I soon met the two, coming up the trail, and when I had explained about my horse and remarked that I had not tied the knot on the bridle, Art rode off to track the beast and Jessie rode back to camp to get more sandwiches and water.

Left alone, I hunted afoot for about an hour. Then I walked to the place where Jessie and I had eaten lunch the day before, salvaged a few pieces of dry bread and an apple core that we had thrown away, and made a slender but very welcome meal. After this I continued to hunt in the second growth timber which formed a half-mile deep border around part of the big meadow. Here the floor was even, and there was little undergrowth, but the trees were small and set so close together that I could see only a short distance in any direction. I hunted this locality on the theory that the deer might be resting in the thicker timber during the middle of the day.

Incidentally the safety on my rifle was "off" when a shadowy figure jumped from the ground about thirty yards from me and went zig-zagging away through the timber. I caught a glimpse of widespreading antlers, and fired three

times before the buck disappeared. Presumably I hit three trees. At any rate, when I arrived at the place where the buck had been, I found nothing there but tracks. I showed them to Art and Jessie when they arrived with my horse.

This was the last day of our hunt. We all wanted to stay a longer time, but the season was late, and another day, Art said, might find us caught in the mountains in a heavy snow, in which case we should not be able to get out with the horses.

After we were entirely packed, the next morning, my five full boxes of unused cartridges and all, we missed the big black cat which had been the terror of the rats and chipmunks around Art's camp all summer. If we did not find him and take him down with us he would starve to death when the snow came, but inasmuch as the beast had scared me out of my wits two or three times by plumping upon my stomach in the middle of the night in an attempt to find a warm place, I was not very enthusiastic about looking for him. However, it was by my effort that he was found. I mentioned this because it was the only successful hunting that I did during the trip. I thought of where I should go at such a time if I were a cat. I went to the garbage heap, and there was the cat. He made music for us all the way down. Jessie says it shows what a low type cat I should have made.

—"so I stayed in the tent and kept warm and gave thanks that I was a tenderfoot."

Thus our week of deer hunting ended bloodlessly for us. My wife and I shot no more game than we might have done with less expense by staying at home and hunting in the kitchen, and my two bucks still roam the mountain meadows and pine-covered slopes of the Sierras. I am not sorry for this, though my views regarding deer hunting have changed. I believe that there are few sports to compare with it, if it is pursued according to the rules.

Whenever the season and the state of our pocket book permits, we are going hunting again.

Greatest Six Months in History of Waltonism!

Congress Heeds League as Never Before!

THE Izaak Walton League has just passed through the most successful six months in its already illustrious history.

A majority of the League's National legislative program this session has been enacted. Many constructive measures of vital national importance have been passed and signed by President Coolidge. Other measures have made gratifying progress and will undoubtedly pass during the short session beginning in December.

Among the bills passed are the Bear River Marsh bill to save the western ducks; the federal forest purchase program establishing a definite program of national forest purchases east of the Plains; a comprehensive forest and wildlife research program for the whole country; more haylands for the Yellowstone elk herd; a comprehensive nationwide five-year program of construction and development for the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries; and numerous other bills of vital importance.

A truly marvelous record! The League is growing in strength and power daily. Hasten its growth, multiply its power of accomplishment and the outdoors of our forefathers will again be ours. See the résumé of outstanding measures in Congress on two following pages for further information.—EDITOR.

Doctor Herrick ascending the ladder to his eagle observatory near Vermilion, Ohio, where from a lordly elm, 14 feet in circumference at the base and over 100 feet high he made his unique and valuable study of the eagle.

The Vermilion Eagles

By
MARIE KIRKWOOD

An American tragedy in bird life, and the magnificent spirit with which it was endured and conquered

"THE eagle is the king of birds. No other bird can fly so far or so high. No other bird has such sight or such strength."

Remember how proud you were when you were able to sing-song that from your Second Reader? Then you will recollect how the story ended with the statement that eagles had not infrequently been known to carry off small children to their nests; nor will you ever forget your horrible imagining of being caught up by cruel talons and sailed away over the mountain tops to the eyrie, where, for a final fate, you would be torn to pieces and fed, bit by bit, to the baby eagles. You never told anybody, but that was the real reason why, whenever you saw a big bird—that was probably a hawk or a crow—overhead, you used to run, gasping, for home, never feeling quite safe until there was a roof between you and the big, blue sky.

That's really all you knew about the eagle and about all anybody else knew, until Doctor Francis Hobart Herrick, Professor of Biology in Western Reserve University, Cleveland, made his study of what have come to be nationally known as "the Vermilion Eagles." Not only has his study revealed to us the home life of the king of birds, but has proved what theories we held about his majesty all wrong.

Reassuringly, right at the start Doctor Herrick says that after days of searching through the traditions of all the countries of the world he has never been able to find an authentic report of an eagle carrying off any child. If the eagle ever should carry off a child, he would have to select a very young one indeed, literally robbing the cradle, because it isn't possible for the eagle to lift a greater weight than his own, and in the days of his prime he doesn't weigh over twelve pounds. Very likely the kidnapping slander against the kingly bird is a survival of the mythological tale of the carrying off of

Ganymede, son of the King of Troy, supposed to have been the most beautiful of mortal boys. Jupiter, seeing the little princeling, was charmed with him, and taking the form of an eagle stole the child as he tended his father's flocks and carried him off to Olympus to be the cup-bearer for the gods.

Not in years has any piece of scientific research aroused the interest that Doctor Herrick's eagle study has stirred up. In all of his work Doctor Herrick has had to combat the centuries-old belief that the eagle is a bad citizen, a false belief which resulted in the near-extermination of the eagle species. This is particularly true of the white or bald-headed eagle, known as "the American eagle," whose home is the eastern half of the North American continent from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, where great numbers of his species were once in residence, but now are grown so rare that an eagle nest is a wonderful find for the naturalist.

Since the eagle was adopted as the emblem of the United States of America in 1782, the American eagle, as minted on coins and engraved on banknotes, has increased beyond the dreams of guinea pigs; but actually in the flesh the bird was about gone. A few perpetually molting specimens in zoos were pointed out with doubtful pride to foreign visitors. Now and then a sturdy American farmer would spy an eagle overhead and run for his shotgun.

In the meantime Francis Hobart Herrick was born in Vermont, grew up, was graduated from Dartmouth and Johns Hopkins and deciding to become a biologist, he took up the intimate study of the life of birds. Saint Francis of Assisi summoned the birds to hear his sermons and Thoreau called them to him with whistled notes. Doctor Herrick went to the birds, studying them in their nests. He invented a little green tent that he pitched within a few feet of the nest without disturbing the birds. Here he would lie hidden for days at a time, his eye at one peephole in the tentwall, the lens of his camera at another, collecting material—copy and art—for his book "The Home Life of Wild Birds," published about thirty years ago, the forerunner of a host of nature study books. In writing Doctor Herrick has the unusual gift of combining scientific accuracy and dignity in an elegantly simple literary style with the indescribable quality of readability. He makes us know his birds as he knows them himself for their definite personalities, the quaint traits, the attractive characteristics he discovers in them.

All of these studies were of the little birds, the robin, kingfisher, the grackle. Four years ago he began his study of the eagle, which developed into a vindication of the bird from the charges brought against it and proof that our choice of the eagle as our national emblem was a discriminating one. In the American eagle Doctor Herrick has found a combination of the heroic and the homely virtues that every man and woman in America might well be proud to possess.

The eagle nest near Vermilion, Ohio, about thirty-eight miles from Cleveland, was first brought to the attention of Doctor Herrick by his colleague, Doctor H. S. Booth, assistant professor of chemistry in Western Reserve, who, as a boy, had played along the shore of Lake Erie and seen the great birds hovering above. Inquiry among persons on the farms near the nest gave Doctor Herrick a wealth of tradition about the birds, which are known to have lived in the woods along the shore of Lake Erie since 1840 and are supposed to have been there when the first white men came to the middle west at the beginning of the nineteenth century. As Doctor Herrick has since proved that the eagle family is a self-perpetuating one, the birds being mated for life but taking a new partner when one dies, they may claim to be the oldest, if not the first, American family.

In eighty-nine years the Vermilion eagles have occupied four nests, all destroyed with the fall of the trees that held them, three in storms, one at the agency of a farmer's axe. Losing their home has never daunted the eagles; they have speedily built another, not far from the scene of the last disaster.

Visiting the Vermilion eagle nest in the fall of 1921, Doctor Herrick found it in the very top of a leafy shellbark hickory tree in an open grove about three-quarters of a mile from Lake Erie. The nest must have been started when the tree was in its prime; now the rough branches had an air of decrepitude from the weight they upheld; plainly history was soon to repeat. The shape of the nest was conical; the top, with a diameter of eight and one-half feet, was eighty-one feet from the ground and had a depth of twelve feet. It was upheld by four branches as if resting in the half-opened palm of a four-fingered hand. Particularly, when the trees were bare, the nest was plainly visible, but it was so high and so huge that from the ground beneath it the nest life was hidden. In the center of the grove, one hundred and seven feet from the nest tree, rose a lordly elm, fourteen feet in circumference at its base and over one hundred feet high. Forty feet from the ground its leafy arms lifted, screening a broken shaft, a pillar offering a possible support for an observatory. It was on this pillar in the tall elm that Doctor Herrick built his observatory.

Doctor Herrick was of the opinion, which his observations afterward confirmed, that the eagles would leave the nest for a short time during the coldest portion of the winter. The locality of Northern Ohio had little cold weather during the winter of 1921-22. The eagles left the nest for only about two weeks during January, and in that time the work was well under way on the observatory, which was constructed for Doctor Herrick by Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. Do you remember the tree-houses in "The Swiss Family Robinson"? The observatory was much like a child's imagination of those romantic structures. Its platform, eighty-two feet from the ground, was guarded by a strong rail, the top of which was just eighty-five feet, seven inches from the ground and over four feet above the margin of the nest. Although the inside of the nest was only slightly depressed, not more than four or five inches, it was not possible to see the bottom of it from the observatory at first, so in the second year of the observatory's use a second platform was built above the first. On this summit, hidden among the leaves of the elm, Doctor Herrick pitched his little tent.

One attained the observatory by means of a spidery iron ladder, the first seventeen feet of which was removable to prevent intrusion upon the observatory and the nest. The climb was a dizzy one, with a final thrill upon reaching the trapdoor in the platform, which, of course, had to be kept padlocked except when in use. For several miles on both sides of the situation of the nest Lake Erie has a high cliff, nearly always windswept, and that particular locality is subject to severe electrical storms in the spring and summer, just at the time of the year when Doctor Herrick made his most intensive observations. In 1924, a tornado literally made junk of the town of Lorain, about ten miles east of the nest. So not only patience, but courage and agility were required in the study of the eagles.

While the observatory was still under construction the eagles returned to the nest, and, apparently undisturbed by the building activities going on in the nearby elm they began spring housecleaning. This consisted of a pitching-out of loose rubbish remaining in the top of the nest from last year's occupancy and a building up of the nest-plat-

Habitat Desired

HELEN LOUIS BROWN

IF I should build me a gypsy camp
I'd go where the land was clean—
Where the foot of man had never trod
And the air blew fresh and clean.

WHETHER in forest or desert sands
My camp would be mine alone
For there I would clear me a piece of ground
And there I would have my home.

HUMANITY massed is a hateful thing,
Despoiling the fair green earth;
And God sends His rain to wash it clean
And give it a fresh new birth.

THE moon through a forest—a star-lit lake
Can preach as no human can—
Of the word of God and His love toward man
Since this earth of ours began.

SO my gypsy camp will my temple be
As well as a home to me—
Where I may learn of the ways of God
From flower and bird and tree.

form and sides with sticks, twigs and apparently any other material that came under the eagle eyes and seemed suitable for the purpose. It was a curious sight for the naturalist, who each spring for many years, had watched little birds nest-building out of grass, leaf-stems, and bits of string, to see the king and queen of the air bringing to their construction work sticks and faggots three or four feet long and of more than an inch in thickness—really small tree-limbs—once flying in with a length of rope, and at another time bringing to the work an object which could have been nothing in the world but a snakeskin several feet in length. The spring rebuilding accounts for the size of the nest; every year the eagles add a little and build the house higher, while the litter of the nest life, filtering through the sticks and branches of the framework of the nest, forms a solid mass in its center. The final touch of the housecleaning is the upholstering of the nest floor with fresh pine sprigs, suggesting the strewing of floors with reeds, once a common human practice, or of the fragrant balsam beds on which Indian trappers lie.

To the layman it seems an extraordinary statement, but Doctor Herrick is able to distinguish the sex of the birds by their facial expression, in the female by a worried frown. About the first of March she took her station upon the nest, leaving it only occasionally for a little airing, when Doctor Herrick would train his binoculars upon the nest in search of the eggs which he was sure must be there. None were visible but they must have been hidden under the pine twigs for four weeks later two little eagles were hatched, establishing the incubation period of the eagle egg, which had not been known before.

Male eagle bringing fish to the young in the nest which weighed over a ton.

In the rearing of the eagle young we see in the King of Birds the qualities of everyday virtue. Father and mother share work and responsibility, one invariably standing watch while the other goes to market. Five perches in trees close by the nest were selected as watching posts and the eagle on guard could always be found stationed on one of them. Doctor Herrick named the five perches, to facilitate keeping his report of the doings of the eagles and whenever one eagle was bringing food to the nest the mate was sure to be found in one of the official sentry-boxes.

Recently there has been a hue and cry among farmers of the State of Ohio that eagles were plundering poultry yards and stealing turkeys from the woods. Doctor Herrick kept a complete schedule of the feeding of the eagles and eaglets which proves that the diet of both is made up almost entirely of dead fish, washed on the beach of Lake Erie; that no larger fowl than a chicken was ever captured, and that rarely; but that an appreciable number of rodents and similar crop-destroying animals were killed and eaten. This information when laid before the State Game Warden and published extensively in the press resulted in the honorable acquittal of the eagles and a decision by farmers that the kingly faults were more than balanced by virtues.

The eagle nest is the dining room, where all food is served and shared. At first the eagles feed their babies bill to bill, sometimes making the little ones wait for "second table," sometimes "dressing" the food, removing fish fins and selecting the choicest bits for them.

In a number of articles, published in scientific journals, Doctor Herrick has described the nest life of this particular royal family; how the little princes learn to exercise, even taking regular setting-up stunts on awakening in the morning; how they are taught table manners; how the parents instruct them in the noble art of flying, even in the case of a timid princeling, the queen herself tantalizing him into taking the air, with a bit of fish dangled above him and withdrawn, carried a yard ahead of him when he at last fearfully takes to wing and finally awarded upon the completion of a mile of flight. He tells how the eaglets after the first few flights are permitted to return on "visits" to the nest until the eagles consider the children competent to shift for themselves and drive them into the world of the air to seek new kingdoms of their own.

Doctor Herrick's interest in the eagles is so generally known that any happening in connection with them is speedily brought to his attention. Last Thanksgiving evening a message announced the shooting by a Vermilion farmer of a great white headed bird. Sure enough, it was his majesty himself. The poor hero had been shot and wounded, captured by the farmer, and finally must have been dealt a foul blow with the gun for his back was broken. After his first grief and disappointment had subsided somewhat Doctor Herrick charged the regicide to a too convivial celebration of Thanksgiving, for under his

(Continued on page 44)

Breeding Bob-White Quail in Captivity

By
W. B. COLEMAN

WE are proud of the work being done by the Chapters of the Izaak Walton League in Virginia and hope we may soon see the time when there will be a Chapter of the League in every county and city in the State.

We realize that many of the Game Departments of our Sister States lead us in many ways; however, we feel elated in being able to say we have in Virginia the first and largest State Game Farm in the whole world devoted to the raising of bob-white partridges in captivity. The winter of 1917-18, with the ground covered with snow, zero and near-zero weather for weeks at a time, almost exterminated our bob-whites. It occurred to us to be worth the experiment to start a game farm and raise our own quail. We realized this was a brave experiment—almost impossible of success, yet, which could be justified as research work. We knew of a young Virginian, living in South Carolina on a large private game preserve, who was raising a few quail in captivity. We induced this young man to give up his position there, come back to his native State and take charge of our quail raising project. He came in the fall of 1919 and now W. B. Coleman, Superintendent of the Virginia State Game Farm, New Kent County, Virginia, has the distinction of being the first game breeder in the world to establish the fact that quail can be raised in large numbers in captivity.

In the season of 1927 Mr. Coleman experimented in having cock birds mother broods of little quail. He exhausted his supply of brood bantams—the eggs kept pouring in from the laying pens—he could double up his bantam hens by keeping them setting for six weeks at a time, yet, he had no extra Putnam brooders ready and a bantam could not set and carry a brood at the same time. Knowing that Mr. Cock Bird helped out with the babies in the native state, Mr. Coleman went over to the holding pens where he had some of these grass-widowers and pressed them into service. Much to his delight he found that the cocks, as soon as put with the little chicks, assumed the duty of motherhood with the same solicitous care of a mother quail. This season he will carry over as many cocks as he can, letting them go out with their broods when shipped to the game sanctuaries at three weeks of age, where, undoubtedly, the old cock will be of great aid in helping them escape the natural enemies they will encounter in the native state. Young quail reared with bantam mothers are released on refuges in broods when they are six weeks old.

This season Mr. Coleman is going to try the experiment of putting two or three hens and a cock in a laying pen and if this proves successful it will release more cocks for mothering purposes. Mr. Coleman also tried out the small Putnam brooders with broods of 25, 35, 45, and 55, and found he raised more birds from the broods of 25 than from 55. He tried, in 1926, the large brooders with 300 to 400 herded together, had to keep a man watching them all the time to keep them from pecking their feet, and found the mortality ran over fifty percent. He also found, in 1925, that about ten percent of the birds hatched in commercial incubators came deformed, and had to be destroyed. The percentage of unhatched eggs in these incubators was from twenty-five to thirty-five percent more than those hatched under bantams. These eggs were hatched in three different commercial incubators which were getting fine results with domestic hen eggs, but they fell far below their average hatch on quail eggs, though the quail eggs were turned oftener than the hen eggs and great care used. This is where somebody may do some valuable research work, viz., discovering a method of incubating quail eggs with as high a percent of efficiency as can now be attained on domestic hen eggs.

Thousands of quail nests are destroyed every summer by haying and harvesting operations.

By following the advice in Mr. Coleman's article the abandoned nests of eggs may be salvaged, hatched under small domestic hens, and the young bob-whites reared with comparative ease.

M. D. Hart, Executive Secretary,
Virginia Game and Inland Fisheries Commission,
Richmond, Va.

OUR adult quail (breeders) are kept in community pens during the winter. These pens are 76 ft. long, 12 ft. wide and 6½ ft. high, built of inch mesh poultry wire, covered over top with same. Boards are put around the bottom 2½ ft. high which keep the birds more contented and prevent them from beating their heads against the wire, trying to escape. Of course, the quail are wing-clipped when put in these pens. A row of pine brush is placed in each pen for cover, about one-third of the pen being seeded to oats or clover. This furnishes a supply of green foods which are very necessary. From 30 to 50 quail are kept in each of these pens through the winter months. Care should always be taken to put fine mesh wire or boards well in the ground around all pens to keep out burrowing vermin.

Our method of feeding adult quail is different from that of most breeders, in that we never put their food on the ground. It is impossible to know just how much food a certain number of birds will eat clean and any left on the ground is sure to sour and cause trouble. We feed in wooden trays, kept under a perfectly dry shelter. The trays are made with strips extending over the edges so that it is impossible for the birds to scratch any of it out on the ground. The following is used for adult quail: Spratt's chick grain, small cow peas, wheat, some oats, German millet seed, rolled oats and every few days a good commercial dry mash, such as is used for growing chickens. This is fed in the tray mixed with the grain. We make a change of feed by leaving out first one and then another of the mixture mentioned. Fresh water, clean coarse sand, baby chick

Bobwhite hen hatched and raised in captivity at the Virginia State Game Farm, season 1924. This bird laid 124 eggs (seven times her own weight) season 1925—and 123 eggs season 1926. It is interesting to know that this bird laid as many eggs in one season as a quail will lay in the wild state in at least seven years.

Quail about six weeks old.

size charcoal and oystershell are kept before the birds at all times.

The quail are put in the laying pens (a pair to a pen) the first week in May. These pens are 10 ft. long, 5 ft. wide and 4 ft. high, sloping to height of 3 ft. at back. Back half of pen boarded solid with water-proof roof. Small door at back for feeding and watering. Door in front and large enough for person to pass through. The front of pen is covered with hardware wire 3 mesh to inch. Boards around bottom to height of 16 inches. Three small bunches of pine brush are put in each pen for hiding and nesting, and a part of every pen seeded to clover or oats. The birds are given the same feed as when in community pens. It is absolutely necessary to keep the birds as quiet as possible. Avoid going to front of pens, except when gathering the eggs once a week. They are gathered with a small long handled spoon, leaving one or two of the freshest in the nest each time. By this method the birds continue to lay all summer, producing many more eggs than in the wild state.

Our records show that the average number of eggs from captivity-raised birds greatly exceed those from wild birds. In 1921 our general average shows that the average production has increased from thirty to sixty percent. Our record hen laid 128 eggs in one season and another hen laid 124 one season and 123 the following season. Fifteen hens laid 1,479 in one season. Seven hens, hatched in captivity in 1923, laid from 70 to 97 eggs each in 1927, total 606 eggs. This is especially interesting considering these seven birds had laid heavily for the three previous seasons, probably laying as many eggs each season as a quail will lay in the wild state in her lifetime.

Incubator hatched—brooder raised quail—about ten days old.

W. B. Coleman with 773 Bobwhite quail eggs.

Another advantage in captivity breeding, which must not be overlooked, is that the quail and their nests are protected from vermin and hard rains all through the breeding season, which is the time thousands of eggs and young birds are destroyed. Our eggs are all hatched and quail raised by bantam hens. We find the little common, clean leg, bantam the most satisfactory, the smaller the better. Our nests are 12 inches square with 6 inch strip of fine mesh wire for ventilation on top and front. They are also made with wire bottoms; this lets the moisture through and prevents rats, etc., from burrowing under. The nests are placed on the ground under low, narrow shelters which protect the bantams from sun and hard rains. We much prefer this arrangement to a hatching house or shed. Three inches of soil is put in the nest, which keeps them from flooding, then a nest of fine hay, grass or pine needles is made. Fifteen to eighteen quail eggs, depending upon size of bantam, are put in the nest and the broody bantam shut on. The bantams are taken from the nests every morning and put in their feed boxes, where they are fed and watered, and eggs allowed to cool for 12 to 15 minutes. As soon as the eggs begin to hatch the nests are darkened to keep the hens as quiet as possible.

It is best not to move the birds from the nest for several hours after they have all hatched. When ready take them to coop with run described as follows: Coops are 20 inches square, 2 ft. high in front and 1 ft. at back, 5 inch strip of ¼ inch mesh wire across front for ventilation, also a number of small holes bored in each side. We find that to fasten a piece of fine mesh wire on inside of coops, about 12 inches from bottom, cut to fit snug against all four sides is a great help as it keeps the bantam from jumping up to the light at ven- *(Continued on page 27)*

What's Happening in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By

SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Congress Advances Conservation Program

EVERYBODY agrees that education is a more effective weapon than legislation. Whether you call it education or propaganda, it means the same thing—moulding public opinion.

Legislation is essential to furnish a legal working basis. Busy legislators, annoyed and harrassed from all sides, often have difficulty in distinguishing between public sentiment and inspired propaganda promoted for selfish purposes.

Only Organized Effort Counts

IN this day of intensive organization and lobbies for every conceivable purpose, legitimate and otherwise, the only rumblings that catch the ear of our representatives in the Legislative halls are those coming from their own aroused constituents. This is true especially if those rumblings come from hundreds of organized groups of public-spirited men and women like the chapters of the Izaak Walton League.

Best Conservation Session for Years

RIGHT from the beginning of the 70th Congress a canvass disclosed the fact that the work of the Izaak Walton League and cooperating organizations had made a pronounced impression upon the members of Congress. It was obvious that conservation legislation as a whole would receive more favorable attention than ever before. The session just closed was by far the best conservation session in many years. The Izaak Walton League is justly proud of its very prominent part in this worthy program. Briefly summarized, the outstanding bills are:

Basic Forestry Program Enacted

THE United States has just adopted the most progressive forestry program ever undertaken in America, and completes the program of fundamental national forest legislation started a number of years ago. The two bills are:

Woodruff-McNary Forest Purchase Bill: This bill originally planned a ten-year program of federal forest purchases east of the Plains, and the expenditure of $40,000,000 during that period. As finally passed the bill provides for a three-year program, and authorizes appropriations of $8,000,000.

While this is only part of the entire program deemed necessary by experts who have studied the situation, it is an encouraging step and replaces the old hit-or-miss method of planning ahead but one year at a time, with far less than an average of $1,000,000 per year appropriated during the past five years.

The purchases will be made in the Lake States, the Southern States, the Appalachian States and the New England States. The government now owns less than 5,000,000 acres for all purposes east of the Plains. The several states own less than 7,000,000 acres in the same area for forest and park purposes—less than 12,000,000 acres of public lands or one acre for every eight residents.

By adding the projected Shenandoah, Great Smoky and Mammoth National Parks, containing almost a million and a quarter acres, to the public-owned lands and lands to be bought under this bill *we will have about 18,500,000 acres, or one acre of public land for every five people in the eastern half of the United States* for forest, park, and general recreational use. A number of states in this same region are planning extensive purchases of cut-over lands for state forests and parks.

McSweeney-McNary Forest Research Bill: This bill, passed after considerable effort, correlates and enlarges upon the present forest research activities of the Department of Agriculture, and authorizes a comprehensive forest, forest products, forest wastes and wild life research program covering a period of years. It commits the government to a definite fiscal policy or schedule of expenditures for these purposes. It provides funds for studying the problem of eliminating pulp mill pollution; also provides $150,000 a year for wild life research as related to forests and forest management.

Floods to Be Controlled

THE Walton League as a whole, and especially the National President during the past year, Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, took an active part in developing and promoting proper flood control legislation. It is gratifying to note that a bill so thoroughly in accord with the wishes of the Waltonians has been passed and signed. Special provision for studies of conditions on the tributaries of the Mississippi and other streams is most encouraging.

Game Measures Excellent

THE consideration given bills to protect game, fur-bearing animals, and wild birds was decidedly favorable. A few of the most important bills are:

King-Colton Bear River Marsh Bill: *This bill literally means the salvation of the western ducks.* It is one of the western projects given special attention by the Walton League and is the first time the government has undertaken the problem of reclaiming marsh areas on a large scale. As passed, this bill authorizes an appropriation of $350,000 for use in reflooding upwards of 100,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes in Utah as a feeding, breeding and resting area for waterfowl and shore birds.

At least 60% of the area must be maintained as an inviolate refuge for ducks and other wild birds. Now this area is nothing but a deathtrap which has caused the death of millions of ducks and shore birds during the past ten years. Further details were given in the June OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Leavitt Elk Lands Bill: Authorizes an appropriation of $150,000 to match private contributions for the purchase of holdings within the Absaroka and Gallatin National Forests north of Yellowstone National Park to supply badly needed food for the elk and other game of that region. This bill was originally sponsored by the Montana Sportsmen's Association. The Walton League put its nationwide strength back of it, with the foregoing result. President Coolidge signed this bill on May 22.

The Winter Elk Haylands Bill (H. R. 478): This measure, authorizing an appropriation of $275,000 to buy private holdings in Jackson Hole, met opposition from the Budget Director in its original form. He was willing to approve an appropriation of $150,000 under the same conditions as imposed by the Leavitt bill above. Friends of the bill tried to have him eliminate the private contribution feature, but the bill must lie over until December.

Hope-Curtis Cheyenne Bottoms Bill (H. R. 7361—S. 4153): Authorizing an appropriation of $350,000 to create a permanent lake of more than 20,000 acres in central Kansas for a waterfowl refuge. Ducks from more than a dozen states concentrate there. Heavy losses in young occur almost annually. This bill was delayed awaiting favorable action from the Budget Director and got caught in the final jam before Congress adjourned. It must lie over until the short session beginning in December, when it should be passed as quickly as possible. *This is one of the most important bills before Congress.*

Norbeck-Anthony Refuge Bill (S. 1271—H. R. 5467): For the creation of migratory bird refuges to carry out our part of the treaty with Canada. This bill provided for a $1.00 license to be paid by those desiring to hunt any migratory game birds (except on their own property whereon they reside) the income to be used for the purchase, flooding and maintenance of migratory bird refuges, surrounded by public hunting grounds, and enforcing the migratory treaty act. The bill, as amended in committee, provided that not less than 60% of each area should at all times be an inviolate refuge, and that not to exceed 40% could be left open to public hunting. In many cases the entire purchase could have been used exclusively for refuge purposes. Enemies of the bill made it appear that shooting was planned on refuges when nothing of the sort was contemplated.

The license feature was objectionable to many, but the great majority of those of experience who took an interest in the measure deemed this the most certain method of financing the work, because up to this time Congress has been unwilling to appropriate liberal amounts for this purpose.

Application of the law to upland migratory game birds, such as woodcock and doves, was objectionable to many and an amendment to eliminate them was agreed to by friends of the bill. Visions of a few more federal game wardens, *regardless of the imperative need for them,* made a lot of anti-Volsteadians and states' rights champions see red.

Senator Norbeck finally acquiesced to some amendments, and the bill passed the Senate. *The outcome in some respects was good; in others it was terrible.* The bill passed the Senate with about the same vote as if no amendments had been agreed to. As it lies badly mangled in the House Committee it makes possible an appropriation of $1,000,000 annually, instead of the license feature; does not cover upland migratory game birds; provides only for inviolate refuges and no public hunting grounds around them; and all refuges acquired by the Government are to be turned over to the states for administration, the cost to be paid by the Government. This latter amendment is utterly impossible.

A partial victory has been won! The fight has been very much worthwhile. The United States Senate has at last consented to a million dollars per year for this refuge work, but that isn't an annual appropriation by a jugful. *This fight has resulted in educating the American people concerning the need for both refuges and public hunting grounds.* Many states are adopting the plan, especially for resident game. An effort must be made after December 1 to get this bill straightened out and passed without further delay.

Fisheries Progress Made

THE fisheries legislation considered this session is of prime importance to the progress of this important phase of conservation. Many bills were introduced; two of them deserve special mention.

White Five-Year Fisheries Program (H. R. 13383): This bill establishes a definite five-year construction and development program of the work of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and will mean more to the anglers of the country than any measure promulgated in recent years.

It consolidates into one measure numerous separate bills for the establishment or enlargement of federal fish cultural and research stations in thirty-three states. It contemplates the establishment or enlargement of thirty-seven stations, of which thirty-two are new projects. Most of the stations heretofore developed have been devoted to trout. Seventeen of the new stations are to be devoted to bass, crappie, sunfish, etc.

The research facilities that will be provided for are vitally essential, and the establishment of these additional stations will make available to the states and to Walton League chapters nearby expert advice which will be much in demand.

This bill, covering expenditures of almost $2,000,000 during the five years, was introduced late in the session and passed the House quickly. It was caught in the jam at the end of the session, but, *thanks to urgent appeals from Waltonians everywhere,* the Senate responded nobly and passed this very important bill. The President will undoubtedly sign it.

Jones-Johnson Irrigation Ditch Screening Studies (S. 3437—H. R. 11796): This bill was passed and signed by the President. It authorizes the expenditure of $25,000 by the Bureau of Fisheries for making studies and further development of workable screening devices already in use, as well as such others as may be necessary to save the millions of game and food fishes destroyed annually by irrigation ditches.

Its introduction followed urgent demands by the Walton League and others to stop this terrific waste.

Recreational Areas Receiving Attention

EVEN though parks and recreational areas received considerable attention from Congress during the session just closed, but little legislation was actually passed. Several important bills have made progress and will be taken up further in December.

Shipstead-Newton Superior Forest Bill (S. 3813—H. R. 12780): The Izaak Walton League has for more than four years played a large part in saving the Superior National Forest as a wilderness area, the only area of its kind in the mid-continent region.

After conferences with officials and individuals in Washington and Canada, it was decided to inaugurate a broad comprehensive plan which will ultimately result in the joint development of the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota and the Quetico Provincial Park in western Ontario, thereby creating the first international recreational and forest production area on this continent.

A bill was drafted by the League and the Quetico-Superior Council and introduced by Senator Shipstead and Congressman Newton. This bill does four things to safeguard our end of this unique lakeland region:

1. It is a declaration of principles.
2. It withdraws from entry all public domain lands in that portion of Minnesota (about 20,000 acres).
3. It preserves the timber along the shorelines.
4. Permits to flood that beautiful country must be obtained from Congress by special act.

Hearings have been held by the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry and by the House Public Lands Committee, but, due to press of other important legislation, proper consideration was impossible before adjournment. Indications are that special studies will be made on the ground during the summer months by members of the two committees named. *This important measure must be passed early in the short session. Get busy now!*

Concerning Pollution

By

DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Head of Zoological Department University of Illinois and President Izaak Walton League of America

Cartoons by Florence Gibson McCabe

Accomplishments of the Year

THE League has abundant reason to pride itself on the results that have been achieved this year in the great campaign against the pollution menace. It is generally recognized that the League has been a powerful influence, if not the only one, which has brought these accomplishments to pass. By virtue of its large membership, its chapters distributed in three thousand communities from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico it has aroused public interest and stimulated action in a multitude of places which never would have been aroused to fight this menace under other circumstances.

It would not be right for us to claim full credit for the accomplishments in this field because the League has had able assistance from Boards of Health, State Conservation Departments and Surveys, Women's Clubs and a host of other farsighted and influential organizations who have seen the growing menace and have been aroused by the challenge of the League to combat the evil. This wide, splendid and generous support has strengthened the arm of the League and inspired its members to continued and greater effort. The movement has gained such general popular support that it is bound to make greater advances with each succeeding year until we realize our dreams of that dim and beautiful future when the odors of death and decay have disappeared and our streams in their clear waters and richness of re-established aquatic life furnish enjoyment and vigor to young and old alike.

Records of definite and actual achievement in various states have been printed from time to time in the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA and reading these accounts with their precise statistical information one gathers unmistakable evidence of the progress that has been made in certain localities. Only recently there was printed such a survey of the progress that had been made in Michigan and the record redounds to the credit of that farsighted and progressive commonwealth. It would be impossible here to repeat the statistics of any such situation but no one could have read that record without seeing distinctly that Michigan had made progress such as could not be duplicated in more than a few, if any, of the states in the Union.

Wisconsin has also made remarkable progress in handling its pollution problems. The work of its Bureau was well organized and has not only secured a definite record of existing conditions in various regions in the state but has also set out to attack with vigor some of its problems which are among the most difficult of all to solve satisfactorily.

In Illinois, under the able and efficient guidance of the State Bureaus and with the co-operation of other agencies, local campaigns for the installation of sewage disposal plants have been inaugurated in many localities and carried to various stages of progress or even to final completion of an adequate system in a number of the more progressive communities. Indeed it is getting to be so clearly an evidence of respectability and of a desirable community to have guarded its environments in such fashion as to eliminate the pollution of the streams from domestic sewage that progressive communities are even competing to see which can earliest establish its claim to the merit of having cared for its own wastes and have redeemed its water courses from destruction. Even in Chicago the Sanitary District has taken on signs of effective activity and under the pressure of campaigns of protest conducted by chapters and leaders in the Izaak Walton League has undertaken to correct with some promptness the outrageous conditions that prevail in certain sections contiguous to that great city. Special mention may rightly be made of the Cook County Clean Streams Committee, a joint enterprise of 30 chapters of the League, which under the leadership of an energetic Waltonian, now Chairman of the Illinois State Division, has made substantial progress towards the correction of a public disgrace.

Among about 275 chapter reports from all parts of the U. S. A. 29 or more than 1 in 10 list some definite results achieved. Sanitary districts had been organized, various waste discharges were corrected, lakes were cleaned up, and in all nearly 300 miles of polluted streams were restored to reasonable purity and thus fitted for fish life or for recreational purposes. What a splendid record of achievement! And yet it represents but a small part of the work actually done, for in many cases larger projects well under way could not be included as the work was not completed. If 29 chapters can show such a record, what could 2,900 chapters do if they only would pitch into the work with their entire influence and energy. While our laws need extension and above all more teeth, there is still law enough to enable resolute men to achieve significant results, and some of the most conspicuous accomplishments have followed a campaign of education combined with constant, firm, though gentle public pressure.

DUE to the many added duties incident to the Presidency of the League, Dr. Ward will not be able this year to continue his editorship of the Pollution Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA. However, his guidance and advice will be available and invaluable to the League's anti-pollution campaign.

EDITOR.

The Central West seems aroused to the need of improvement, and the gospel of pure water is spreading eastward. The Philadelphia chapter is working hard to educate and develop public sentiment. It has issued an effective pamphlet on Pollution and its Remedy, a study of the problem from the legal standpoint that has led the Mayor to include in his inaugural address a pledge to take immediate steps to get for the city an ample quantity of pure water. He quoted the Conservation Council statement that the question of pollution of streams is rapidly becoming one of the foremost issues of the day, not only in Pennsylvania but throughout the U. S. A. "The need of pure water is second only to the need of pure air. The question is therefore entitled to first consideration."

The need is for action, best of all prompt and vigorous action, but in every case action rather than talk. This need is well shown in some states. Thus one correspondent says, "In New York there are now some very drastic laws on pollution. The State Board of Health has done very little to enforce them and only in cities where local chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America has forced them to act." Let me cite one splendid example. The Buffalo chapter has been very active regarding Niagara River and frontier waters. It has been successful in having 19 factories cease throwing their wastes into the Niagara. It is now working in Buffalo to compel the city to stop discharging raw sewage into that river. Such work is a wonderful example of active devotion to Izaak Walton League ideals which other chapters may well copy.

The responsibility of a city to care for its garbage and

other waste is well established though not always recognized by the general public. The contrast is indeed striking in some cases as between Sioux Falls, S. D., which at large expense has installed a sewage disposal plant to care for its wastes, and an Eastern manufacturing city of much greater wealth which under the leadership of its mayor and the city officials is exerting every influence to prevent the State Board of Health from carrying out a long delayed mandate that the city construct such a plant.

But the picture is not without other shadows. One reads with regret the publication of a state manufacturers association which tells of bills, state and national, which the association has helped defeat in the last three years. It acknowledges the far reaching and baneful effects produced by the phenol wastes under discussion, but despite that says specifically regarding pending legislative bills, "No federal legislation is necessary." One can only pray that such bodies as this particular association may get the sense of fairness and duty to the public which some others have shown.

While we recognize gladly that by and large conditions have been improved it is none the less necessary to acknowledge that there is still much work to be done and to accomplish it successfully the League must develop more influence.

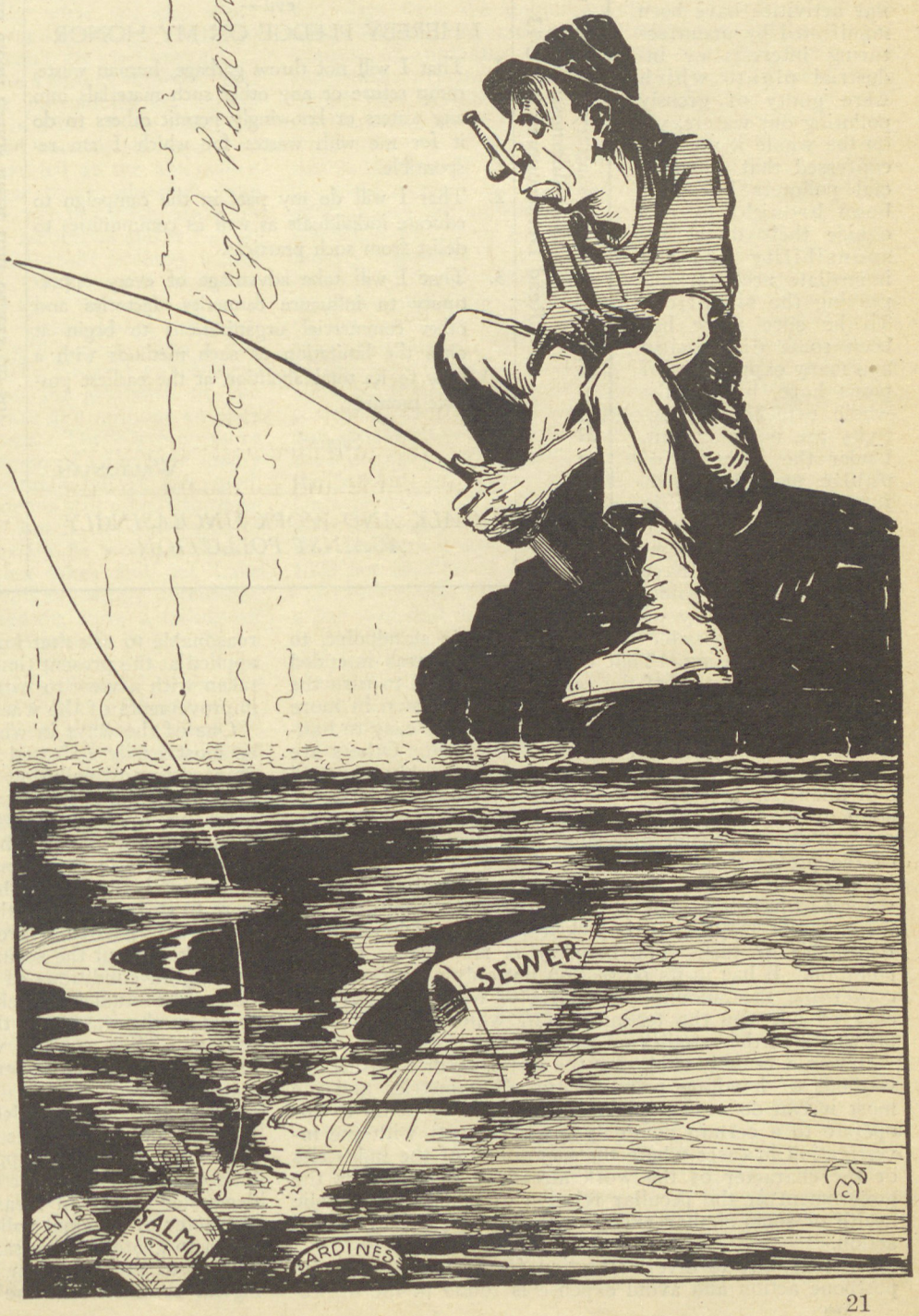
The greatest obstacle is to be found in public apathy. Too many good citizens say pollution is unavoidable or when we advocate a clean up program reply it can't be put over. But every thinking man and woman knows that America was not built up by the "Can't-do-its." Let us waste no time on the man, the city, or the industry that says it can't be done and spend all our energies on getting action to improve conditions, for the work of a hundred cities and twice as many chapters has proved that polluted lakes and streams have been improved in a short time and been completely restored in some instances.

Much more serious is the attitude of those who take no interest in the movement because they regard pollution as purely local or as unimportant. Not until public opinion has been thoroughly educated and brought to the point of active protest against the growing menace of unsanitary and destructive conditions can we expect to achieve the full measure of success that is needed to reclaim our streams and restore proper conditions in nature.

The influence of public education is essential and can only be realized through continued effort and increase in the agencies which are working together for our common aim. It is and must remain the duty of individual chapters to arouse public sentiment and to develop an educated and insistent public spirit without which the laws are futile and appeals are wasted on empty air.

Much good can be accomplished through the medium of public schools. If teachers in all grades are brought to understand the outcome of carelessness and indifference to stream pollution, classes in various subjects when interested through the medium of simple surveys and brought in contact with actual conditions will carry messages of protest into hundreds of homes. The simple and direct, uncolored recital of the child and his protests against conditions permit of no evasion and arouse the community more powerfully than perhaps any other means could. Nature study work leads directly to appreciation of natural conditions and to support of conservation measures. On the whole the chapters of the League will find it relatively easy to secure the co-operation also of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. Children generally are nature lovers. They respond quickly to appeals for the protection of nature. They are enthusiastic and aggressive supporters of what they are shown to be right conditions. They are not easily turned

Fisherman's Paradise Lost



aside by the sophistries which mislead or discourage older members of society. The boys and girls of today are the material from which the League must recruit its ranks tomorrow. If they have been rightly educated in formative years the League will have a membership of such power as it has never been able to get in the present generation.

The anti-pollution movement will find its greatest reservoir of power through close affiliation with the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and with the children of all races and ages in our schools.

Some Difficulties in the Way

WHILE noteworthy progress has been made in awakening communities to the necessity of treating domestic sewage before it is discharged into our lakes and streams, and while in individual cases similar activities have been manifested by manufacturing interests or industrial plants which were guilty of grossly polluting our waters, yet on the whole it must be confessed that commercial polluters have not been brought to recognize their direct responsibility and the immediate need for improving the situation. To be sure there has been some discussion and many expressions of pious hope, but on the whole evidences of activity are not abundant. Under the influence of public pressure manufacturing interests in many places have been forced to defend themselves, and some have sought to do so by pointing out in one way or another how impossible it was, from their standpoint, to correct the situation. That their discussion was intended to divert attention from the real situation and to turn the stream of criticism into other channels is shown in more than one way. Some wastes are known to be easy to handle but no effort has been made to treat them. Others are not so well known and in certain cases large, ably managed and financially successful enterprises have urged that the state or national government be brought, by public pressure, to devote considerable sums of money to the solution of the problem of handling the wastes of this particular industry. It is easy to see that they would be entirely willing to have the general public carry their burdens for them, but it may fairly be asked whether such action is reasonable or just. The industry is responsible for the pollution. It has in its possession not only all information concerning the amount and character of the wastes discharged but also the technical staff which can profitably prosecute further studies on the same.

It would be impossible for the government to work out methods of handling pollution for all industries and the most it can do or should be called upon to do is to cooperate to a certain definitely limited extent with the investigation in cases where the magnitude of the industries or the character of the work already undertaken by the government or the peculiar relation of pollution to public health or some similar exceptional feature justifies special action.

An easy way to divert attention from the real issue, to postpone action and avoid expense is found in the oft repeated and specious excuse that we do not know enough about pollution in an individual case to correct the evil. Now since pollution in many regions in this country is worse than exist in corresponding regions of progressive countries in the Old World, it is at once evident that manufacturing interests here are not doing what is actually being accomplished in similar industries abroad. In stating that no method is yet known for handling a given pollution, an attempt is apparent to evade the real issue, for the comment is true only when understood in the sense that methods have not yet been devised for utilizing the waste in a manner to make a profit to the industry concerned, or else that the treatment of the waste as practiced elsewhere is not such as will totally eliminate foreign products.

Now no reasonable person is seeking to provide that industry should discharge only distilled water into streams. It may as well be said also that under present knowledge many a given pollution cannot be totally corrected. Our ideal is not the achievement of the impossible nor can we afford to wait for that distant time in which the evil will be perfectly and completely corrected. We are seeking to improve conditions now, and it may be asserted with little fear of successful contradiction that the wastes discharged from any and every industrial plant can be partially treated and the condition of the stream into which they are discharged thereby be improved. It is not unreasonable to ask that known methods for improvement be applied at the present time and that further study be undertaken with a view to working out methods for the further improvements of the wastes that are discharged.

One of the ways in which the end we have in view may be most easily defeated and the interest and enthusiasm aroused in anti-pollution campaigns dissipated without significant results is to organize the preliminary survey on too extensive a scale. It is important, to be sure, that we should have ultimately the most complete information concerning aquatic conditions and the organisms, both plant and animal, that are to be found in the waters, but if one were to start upon an exhaustive survey of the natural history in any particular area many years could be devoted to the task without the securing of complete information concerning all conditions of existence and the number, varieties, and mutual inter-relations of all the living organisms found in the waters of that region. Such studies are important. They are also valuable in determining the measures that should be undertaken for the reclamation of the waters.

They have commanded the attention and interest of scientific men in various places for two centuries or more and will continue to appeal to the scientific mind for a long time to come; but no such exhaustive knowledge is demanded either in measuring accurately the extent and character of regional pollution or the means which must be taken to abate that nuisance. If a campaign for the elimination of pollution can be diverted into a survey of biological conditions in the region *(Continued on page 27)*

Do you know what is the best sanitary code for the preservation of the wilderness?
Read Deuteronomy 23:12-13

Do Your Part to Keep Waters Clean

Recognizing the evils of polluting our lakes and streams and the rapid growth of this practice which is menacing human welfare far and wide
And desiring to do my part in correcting the evil—

I HEREBY PLEDGE ON MY HONOR

1. That I will not throw garbage, human waste, camp refuse or any other such materials into any waters or knowingly permit others to do it for me with wastes for which I am responsible.
2. That I will do my part in the campaign to educate individuals as well as communities to desist from such practices.
3. That I will take advantage of every opportunity to influence canneries, factories and other commercial organizations to begin at once the limitation of such methods with a view to its total abolition at the earliest possible moment.

Signed.....
WALTONIAN

TALK AND WORK UNCEASINGLY AGAINST POLLUTION

Do you dare to try to live up to this standard individually that you may with clean hands insist that others do so?

The Tragedy of the Great Lakes

By
ALBERT STOLL, JR.
Conservation Editor of the Detroit News

THE curtain is about to be rung down upon the commercial fishing industry of the Great Lakes unless—Unless what? Unless something is done about it. The "something" has been talked about for over 50 years; ever since the pioneer seiners, working close in-shore, found their catches growing less and less as the years advanced. Over the period of intervening years many excellent suggestions have been offered tending toward the preservation of the Great Lakes fisheries but the number that have been adopted are negligible and the harvesting of this resource is being conducted in much the same manner as it was decades ago. "Take what you can while the 'taking' is good and forget about the future" seems to dominate the situation. But this can't go on forever.

When Henry R. Schoolcraft, the eminent explorer and geologist, completed his narrative journal of his travels through the Great Lakes district in 1820 at the direction of General Lewis Cass, he devoted considerable space to resources of this region. He marveled at the abundance and variety of fish life, citing that trout, whitefish, lake herring, black and white bass, pike, perch, catfish, sturgeon and other species were exceedingly numerous and not at all difficult to take. He mentioned villages of Indians, whose inhabitants subsisted to a large extent upon whitefish. This was over 100 years ago and since that time up until ten years ago the fame of the Great Lakes whitefish travelled far and wide. But today the picture has a different coloring. No longer does the Federal government maintain an egg gathering station for whitefish on the Detroit River where up to ten years ago millions of eggs were taken for propagation purposes. There are no more whitefish. No longer do the fishermen of Lake Erie supply the local markets with this delectable bit of fish food. The whitefish have gone. Hotel menus still advertise those famous "Lake Superior whitefish" but if the diner was to examine the box in which they arrive he would find that the shipment came from Albertian lakes and not Lake Superior. Even Huron and Michigan, where intensified culture operations have been carried on, show a falling off in whitefish from tens of millions of pounds to less than a million pounds. Where once this species was the most numerous of all in the Great Lakes it now has reached a point where its preservation is a matter of doubt.

And what a tragic story has been written around the sturgeon! Once upon a time the sturgeon was considered useless as a food fish. It had much the same rating as the gar pike or dogfish. Then all at once someone discovered that the sturgeon was extremely palatable and would bring as much as five cents a pound. So the sturgeon was caught in great numbers and being a large fish, as fresh water fish usually run, its capture was not at all difficult. Pretty soon the sturgeon began to disappear. No longer were large catches made and the inevitable happened. Market prices started to soar and as soon as this happened sturgeon fishing was more vigorously prosecuted. No attempt was made to encourage propagation of the species to help maintain a stock and today finds the sturgeon of the Great Lakes in almost the same class as the Dodo bird. What few are taken command 30 cents a pound while the caviare will bring as much as 60 cents a pound. The sturgeon fishing of the Great Lakes is of no consequence today and only occasionally is one taken in the nets of the commercial fishermen.

The whitefish and sturgeon are mentioned only as two examples of what has happened to the fish resources of America's greatest fresh water inland lakes. Other species are being depleted and, with the possible exception of herring and perch, the stock-in-trade of the commercial fishing industry of this 95,000 square miles is dwindling rapidly.

In his study of the fishing industry of the Great Lakes Walter Koelz has said: "No argument is necessary to prove that fish are now less abundant than they were 50 years ago but it is of interest to express, if possible, the relationship between present and past abundance. The complete statistics for American waters gathered in 1917 disclose a 100 per cent inflation in the value of fisheries products which stimulated a production hardly equal to that of a preceding survey in 1908 and below the level reached in 1890 and 1899. Fifty per cent more gill nets and about 90 per cent more traps were needed to attain this level. The 1922 data show the amount of apparatus to have declined somewhat, and the catch to have increased slightly, but the quantity of apparatus is still greater than that reported at any census previous to 1917, and the catch of what were 'rough fish' in 1880 is by far the highest on record. On the Canadian shore fishing has not been prosecuted so intensively or extensively as on the American shore until within the last 10 years, but the Canadian statistics show the same unequal relationship between the increase in apparatus and the increase in production. The statistics do not show what part of the total yield is made up of previously undesirable species, nor do they reflect the effectiveness of the superior apparatus now generally employed.

"If we turn from incomplete statistics to a consideration of the testimony of the fishermen we are forced to the same conclusion. While in certain localities the pursuit of the remnants of certain species has so fallen off as to allow them to maintain their numbers or even to increase somewhat, in general, the situation can not be viewed with any satisfaction. We are faced with the extermination of the sturgeon in all the lakes, of the bluefin in Lake Superior, the blackfin in Lake Michigan, and the bloater in Lake Ontario, and with the reduction of the whitefish from first place in abundance in 1880 to fourth place in 1922, with that place contested closely by the sucker, which was in 1880 not considered worth the catching."

Granting that the food fishes of the Great Lakes are in a bad way and that the industry is facing a critical period in its history, what are we going to do about it? Certainly the depletion of a resource as important as this affects the entire country. Millions of dollars are invested in equipment, thousands of men are given employment and untold thousands of our residents look to it as a source of food supply. It simply cannot perish for want of proper regulation, effective laws, lack of propagation or any other man controlled cause. Overfishing to a great extent has had its effect. Yet this is not the only contributing offense. Water pollution, unheard of 100 years ago, is taking its toll. Lack of law enforcement, selfish ambition, greed, lack of scientific knowledge of the life habits and food of the species, neglect in propagation and trusting in nature to right man-created wrongs all have left their mark. The problem is not a new one. It has been with us for years but remedial measures are slow in coming.

Within the past two years three important conferences have been held to discuss this problem; one at Columbus, Ohio and two at Lansing, Michigan. They have been sponsored by the State governments and the commercial fishing interests. So far little progress has been recorded but they have served an extremely useful purpose. They have brought to light the mass of conflicting and opposing laws and regulations that govern the industry over the eight States and one Province bordering the Great Lakes. No two are alike. Each community, although willing to concede through its official representatives that certain changes could be made to advantage, are unwilling to accept in full the views of the others. There is no harmony,

(Continued on page 54)

Portrait of a Sportsman

By

MARGUERITE IVES

IN the gallery of the portraits of some of America's noted outdoorsmen, whom I have known, that of George Eaton Scott hangs in a prominent place. I feel that he epitomizes the sportsmanlike qualities of them all. He is not as celebrated in any one line of outdoor sports as are many, but the consistency of his fair dealing in every phase of life and with all men represents the ultimate in sportmanship.

As a sportsman, he possesses all the keen enthusiasms of his kind. As a lover of Nature he is filled with a deep, quiet reverence for all her beauties. As a conservationist he has a clear understanding of the vastness of out-of-door problems and the practical sympathy to help work them out.

Throughout the inevitable strife of an exceptionally brilliant career, filled to the brim with financial, social and civic activities, George Scott has remained unembittered, untouched by disillusion or cynicism. Life has given him back in full the measure of his idealism, his faith in humanity, his joy in the service of others.

Here is a man who looks upon men, women and children; partners, associates and employees; friends and enemies with the same tolerant, comprehending, kindly glance.

Men and women speak of him with impartial praise. Few men, I think, have such thoroughly approving acquaintances and such completely devoted friends. He has a delicate perception of other people's hearts. He has accomplished big things financially and big things civically. And he has remained unspoiled, simple, kindly and though I doubt not if he were editing this copy he would blue pencil the words —he has remained lovable.

He has a truly sportsmanlike attitude towards life and people. He accepts blandly and without criticism or complaint the bad with the good, the unworthy with the worthy. Much like the perfect sportsman to whom it matters not if there be foul weather or fair, whether the ducks fly too high or the fish do not strike; he goes forth always with so ardent a love of all sport and of all outdoors in his heart that the specific yield of luck neither greatly exhilarates nor greatly depresses him.

He is the perfect exponent of the truest and finest meaning of the words, Fisherman's Luck. He is completely happy when out with rod or gun. If he has no luck, he is still content. He thinks with zest of the good hunting Charles Folds used to enjoy in the Ozarks, or of a truly memorable day George Skinner had trout fishing on the Nipigon, or of a record breaking tuna landed by Keith Spalding at Catalina; or of the fishing and hunting exploits of "Teddy" Roosevelt, "Charlie" Dawes, Judge Dickinson, and "Harry" Hawes, all of whom with countless others of the most prominent sportsmen of America, are his close friends.

George Scott is one of the rare sportsmen I have known who have this general and altruistic reaction to the outdoor thrills of others. He takes as genuine and sincere a joy in the experiences of his friends as in his own.

Doubtless this characteristic, as noticeable in all his activities as in sports, is responsible for the fact that he is ever being inveigled into acting as chairman, director and official high advisor on the boards of innumerable clubs, organizations and enterprises.

He is First Vice President of the American Steel Foundries and a director in many large companies. During the world war he was the General Manager of the American Red Cross in Washington and a member of the Red Cross War Council.

He was first Treasurer of the permanent outdoor recreation conference which was called by President Coolidge in May, 1924, and for some time he was chairman of the executive committee of the Izaak Walton League of America.

When this conservation movement was newly formed, an appeal was sent to George Scott for his help. His secretary told me long afterwards that Mr. Scott instructed him to make out a check for the League before he had finished reading the letter requesting the contribution. So instantly was his interest aroused by a cause devoted to the preservation of the outdoors. Incidentally, he became the first Life Member of the League.

When the League was very young and very struggling, George M. Seaman of Chicago gave the founder of the movement a large check and what proved to be the even more valuable advice,

"Go to George Scott. He is one of the best organizers and clearest headed idealists I know."

When he became closely associated with the League, he donated and raised a great deal of money to carry on its work, expended invaluable energy, enthusiasm and effort to make it truly successful and earned the gratitude of thousands of lovers of America's out-of-doors. Without his help the very fine work the League is doing could never have been started.

It was George Scott who suggested the two slogans for the League:

> "We pledge ourselves to restore for posterity the outdoor America of our ancestors," and "A better America for Americans and better Americans for America."

Not content with having given all this initial impetus to the League's crusade, George Scott at the League's Sixth Annual Convention last April was prevailed upon by the Executive Committee and the unanimous vote of all the Convention delegates to assume the responsibility of establishing a permanent fund for the carrying on for all time of the League's conservation work.

The Executive Committee well knew, to quote Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, that in "George Scott's loyalty to and zeal for the League he would be willing and ready to make any sacrifice to save and perpetuate this great public cause so dear to his heart."

He has already begun his labors for the Izaak Walton Foundation, a list of the distinguished trustees of which will be found on page 26.

The high degree to which the kindliness and humanitarianism of George E. Scott is developed is proven by the magnificent work he did, and is still doing, in the service of the Red Cross. After the Armistice he spent months abroad with Colonel Olds, the Red Cross Commissioner in Europe, looking thoroughly into our relief work for the battered nations. Especially in Poland, Austria-Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, feeding their desolate children, clothing, housing, helping them.

All of which goes to prove that there is a knightliness in George Scott; not the fantastic knightliness of a Knight de la Mancha; rather the practical warring knightliness of a St. George.

It is almost impossible to induce Mr. Scott to talk of his share in the work of the causes he espouses. But knowing one of his pet recreational hobbies to be the Coleman Lake Club in Wisconsin, I told him of an amusing comment I had heard on it from a rather crotchety and socialistically inclined fisherman of my acquaintance.

"He said," I repeated, "that an American Burke's Peerage might be compiled from the membership list of the club. No wonder they have good fishing. They can afford it."

George Scott smiled but at once became serious.

"That is one of the reasons I am so intensely interested in conservation work. All lovers of angling should have opportunities to indulge in the sport, regardless of their ability to belong to good fishing clubs. America has been,

and I believe can be again, a Paradise for anglers. Not only the guarded waters of our privately owned clubs but every stream, river and lake in the country should have fish. We must fight pollution, fight over-drainage, fight the fish hog and every Izaak Walton's son of us can have good fishing."

The Coleman Lake Club, though criticized by my Bolshevik fishing friend, is one of the most delightful fishing-clubs in America. And the credit for its beauty of exterior and its charm of interior is given George Scott by all the members. For years he has taken great interest and pride in it, from furnishing the club house to stocking the waters.

It seems to me quite in line with his whole character that George Scott should have taken keen enjoyment in the making of this club a thing of joy and beauty for his friends. I can hardly vision him off on fishing trips alone. Yet he is the least loquacious of men and he is known to sit six and eight hours at a stretch engrossed in a book. Certainly, solitude holds no terrors for him.

He has, however, a love of warm, human contacts—a genius for friendship. I can readily appreciate how he likes to fish with his friends; witness their triumphs and respectively rejoice or mourn with them over their luck.

"I know the trout fishing is fine at Coleman Lake," I remarked. "Have you bass there too?"

"Yes, there are some small mouth and they are fairly good fighters but not to be compared with the gameness of the bass in the upper Mississippi, for instance. A number of us have a camp up near Wabasha. A current bred small mouth up there in the river will outfight any small mouth I have ever found in a lake."

We were looking at some pictures of bass he had caught. I pointed out one.

"How much did this one weigh?"

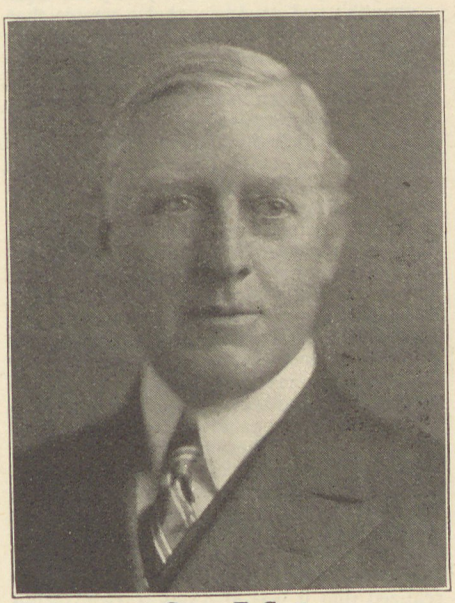
"Six and a quarter pounds," he answered.

"Ever catch a larger one?" I enquired idly.

"I never even heard of a larger one," he retorted.

"Do you think small mouth bass or trout fight the harder in proportion to their size?" I persisted.

"You see," protested George Scott, "you should ask difficult, analytical questions like that of the famous anglers you know. I really don't belong in that list of yours among highly experienced anglers and hunters. Remember, I don't claim to be either. I just LIKE to fish and hunt."



George E. Scott.

"That's a very enlightening speech," said I, "both as to your modesty and your sportsmanship. The things a man LIKES to do, he's sure to do well, isn't he?"

"Well," said George Scott, laughing, "your logic isn't quite flawless but your inference is most flattering. To go back to that question—"

Of course, I might have known he would answer it. I should have waited silently, but true to my gender, I never can!

"I can't say that I am prepared to state whether trout or small mouth fight harder, relatively, of course," he continued thoughtfully. "But I can say that I most enjoy the fight the trout puts up. There's something subtle and wary and brainy in his tactics. I feel that the bass is using every ounce of his strength and making a brave and spirited attempt to be free. But I feel that the trout is doing the same, plus the use of every atom of his intelligence or his cleverness or whatever is ichthyologically granted him as a reasoning faculty."

"That would make a very interesting controversy for anglers," I exclaimed.

"When it got down to actual argument, I probably wouldn't know which side I was on," said George Scott. "It is odd what extremely individual characteristics fish possess. Even those of the same species. I think they are much like people in that all differ in their qualities and traits. Some are brave, some cowardly; some are admirable, some ignoble. I believe it is as unsafe to generalize about fish as about people—I almost said 'women.'"

For once, I remained silent.

"I have, for instance, taken two trout; same size, same pool, same tackle, same day with the same sort of weather. Yet one was a marvelous fighter, the other putting up no fight at all. You don't suppose it could have been because one was a male and the other a female, do you?" he asked mischievously.

Again I thought silence golden.

"It is all inexplicable and doubtless forms the fundamental, persistent lure of angling. You never really know what a fish is going to do," he continued, showing me a picture of a five pound trout caught in Montana. "This trout put up a wonderful fight and was brought to net completely exhausted. Strangely enough, several hours after he was caught and presumably dead, as I was carrying him to shore from the boat with my fingers through his gills, he mysteriously came to life again. He gave a sudden, unexpected flop and very nearly propelled himself back into the lake. You see from the picture, how he curved his body, yet he had been motionless and apparently lifeless, for two or three hours. Some sort of reflex motion, I suppose, easily explained by science, but it wouldn't have been so easily believed had I lost him and cited it as the explanation!"

"Harold Pulsifer says that because fishermen's truths are often stranger than fiction, they should not be scoffed at as lies," said I.

"On the hypothesis, I suppose," said George Scott, "that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings—and fishermen—"

"Well, tell me a fishing story right now and I will believe every word of it," I said.

"I haven't one," he answered, "unusual enough to cause a doubt of my veracity. I think one of the most interesting encounters I ever had with a fish was with a five and a quarter pound rainbow which I hooked up in the Sioux rapids. The long boat is poled up the rapids by two boatmen, you know, and if you happen to be nervous about rapids, better not go fishing there.

"This rainbow struck and leaped three feet into the air and I saw it was a whale, which sounds like one of those fish truths we were talking about. He made a tremendously long run, like a salmon. I couldn't possibly stop him and to my dismay I began to see the barrel of my reel. More and more line whirled off until, literally, I had but a few turns left. Then, like the fabled lane that must at last have a turning, he stopped, leaped again (he looked bigger that time) and I was able to get in quite a bit of line.

"For a few minutes I gently brought him closer, closer, foot by foot. The line on my reel looked fairly thick now and I began to recover from the sick, helpless feeling it gives you to see your line rapidly dwindling from the reel and no way to follow the fish and regain it. The very sinews of war seem deserting you. Suddenly, however, to prove the fallacy of any sense of security in regard to a big trout, he made another run.

"He made another run, exactly like the first one. I believe he swam back to the same identical spot in the river. My line again disappeared until the shining barrel of the reel could be seen. I endured again the agonizing suspense of watching the few remaining turns of the line. Again he stopped within a few inches of sure escape, leaped, and I was able to once more gain a few feet on him.

"Then from having been the fastest trout I had ever been hooked into, he became the slowest. Within 20 feet of the boat, he stopped and remained there absolutely motionless, it seemed, in spite of the supposed fact that nothing is stationary. He was headed straight upstream and

lay there with the most stubborn resistance which I have ever seen displayed by any fish.

"However, as even a fishing story, and a true one, must come to an end sometime, he began to weaken slightly. Though he yielded so imperceptibly that without the proof of the line which I was able to retrieve slowly inch by inch, I would not have believed he was yielding at all. Never did he change from his first position, headed directly towards me upstream. He wanted to die with his face to the enemy, that fish.

"Little by little I drew him closer until the six foot landing net could reach him. He was five and a quarter pounds and I shall always remember him as being the most determined, strategic and tenacious fighter of my fishing experience."

"That is a real requiem for him," said I sententiously. "Here is a picture of a big Loch Leven. Any thrilling adventure there?"

"That was one caught on the Madison River, in the Yellowstone and I remember that fish well," declared George Scott. "He weighed five pounds which you will believe is no exaggeration when I tell you that he was the piéce de resistance at a dinner for eight people that night and there was plenty to go around.

"There was nothing unusual about the fight he made though he was thoroughly game. Always out there on the Madison, fishing has interesting hazards. The mere act of keeping one's balance on the slippery, boulder strewn bottom is engrossingly precarious.

"The Madison is not fished upstream or down, but across stream. One's ability to retain one's footing, wading in the swift current, comprises not the least exciting part of the fishing."

"Did you catch any big tarpon in Florida last winter?" I asked.

"No, but I lost a big one," admitted George Scott frankly. "There was a prize offered one day to the boatman rowing the boat of the fisherman catching the largest tarpon. I had Bob rowing me. He is a cranky old fellow. I struck a tarpon and he jumped. Bob estimated him to be by far the largest of the season. Then I lost him. Bob's disgust with me must be imagined. He didn't speak to me all day.

"However, to my gratification, he told my sister the next day that it hadn't been my fault. 'Jest my bad luck,' commented Bob morosely."

Summing up the character, the ideals and the activities of George E. Scott, I think could not be more effectually and conclusively done than in the words of Henry van Dyke concerning him, "he is a gentleman and a sportsman."

A Statement Prepared for Prospective Contributors to the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation by Its President, George E. Scott

THE Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation was organized to carry on the work of conservation through the Izaak Walton League of America as long as the League is a national functioning organization devoted to these purposes. The Foundation will insure the continuity and expansion of the work the League is doing, the essential importance of which cannot be overestimated.

Glenn Frank, the President of the Wisconsin State University, said in a recent address:

"Conservation is a challenging movement that sinks its roots into the whole of our social order. Conservation is more than planting a few trees and protecting a few fish. It is something more than luring harassed men out of stuffy offices into the healing atmosphere of lake and woods. It is something more than turning our country into a profitable playground for tourists. These things are important—very important—but I submit that they are after all but incidental aspects of conservation. To do no more than to stimulate the doing of these things is a very worthy venture. The spiritual by-products of these incidental steps in conservation are too precious to lose.

"The man who builds a machine may know the craftsman's satisfaction with a job well done, but in some mystic way, a man who plants a tree becomes a kind of partner with God, in a creative act, because you cannot build trees, all you can do is to preside at the mystery of their growth; and we know that a people that respects its out-of-doors keeps contact with that eternally young spirit of nature, which helps as nothing else can help to preserve in us the spirit of youth in that fight against age, that all of us have to make from our birth."

The Izaak Walton League has at present 3100 Chapters in as many communities, scattered throughout the United States. They are planting trees, purifying streams, establishing fish hatcheries and game farms, helping in local, state and national conservation legislation and preaching a code of ethics based upon good sportsmanship which is in reality the good old rule, "Do unto others as you would that others do unto you." Many of the members who first came into the movement were fishermen, but they became *conservationists* when they learned that in order to have better fishing, it was necessary to preserve the forests at the head waters of our streams and to re-build those which had been destroyed. More and more those fishermen became conservationists as they realized that it was also necessary to bring back the streams to their natural state of purity in order that fish might live in them.

When soon they realized that the result of their efforts would benefit them comparatively little during their life-time but that they were working largely for future generations of Americans they then became *unselfish conservationists*. The following slogan of the League was adopted at the first national convention in 1923:

"We pledge ourselves to restore for posterity the outdoor America of our ancestors."

There are now upwards of 100,000 active members of the Izaak Walton League. These members are carrying on all kinds of conservation work and are exerting a more powerful influence on public opinion in conservation matters than any other force in America today. They are necessarily developing a higher standard of citizenship and love of country.

Henri Dunant, who founded the Red Cross and was responsible for the Red Cross Treaty of Geneva once said:

"Any ordinary man or woman, endowed with the love of a neighbor and a little enthusiasm, can accomplish great things for humanity."

The League is finding these people in every community—they have a kindly feeling for their neighbors and they have a great deal of enthusiasm and they are accomplishing wonderful things physically and spiritually for their country. They are trying to make

"A Better America for Americans and Better Americans for America."

It is to this purpose that the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation is devoted.

The Charter of the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation, Inc., Was Granted by the State of New York on May 11th

The first meeting of the Incorporators was held in New York on May 22nd, and the following Officers and Trustees were elected:

GEORGE E. SCOTT, *President*

J. M. DICKINSON, *Vice-President*

WILLOUGHBY G. WALLING, *Secretary*

EDMUND A. RUSSELL, *Treasurer*

Trustees

Mrs. August Belmont,
New York City, New York.

Honorable J. M. Dickinson,
Chicago, Illinois.
Former Secretary of War and Ex-President of the Izaak Walton League.

Chauncey J. Hamlin, Buffalo, New York.
President of American Association of Museums, and Chairman of President Coolidge's National Conference on Outdoor Recreation.

Haskell Noyes, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Chairman, Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League.

Honorable John Barton Payne,
Washington, D. C.
Chairman, National American Red Cross.

George E. Scott, Chicago, Illinois.

Keith Spalding,
Rancho Sespe, Ventura County, California.
Ranchman, Yachtsman and Sportsman.

Charles D. Stimson, Seattle, Washington.
Retired Lumberman, Sportsman and Civic Leader.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, Princeton University,
Princeton, New Jersey.

Willoughby G. Walling, Chicago, Illinois.
President, Morris Plan Bank.

Doctor Henry Baldwin Ward,
University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois.
President, Izaak Walton League of America.

Breeding Bob-White Quail in Captivity

(Continued from page 17)

tilation in front of coop. The bantam will crush the birds by this jumping. We also find that much better results are obtained by having floors to our coops, as the bantams do not scratch so much. If the hen is allowed to do much scratching the first few days she is sure to kill a part of her brood. The coops are hinged at back and hooked in front so that they are easily opened and cleaned. The floors are covered with fine hay grass or pine needles before the birds are put in them. A board run 12 inches high and 6 feet long is fastened flush to front of coop, which means that the width is only that of the coop, 20 inches. Three small openings are made in front of coop for birds to pass in and out of run and a larger door for the bantam. The bantam, however, is kept in the coop with the exception of about 3 minutes every day, when she is let out in the run to stretch herself and eat what corn she wants. The keeper stands by to see that she does no scratching.

Clean coarse sand and baby chick size charcoal are put in the runs before the birds are taken to the coops. Give first feed after birds have been in coops 6 or 8 hours. This gives them the opportunity to move around in the run and eat small pieces of gravel before they are fed, which is very necessary. Feed only clabber (after all cream has been removed) the first day, and thereafter. This is fed on dressed board about 5 inches wide 10 inches long and half inch thick. Place board up close to the three openings so that the hen can eat her share and teach the little quail to eat also. Give no water to the quail, neither will it be necessary to water the hen so long as she is allowed to eat clabber.

When the quail are two days old we feed dry mash commercially known as Globe All Mash Starting Ration, mixing one part Spratt's Fine Crissel to six parts of mash by measure—this is fed in small trays. When the birds are about a week old we mix mash and some of this seed is scattered on the ground in the run, but not much. As they get older larger grain is added, such as kaffir corn, wheat, small cowpeas, soja beans, rolled oats, etc. This is fed in wooden trays so arranged that the birds cannot scratch it out on the ground and kept under dry shelters before them at all times. We find neither young nor adult quail will over-eat when food is kept before them constantly. We prefer this method to feeding on the ground. The clabber is continued from the first, giving the birds all they want, never giving them water. We start feeding apples on the second day. The apples are halved and stuck on nails which have been driven through a small thin piece of board and are continuously fed this way.

When birds are five days old they are moved to the growing pens made of inch mesh, 5 ft. poultry wire, not covered over top. These pens have 8 inch board all around bottom with strip ½ inch mesh 12 inch hardware wire fastened at top of board. Size of pens 10x30 feet, cut off from an adjoining pen which is 30x50 feet. The grass is cut short in the small pens, coop placed near center, discarding small runs which are used for first five days. If grass is dry the bantams are allowed to range in pens with their broods from ten to one o'clock. The rest of the time the bantams are kept in the coops. When two weeks old the quail are given the range of the adjoining pen, passing through three small holes in the partition fence. The bantams are never allowed in the large pens. About one-third of the grass in these pens is kept short.

After birds are 5 days old and have been moved to the growing pens mentioned, the clabber is no longer fed on boards, but kept before the birds in small shallow graniteware plates, about the size of a saucer, under small dry shelter. From the time the quail are about three weeks old a few long feathers on one wing are kept clipped, to keep them from flying out of the growing pens.

In October the birds which are to be kept for breeders the following season are moved to the community pens.

I failed to state that the broody bantams are well dusted with a good louse powder when they are set on the quail eggs, and another dusting is given to them ten days after the eggs are to hatch. Tobacco dust sprinkled in the nest each time the bantams are powdered is the best thing we have been able to find to keep them free from chicken mites. It is, of course, understood that it is very necessary to keep the quail coops, feed trays, pans, etc., absolutely clean.

Our present equipment consists of 6 sections winter pens, 6 stalls each, 76x12 feet, and 2 sections of 4 stalls each, 76x12 feet, 100 growing pens, 175 laying pens, 200 nests and 200 coops for bantams with young quail. Our statement of output of farm season 1927 is as follows:

Eggs laid by 158 bob-white hens..	10,626
Eggs broken during incubation...	281
	10,345
Number birds hatched.....	7,023
Number eggs failed to hatch.....	3,322
Number birds distributed.....	2,718
In winter pens at Game Farm, Nov. 1, 1927.....	1,323
Total quail raised year 1927....	4,041

The approximate cost per bird raised in the season of 1927 was $2.52.

Concerning Pollution

(Continued from page 22)

in question, the immediate handling of the problem at issue can be indefinitely postponed; and there are often those who are interested and active for one reason or another in securing such postponement of the actual practical solution of the problem.

It would be wrong to leave in the minds of any the suggestion that I am opposed to exhaustive and intensive scientific research or underestimated its value and indeed it is fundamentally important for future development. New lines of attack on old problems and new hopes for the solution of earlier difficulties have grown out of intensive scientific studies of research institutes both private and public. Such undertakings are to be maintained and developed as an essential element in the increase of theoretical knowledge which is absolutely essential for the continuance of the wonderful advance in comfort, convenience and pleasure that marks our day and age, and especially our own country. Such theoretical studies properly belong to institutions of learning and research laboratories endowed by private munificence or supported by public funds, but the practical application of the results obtained and their immediate utilization in the solution of individual problems seems just as clearly a function of the industry that profits by the knowledge.

Let me not neglect to add here one important comment. No fair-minded thoughtful man or woman condemns equally all situations or expects the impossible. Conditions that have grown up by virtue of a century's neglect cannot be corrected in a month or a year nor can a large volume of waste be provided for immediately. The real need is to begin now, to stop merely talking about conditions and to do something this year to remedy the wrong. Any improvement in conditions is worth while and marks an advance in the right direction.

Future of Pollution Campaign in the League

DURING the present year the League has not been able to continue the pollution bureau and to provide even the part time services of a pollution expert which it had undertaken to furnish a year ago. Strenuous efforts were made during the past year to secure from private sources funds for the continuance of this activity but without success. The work has been carried necessarily at odd moments by the gratuitous services of various persons who have been reasonably heavily loaded with other duties. It is evidently impossible under these conditions to give aid and advice adequate to meet the appeals that have come from many chapters and individuals.

The work has grown to such an extent that it has surpassed the possible cooperation of the voluntary agencies. It is unfortunate to be compelled to face the possibility of dropping this work entirely but unless some definite financial support can be found for it, no other alternative has yet appeared.

No greater service to future generations could be performed than the perpetuation of this work and no man could find a worthier object than the endowment of a bureau for the elimination of stream pollution as a part of the Izaak Walton League. Somewhere in this country I know there is a man seeking to find an opportunity for the utilization of funds that have been devoted in his own mind to the improvement and upbuilding of the America of tomorrow. Is it not possible through the joint efforts of this great organization to find that man and to convince him of the value of the opportunity which this work affords?

Texas

(Continued from page 6)

We offered estimates. J H and Chesley agreed that a million geese had come into the pond during the hour or so from four fifteen to sunset. But any large number of birds is a million in Texas, just as any group of live oaks is a mott. The other gunner suggested fifty thousand. I said at least ten thousand, and would as readily have multiplied that by ten. There was no tallying such hordes.

We agreed on only one point. We would come again next day, bring the others from camp, bring all the shells we could find, and hold our fire till our aim was sure, let the geese fall where they may.

Which leads naturally to Chapter Two.

(Continued in August)

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

Drawings by
CLEMENS GRETTER

By DAVID WHITTAKER

THESE fifty year old reminiscences are told. This Iliad of the Wild Pigeon is sung. The story of David Whittaker's efforts to save the wild pigeon wrings one's heart with pity and with shame. In memory of those beautiful lost birds, let us guard our bird life of today and not allow another species to tragically disappear. I believe that the readers of Outdoor America owe Mr. Whittaker a debt of gratitude for sharing with them these remembered glimpses of America's outdoors of a half century ago. Mr. Whittaker is 89 years old, but just as interested and active in the conservation of the outdoors now as when he made his magnificent last stand to save for us the wild pigeon.

How Otters Amuse Themselves

THAT night we camped on a small lake and 'Gene showed us an otter-slide. The hill was about ninety feet high, and steep. The formation was clay and the otters running up and sliding down into the water kept it wet and very slippery. This was their summer sport. Lafont told us he had often seen fifteen or twenty playing on it at once. He said the otters played all kinds of pranks on the slide. Some went down on their bellies, some on their backs, and sometimes three or four would go down in a bunch, just like a bunch of boys playing together.

In that land of the beaver and otter, in the heart of the big game country, hidden away in the depth of the forest, the Indians were happy with the prospect of a good catch of fur. I took the Blackfoot and Ahmoor and started to cruise the timber and prospect over the country. The rest stayed with 'Gene Lafont to trap and hunt. We spent a pleasant winter, as game was plentiful, and we had no hunger, and the cold did not bother us.

End of the Expedition

WHEN the spring came, and Waubun (the south wind) came up from the south, and the snow and ice began to melt, and the streams to swell up and run, the first flock of snowbirds or snow buntings passing overhead to the north, singing as they went, made my two Indians very restless, and they asked me how far 'Gene Lafont's camp was. So we started the next day over the trail we had come in on. We made good time, and without any mishap reached Latours' in fine shape.

They were overjoyed to see us. After Mrs. Latour embraced us all, she sat down and cried with joy. That was the first time I had ever seen anyone cry with joy, above all, an Indian. She afterwards told me we put her in mind of her people in the Huron country, whom she had not seen for years and it made her glad.

Nolegs said, "When a woman cry, she feel good; when a man cry, he swear and break something."

The old man asked the Indians if we had killed any moose. They said no, but that I had killed plenty of snowshoes. So the old Ojibwa still had a poor opinion of me as a moose hunter.

We did not see his son Louis, as he was out trapping. The Blackfoot and the Oneida stayed with 'Gene Lafont. The Ojibwa came through with me to the Falls of the Kaministiqua.

They gave us meat and potatoes to carry upon our journey. We bade them goodbye, and came out over the old Indian trail we had come in on. I got a boat for Duluth, bade the Ojibwa goodbye, and came out.

CHAPTER XIV

More About the Wild Pigeons

WHEN the wild passenger pigeon began to cease darkening the sky in her migratory flights north and south, and her call was no longer to be heard in the deep, shady woods, and the farmer could sow his grain without fear of being deprived of the return for his toil by a cloud of wild pigeons down from the skies on his newly-sown field, and robbing him of his grain and his labor in less than half an hour, and when a hunter would come in with a bunch of rabbits, squirrels, partridge, quail and other game, and everybody would run to meet him and to see how many pigeons he had, if they found none, they asked him, "What's the matter? You used to bring home so many—now we don't get any more."

"There are no more to bring," the hunter would reply. "They are gone like the buffalo, gone like the wild turkey and a great many other wild things that have disappeared."

The pigeons became so scarce that they never darkened my path as they used to do in my rambles through the woods. Formerly when I was exploring or cruising timber they often startled me by throwing a shadow around me when passing high overhead, between me and the sun; but those shadows had ceased. I had not in years seen one that was large enough to put a scared feeling into a man who had passed his life in the wilds. So I thought I would like to save the pigeons.

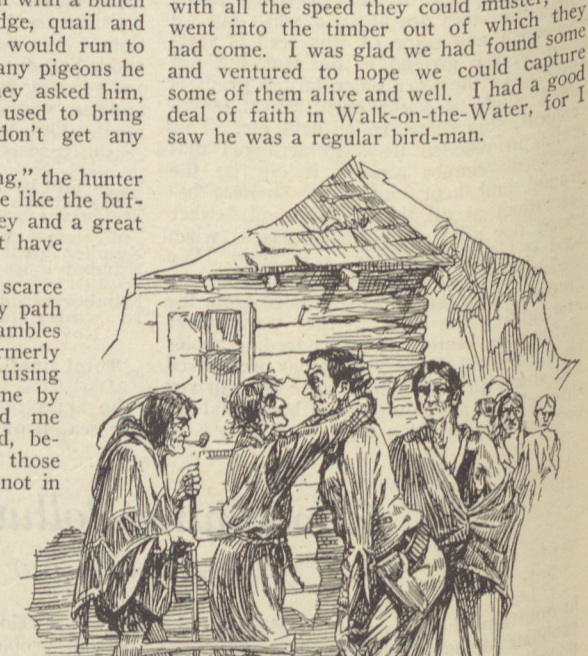
Nolegs had told me if ever I wanted any kind of birds to apply to an Indian named He-Walks-on-the-Water, and he would procure them for me. So I sent Nolegs after Walk-on-the-Water. I was camped on the South Thunder Pines, in the granite country. Nolegs brought Walk-on-the-Water to me. Before I could say anything to him Nolegs said, "He funny name, too, like me."

"How did he get his funny name like yours?" I asked.

"He wigwam, camp in lake. His father look out; he see lynx-cat walk on ice across lake. He say, 'Good name for my boy—He-Walk-on-Water!' Funny name!" said Nolegs, and he laughed.

Indians Discover Pigeons

I MADE arrangements with Walk-on-the-Water to see if he could find any wild pigeons for me. I told Nolegs to go with him and help. The third day, they came into camp and told me they had discovered some pigeons about seven miles the other side of the North Thunder Pines, up on the bluffs near a little lake. The next morning we started on the Black Bear trail, going up through the heavy timber to the northern part of the lake, where we had a good view of the surrounding country, and could see the pigeons coming or going if they came or went that way. The next morning we were on the lookout and saw about forty come out of the timber. They crossed the lake and circled around about a mile away, then came back low down with all the speed they could muster, and went into the timber out of which they had come. I was glad we had found some and ventured to hope we could capture some of them alive and well. I had a good deal of faith in Walk-on-the-Water, for I saw he was a regular bird-man.



For three days we looked for their nests, but never could find them, although we knew the nests were there. Walk-on-the-Water said he would find out where they went to drink; and, as they always went back to the same place, he could trap them. He watched, and found out the way they went down to the Thunder Pines, where there was a nice sandbar to drink and bathe at. So he got some grain and fed them there, set his trap and caught four—two males and two females. One pair were old birds, and one pair were young birds getting their second feathers.

Their Actions in Captivity

I BUILT a good strong pen, twelve by twenty, and seven feet high out of chicken-wire-fencing. The old female caught her head against the wire, and I let her fly away, and the old male escaped, so I had but the two young ones left. They seemed to do better when alone than with the old ones, for the old ones had kept them wild.

The next summer, about the end of June, they began to build a nest; but no sooner did they have it built than they tore it to pieces, and rebuilt it in another place. They did this all summer, until the middle of August. They would build nests and then destroy them. I think that came from people looking at them and disturbing them.

The second year I cut out the sight-seers and hid the birds as much as I could without making them feel they were confined. I did this by planting trees and shrubs around their coop. Furthermore, I put up a shelf and nailed a board along the front, so as to partially hide them. They took to this place at once, and built a nest in a shady corner.

They hatched out a young bird. I never saw it until it was over a week old, as the old ones hid it in their feathers till it got too big to hide. Then I left them for three or four days, and when I came back the old birds were sitting out on a tree. I looked up into the nest, expecting to see a nice big young pigeon, but my hopes vanished, for there, dead in the nest, lay the first wild pigeon that ever to my knowledge was hatched in captivity.

If I had lost a dear friend, I couldn't have felt worse than I did for this little wild pigeon. How many hundreds had I killed when a boy; how many tens of thousands had I seen killed at the roost; yet no pang of pain ever had I suffered on their account! Through all the wild, dangerous life I had led, nothing ever had softened me like the sight of that little wild pigeon lying dead in its nest of willow twigs.

I still had the old birds to console me, and as I looked at them I exclaimed, "In spite of all, I may be able to keep their race from becoming extinct!"

The next season they nested two weeks earlier. They laid one egg, the same as before, and hatched it out. It lived and thrived for about two weeks, and died like the other. I examined it, and found its crop full of grain, but could discover no cause for its death, as it looked strong and healthy.

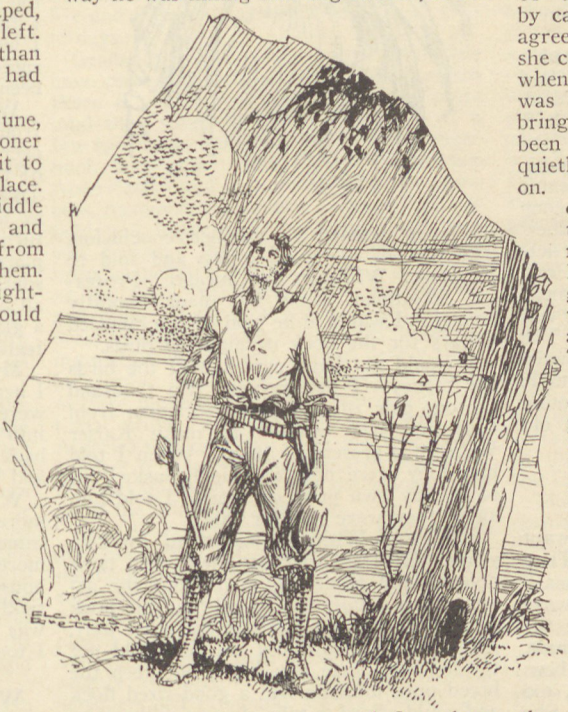
The old birds started right in to build again, and in three or four days they had a nest, and once more the female bird laid a solitary egg, and hatched it out. They raised it nicely for about two weeks; then it went the way of the other two—inexplicably it died.

An Interesting Discovery

THUS I lost three apparently strong and healthy-looking young birds without any apparent cause. I was becoming discouraged and disgusted; but not so the wild pigeons. They tore up the old nest and threw it down. Then the male gathered up the pieces and took them to the female, and they built another nest. The female laid another lonely egg, and the pair hatched it out.

I was as watchful of this young bird as the old pigeons were, to see and know what had killed the others.

One warm, rainy day the old male bird was flying against the wires and trying to get out. I wondered what the matter was, so I went up to see; and there, crawling on the ground, was a large angleworm. I knew by his actions that the male pigeon wanted to get that worm; so I threw it into the coop. The old male flew down at it like a hawk, and caught it and shook it like a robin. The female did not like the way he was killing that angleworm; so she



left the nest in a hurry and flew down and took the worm out of his bill and swallowed it before he knew what had happened.

Then to my mind came a remembrance of the pigeon-roosts of the north and of the bluffs of the Mississippi—of the squabs we had eaten there whose crops were full of worms and insects. Thus the secret was solved.

It did not take me long to dig a handful of worms and throw them into the coop. If anyone doubts that wild pigeons eat worms and insects, he would not have doubted if he had seen those pigeons gobbling down those worms.

I lost no more young ones after that. I found out that as long as the old birds fed the young ones fully digested food they got along and thrived nicely till the parents made the change to feeding them whole grain. That's what killed my young pigeon—it was the hard grain. So I gave them all the worms and insects they wanted—angleworms, Green Bay flies and June bugs.

This first young one that survived grew up to be a beautiful male.

The old birds did not nest any more that summer. They wintered well, although outside, in a coop open to the south. The cold did not seem to affect them.

The next spring they started to build their nest earlier than before. The young bird did not bother them when they began to mate and build their nests, but flew around the coop, calling and looking for a mate. He finally gave up and built himself a nest in a corner, and went to hatching by himself on the empty nest. He sat on the nest night and day the length of time it would have taken to hatch an egg. Then he left it, but flew back and forth to the nest, as if ready to feed the young one which he never had.

A Grass Widow

LATER on, when I had quite a flock, I noticed a case somewhat similar to that of this single male. There was a female in the flock that had no mate. When the nesting season came, she flew around and around, looking for a partner. When the others had built their nests and gone to hatching, she gave up her quest and began building a nest for herself. Some of the males would start in to help by carrying twigs to her. That was very agreeable to the young grass widow, for she cooed softly to them and caressed them whenever they brought her a nice twig. It was not long before all the males were bringing twigs. The nest would soon have been completed if the irate wives had sat quietly on their nests and let the work go on. However, what the male birds were doing did not look well in the eyes of their mates—as they lived in a community, it might cause some scandalous talk; so they went after their gallant spouses, took the twigs from them, slapped them over their backs, and sent them home to their own nests. This was fun for me.

The lone pigeon built her nest, laid one egg and hatched out a young pigeon which she reared up. It was a beautiful male. When it got too large for her to carry around, all the males helped to feed it, but this was not strange of them, as they fed all the young birds that fell out of the nests onto the ground, and raised them up until they were able to take care of themselves.

Nest-Building

WHEN they had their nests all built and were ready to lay, if they had been bothered by people looking at them and annoying them, my domesticated birds would pull their nests to pieces and throw them down. That would nearly spoil the season for breeding, as it took them a long time to become reconciled and tamed down, and some of them, once disturbed, refrained from nest-building for the remainder of the season. I noticed that certain hats on people's heads frightened them very much.

I wanted to stop them from pulling the nests to pieces; so I got a board and built nests on it, and tacked the twigs down with small staples, and put it up for them. The nests looked real, and most of the females went into them. Everything was all right until one of them wanted to fix her nest to suit herself; but when she could not pull out the twigs she flapped her wings and screamed angrily. They all came to see what the matter was, and started to pull the nest to pieces. For three days they fought and tried to destroy it. The fourth day they gave up the attempt, and started to build more onto the nest, and in a day or two they laid their eggs and went to hatching.

Thus I saved from ten days to two weeks' work for them and broke them of the habit of destroying their nests.

The young birds thrived on their new diet of angleworms, June bugs, and Green Bay flies. When the blueberry season came in, they got all they wanted of these berries, and when the blueberries were gone the acorns came in, when I got acorns

for them, breaking them up fine. They would not look at them at first; when they were very hungry they picked up some of the shells and swallowed them down, but the kernels they would not touch. I took some small, sweet acorns, and buried them in the ground. It did not take the birds long to find these. They smelled them and dug them up. They shook them and shook them, turned them around and around, and swallowed them, small end first. That was another surprise to me—to see them refuse the cracked acorns but swallow the others whole. These pigeons never had seen an acorn before, but instinct told them what to do.

As I watched them, I was always getting surprises. They would eat only two or three acorns at a time. Later I buried some wheat in the ground, and they soon learned to feed on the wheat. Still later I fixed corn in the same way. I never lost any more pigeons after that.

I remember when I was a boy I had a pair of fancy pigeons that never raised any young. Their offspring always died, the same as my young wild pigeons had. I paired them with different mates, and after that they always raised their young.

A pair of domestic tame pigeons came and built a nest on the top of the coop the wild pigeons were in. One of their young ones fell through the two-inch netting; so you can know how large it was. I thought I would take it out. The next day, however, one of the old males was sitting on it, keeping it nice and warm. The wild pigeons raised it up. It was a male, and learned all the habits of its hospitable friends. As an experiment, I put young tame pigeons into the coop, and the old birds always raised them up nicely.

Wild Pigeons and Tame Ones

THE wild pigeons never seemed to want to mate with the tame ones. They never got together right. The male's manners did not suit the female. Each always went back to its own kind. I think the male put on too much style for the female, for she always left him after he had been parading round her, digging his wings, and spreading his tail and cooing over her. She seemed to like the plain bird with the beautiful plumage; that was more real.

One day three of the old birds got out and flew to a piece of woods about a mile away. In the morning, when I went out to feed them, there on the coop sat the three runaways. They rested for an hour and then left for the woods. Those pigeons had been hatched and raised in captivity, but their wild instinct told them to go to the woods. I put food and water for them. When they left, I fixed a trap for them. They came back and forth for a week, and every day I moved the food and water nearer to the trap, the same as Walk-on-the-Water had done when he set his traps on the North Thunder River and caught for me the wild pigeons I started my flock with. At last I put the food and water inside the trap, and when the birds came they went in without any hesitation, and I caught them. Let me confess I was glad.

No money could buy those pigeons from me. I was the happiest man in the state. I felt sure I was going to save the wild passenger pigeon of North America and domesticate it.

By this time I had eighteen strong, healthy birds, and thought my future with the wild pigeons was a success. But alas, one day when I came home from a trip up on the lake shore, my pigeons were gone. A large hole was scratched under the wire. People told me that the dog did it, but finger-prints in the earth and foot-prints in

the coop pointed to another conclusion. The pigeons had been stolen and sold to Professor Whitman of Chicago. Professor Whitman came by them honestly enough. I was told he paid fifteen hundred dollars for the flock of eighteen birds.

I would not have parted with the birds for money. I had refused two thousand for one pair, offered by a gentleman from Germany, who wanted to make Kaiser Wilhelm a present of them. When I told him they were not for sale he asked me to put my own price on them. I told him again they were not for sale.

Professor Whitman had them for two years. He tried to cross them with tame pigeons and mourning doves, but the attempt was a failure. I took half the flock home with me and left him the other half. But I had him promise me he would not try to cross them any more, but keep the breed pure until he had a good-sized flock and could afford to take chances with a few in experiments at crossing. I lost three years of breeding because of this thievery.

I fixed a nice place for the pigeons I took back with me. The next spring they started to nest early. They raised seven young ones that summer. My flock increased year after year, as I nursed them along, gathering their native wild food for them. They built their nests the latter part of May or the first of June, and the young were hatched about the middle of June. To hatch their eggs took them, I think, the same length of time it takes our tame pigeons. The young wild pigeon matured faster than the tame pigeon, as at that time the old males pushed it from the nest till it lit upon the ground, then fed it for three or four days, and then left with it for the berry field. When once in the berry fields the young pigeons could take care of themselves.

They were the same in confinement, the old males coaxing the young birds from the nest and flying with them till they struck the wires and fell down. Then the male bird would feed his charge for three to five days, and leave it till it was able to take care of itself.

Eventually my domesticated wild pigeons began to increase in breeding. One pair raised seven strong, healthy young ones in one season, a single bird at a time. The last one was hatched in October, but wintered with the rest in the open coop. Another pair that summer raised five. The rest of the flock stuck to the one egg. I never knew them to lay more than one egg at a time. The one that raised seven in one season laid but one egg at a time, and made seven different nests in all.

My Initial Success

I HAD the wild pigeons in captivity for nineteen years, and during that time I raised seventy-two pigeons. Out of the whole period I lost five or six years of breeding time which I never could make up. Professor Whitman had the flock three years, which time was wasted in trying to cross for the purpose of getting halfbreeds. The other time was lost in moving the flock about, as I had no permanent home.

My intention with regard to improving the breed was to cross some of the birds with the carrier pigeon, thus combining the speed and endurance of the wild pigeon with the carrier pigeon's love for his home. I would have had the king of the air for speed and endurance, and they would have been storm-proof, but it was not to be.

When I signed a contract for cruising from Vancouver to Fort Wrangell, Alaska, everybody wanted the pigeons, to take care of them and raise a few hundred for me. To one man who came highly recommended as kind and something of a naturalist I turned them over. I built them a fine place on the side of a hill, facing the south. I had glass made to fit the coops all around, so that the pigeons would have a glass house for winter, and I went away feeling that my pigeons would be safe.

My cruise was to be about two years. I heard from time to time that the pigeons were doing finely. When our boat pulled into the dock at Wrangell and I looked back over the bay, I said, "One more year and I shall be back with my wild pigeons!"

When the cruise, which took a little more than two years, was over, and I came back expecting to see a hundred or more beautiful wild pigeons in my glass house, I found instead forty or fifty dirty, sickly looking hens. One of the pigeons was lying in a corner unable to get up. I took her out, and in three days she died.

Why the Outcome Was a Failure

ONCE when in Cincinnati I went to see some wild pigeons they had in the park or garden. I saw an old male bird lying on the ground in a bad condition. I asked one of the attendants what sort of a bird it was with the red breast. He looked at it, and said if it had a red breast it must be a robin. When I told him it was a wild pigeon, he said, "You're another of them fellows that comes around here that knows everything;" and he gave me a look of scorn and walked off. I thought he would make a good mate for the kind naturalist who had ruined my flock.

If there are any wild pigeons left, they might be in the dense forests of the Amazon Valley, South America, where there are plenty of berries that the birds could eat, and other food, and where, I think, they could find their subsistence as easily as they used to in North America. The vast forests along the rivers and waterways would give them a wild range, which the birds would like. I am convinced that if they are ever found anywhere in this hemisphere they will be found there in the dense timbers of South America, in the valleys of the Amazon or Paraguay Rivers. The hot, damp climate, with plenty of food, might induce the birds to nest there.

The wild passenger pigeons could have been tamed and domesticated with ordinary care, and fair treatment. As matters turned out, civilization killed them.

THE END

Then and Now

A day, a lifetime, or a century may measure the gap between "Then and Now"

By Fred H. Doellner

IN the affairs of Waltonism only four days were needed to bridge that span—to eliminate all doubt, to replace indefiniteness with a constantly expanding and rapidly clearing picture of the future growth and achievements and unrivaled benefaction to America and all Americans. Those four days were the ones given to the Sixth National Convention of the Izaak Walton League at Omaha, April 18th to 21st inclusive.

Those days may be marked up on the tablet of American memories as red letter days. Time will prove them to be among the most momentous and significant in the history of America. Those days witnessed a change of most far-reaching consequence. All known history is studded here and there with such fateful dates or periods, which at the moment are regarded as just another day or another period, but which, from the vantage of later knowledge, are regarded by a nation or a whole world as an epoch-marking time.

The birth of a Moses, the moment the great exodus was started from Egypt, the birth of Christ or the birth of our nation when it was conceived in the minds and delivered from the penpoint of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, or when Fulton's little steamboat first tooted its whistle preliminary to turning its paddles, appealed to few as especially significant. The masses look upon them as simply incidental, but history proved them revolutionary. The many relegate them to the place of all things past, and soon forget them.

So, even those who attended the Sixth National Convention, those who veritably made it possible through their advice, their efforts or even their mere presence, little realized the great significance and importance of that convention or the part it will play in our future national life.

From its very beginning the League was purposefully designed to be a concretely constructive force—the answer of the American people to an unrest and a subconscious realization of things gone askew. The League as it was launched and developed was designed, and daily has developed more strongly and clearly, as the salvation of America and Americans from the appalling consequences of nation-wide destruction without equally general replenishment of those natural and fundamental assets upon which the whole structure of America's existence rests. Since its inception a progressive change has invaded the League. Almost momentarily the scope of its service and the demands made upon it, new fields to be conquered, new problems to be solved, has unfolded like a bud in the bright sunshine.

It is safe to say that five years hence the League's program of service, comprehensive though we now feel it to be, will seem almost puerile to far-flung chapters. Tens of thousands of members will be but a handful when compared to its strength in the future. Its accomplishments to date, great as they have been, will shrink into nothing.

The Waltonian of now will feel much like Columbus would feel if he could come back and see and compare the great ocean greyhounds of today with his caravel of the fifteenth century.

The "Now" of today, and all things that are associated with it, becomes the "Then" of tomorrow as a new and greater order of life and things always overshadows all yesterdays.

Gradually more and more Americans have come to appreciate that in Waltonism there is some great awakening, far more vital than simply a banding together of a few sportsmen seeking solely to insure more hook and gun fodder. Now "Thinking Americans," and in astonishing great numbers, recognize the League's almost limitless field and opportunity to serve God, man and country. Not yet have they agreed upon a standard definition nor a portrayal of the Izaak Walton League, its purpose and philosophy. Not yet do any two express themselves and their rapidly broadening picture in identical or even nearly similar words. One says it is the greatest public welfare movement, another the biggest national utility, and again another will say America's biggest and most patriotic body, another a practical, constructive conservation organization. So the definitions vary as to the minds of men.

Day by day human minds are readjusting and expanding their understanding of the meaning and potentiality of the Izaak Walton League. As its possibilities of powerful benevolent purposefulness are more clearly and generally realized and as more and more Americans become more thoroughly appreciative of how great are the unsupervised economic, moral, mental and physical phases of our existence as a nation and a people, just so fast do increasing thousands turn their eyes and lift their arms and voices to this League for solution of their problems.

As time passes, the responsibility of our League to America and our nation increases and it will continue to increase. Its load becomes heavier and different demands, now unsuspected, will be made upon it. Only the League with its platform of service to God, man and country seems to offer the thought for relief from the sweat of a depleted, joyless and opportunityless land.

It is evident now that "Then" has two sides—the past and the future. Without realizing it we pass from the past to the present and without sensing it are in the future. So we have tried to glimpse a corner of a great and wonderful future America and a great League.

In viewing the future of America it is practically inconceivable to think of our country without a great and powerful League, playing an ever increasing part in its development and success; and if we in this generation are fine enough, capable enough, to appreciate and honor our obligation to posterity and to give—even though it be but a penny—a thought or an instance out of our life to this organized and intelligent effort to hand over to all generations at least as much of joy, opportunity or health, happiness and freedom, not to say wealth, as we receive, then the future of the League is as sure as time, for the actions taken, the plans laid, and the constructive work accomplished, at the Sixth National Convention of the Izaak Walton League insured perpetuation of this mighty force for good. And history, real history, was made.

Those Waltonians who were not present may question "What happened."

The answer is simple. That convention saw the most marvelous exhibition of a great number of Americans from all parts of our country and all walks of life thinking as one man, acting as a unit from the very beginning, displaying a complete unselfishness, absolute lack of desire for self-preferment, and a grim determination to sacrifice for the great cause of conservation and their League.

Picture, if you can, this great mass of delegates, serious, sincere, so single minded throughout three days, crowded to overflowing with most important matters, not a single committee recommendation was rejected, not one resolution offered required a roll-call or met with a dissenting vote.

The entire session was almost hallowed with such an atmosphere as one might expect at a great religious revival, as probably existed when the great Crusades were launched. The practically unanimous opinion of such delegates as expressed themselves may be briefly summarized as "The greatest convention in the history of the League." One venerable veteran of Waltonian conventions expressed himself that this was not only the most remarkable League convention but the most unusual convention of any kind he ever attended. Every minute and every thought was constructive. And its close witnesses the future of both our League and conservation in America assured as the result of the universal wisdom, harmony and determination of those delegates. This glowing tribute was entirely justified.

The election resulted in unanimous and cordial election of a splendid, strategically distributed line-up of officers. As the result an outstanding National Executive Committee comprising men of long, energetic sacrificial service in the cause of the Izaak Walton League and who in their private life are men of broad experience, were selected. Those men, because of their practical Waltonian experience and their daily contact with matters of consequence, are eminently fitted to make the League both do and grow. The League—its past, its present, its future, its problems, its difficulties—was discussed pro and con, submitted to the consideration of all delegates assembled. Financial problems, past, present and future, the development of a foundation plan, were analyzed and before that Convention adjourned the solutions were found. As a result of these deliberations was born a plan for the creation of a foundation. Mr. George Scott, ever the outstanding generous benefactor of the League, permitted himself to be persuaded to lead in this effort and when the sum total was concretely explained to the Convention the recommendations were adopted with uproarious enthusiasm and fiery acclamations by all assembled.

Waltonians the length and the breadth of the land may feel a great satisfaction, a greater interest and urge to make theirs a million-or-more-member body. Let a chapter be developed in every town or city, strong, closely knit and business-like divisions formed in every state, and now let all be welded in one great harmonious whole destined to become the outstanding factor, the great force to make and keep America better and Americans finer, healthier, happier and ever prosperous.

The stage is set. The League is groomed. It is now up to the great loyal membership of this splendidly patriotic body to take full advantage of the opportunity that is presented.

AS special marks of distinction in the great "Do and Grow" program, which it has undertaken, the League is awarding a Silver Founder's Button (the highest award in Waltonism) to those who organize new chapters, and special silver and bronze watch fobs, designed for this occasion, to those who get five or ten new members. On this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *our magazine, are printed the names of those who qualify for one or more of these distinguished service badges.*

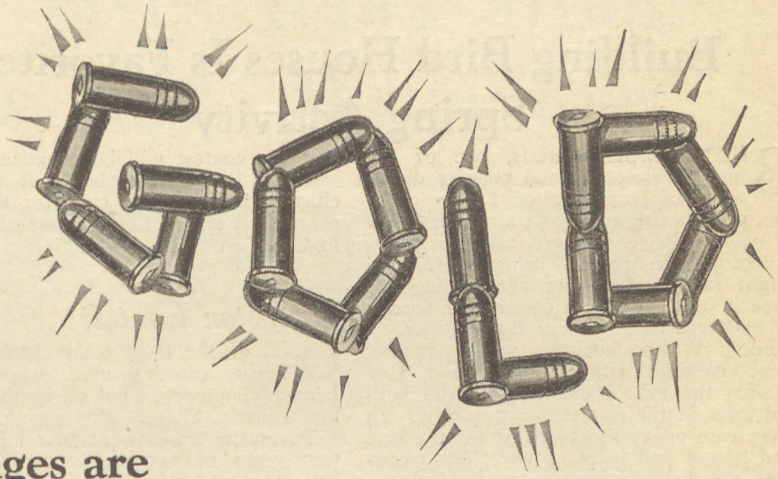
THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM. EACH HAS FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER

A. L. STEVENS.....Forest City, Ark.
ALFRED STRAHL.....Judsonia, Ark.
MRS. EMMETT HAWKENS.....Neuhardt, Ark.
FRANK BAILEY.....Denver, Colo.
FLETCHER MORRISON.....Iverness, Fla.
DR. A. B. CANNON.....Lacoochee, Fla.
H. K. WILSON.....St. Petersburg, Fla.
J. G. NEWSON.....Williston, Fla.
J. LEONARD RIDLEY.....Atlanta, Ga.
HON. PETER TWITTY.....Atlanta, Ga.
JOHN R. SLATER.....Douglas, Ga.
VIRGINIA HOLLINGSWORTH.....Fitzgerald, Ga.
TONY LUKE.....Fitzgerald, Ga.
R. H. FOY.....Sylvester, Ga.
JOHN G. HOLT.....Tifton, Ga.
HOWARD SHAFER.....Pocatello, Idaho
WM. J. NEUMANN.....Sterling, Ill.
DR. WM. E. WRIGHT.....Sterling, Ill.
SAMUEL L. RIPLEY.....Corydon, Ind.
PHILIP CRECELIUS.....French Lick, Ind.
GEORGE W. BENNETT.....Jeffersonville, Ind.
S. G. BOYD.....Madison, Ind.
S. C. BARTLETT.....Pence, Ind.
C. W. SIEVEKING.....Salem, Ind.
CHAS. W. PLAUTZ.....Bushton, Kans.
F. W. STEHWEEN.....Bushton, Kans.
H. E. STRONG.....Troy, Kans.
J. C. MARTIN.....Morgan City, La.
M. LAWRENCE SHIELDS.....Andover, Mass.
EDWARD E. VATTES.....Clinton, Mass.
W. JAMES WILLIAMS.....Great Barrington, Mass.
DR. RICHARD B. LARKIN.....Haverhill, Mass.
CHAS. PARKER TUCKER.....Hudson, Mass.
S. H. CARTER.....Lee, Mass.
ARTHUR L. ROGERS.....Lee, Mass.
G. D. PERRIER.....Plymouth, Mass.
FRED C. BROWN.....Shelburne Falls, Mass.
J. M. HARGIS.....Shelburne Falls, Mass.
H. STANLEY SMITH.....West Brookfield, Mass.
B. S. PENDLETON.....Westfield, Mass.
CHAS. E. HIGGINS.....Woronoco, Mass.
LAWRENCE W. SHATTUCK.....Woronoco, Mass.
OTTO C. PHILLIPS.....Bay City, Mich.
NORMAN LARSON.....Cromwell, Minn.
J. GOULD.....Inter City, Minn.
D. E. BERSING.....Minneapolis, Minn.
M. B. GULLICKSON.....Peterson, Minn.
C. W. CRIPPEN.....St. Charles, Minn.
P. A. GLAESER.....Waconia, Minn.
W. H. WERGES.....Vesta, Minn.
WINCHESTER JENKINS.....Natchez, Miss.
J. CARL FERGUSON.....Willow Springs, Mo.
DELFS, DR. C. G. (Organized 13 Chapters) Shickley, Nebr.
A. A. MISEK.....Valparaiso, Nebr.
J. E. BAGGSTROM.....Wausa, Nebr.
J. P. GARNER.....Asheboro, N. C.
T. A. VAN ZAUT.....Mocksville, N. C.
R. T. STEDMAN.....Winston-Salem, N. C.
J. W. SCHANNACH.....Fargo, N. D.
ODIN OVERBY.....Grand Forks, N. D.
A. E. HIGHUM.....Valley City, N. D.
H. L. BLOW.....New Brunswick, N. J.
L. J. SEELYE.....Clyde, N. Y.
W. MERRITT WAY.....Newark, N. Y.
WM. M. STRANG.....Keene Valley, N. Y.
CHARLES E. MERRITT.....Marlborough, N. Y.
FRANK C. LEAPER.....Pittsford, N. Y.
R. A. ATWATER.....Utica, N. Y.
LEON W. PORTER.....Utica, N. Y.
J. F. WARREN.....Wayne, Ohio
W. I. LACEY.....Anadarko, Okla.
CHAS. CALDWELL.....Antlers, Okla.
O. S. SPARKS.....Ardmore, Okla.
TOM DYER.....Blanchard, Okla.
R. H. DUNCAN.....Boswell, Okla.
M. S. HUGHES.....Bristow, Okla.
WM. ZIEGLER.....Calumet, Okla.
WHARTON MATHIES.....Clayton, Okla.
J. J. KINCH.....Depew, Okla.
E. E. BROWN.....Duncan, Okla.
FRED BALL.....Holdenville, Okla.
O. D. SANDERS.....Hugo, Okla.
L. L. CHAFFER.....Locust Grove, Okla.
C. S. RUSSELL.....Madill, Okla.
RAY FRAZIER.....Poteau, Okla.
REV. L. L. SCOTT.....Seminole, Okla.
SAMUEL O. REINER.....Frackville, Pa.
DR. O. C. REICHE.....Hazleton, Pa.
DR. J. EARL REMLINGER.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
SOL GRIMLEY.....Pottstown, Pa.
R. W. GRIFFITH.....Avon, S. D.
W. T. HOLLEMAN.....Avon, S. D.
THEO. STECKLER.....Avon, S. D.
ROBERT VOBEJDA.....Lodgepole, S. D.
E. A. JOHNSON.....Viborg, S. D.
N. A. JORGENSEN.....Viborg, S. D.
GEO. W. DISNEY.....Clinton, Tenn.
BEN ADAMS.....Covington, Tenn.
A. M. BARRETT.....Auburn, Wash.
PRESTON MOORE.....Castle Rock, Wash.
W. E. ANDERSON.....Cle Elm, Wash.
J. F. CLANCY.....Dayton, Wash.
GEO. HARRIS.....Elma, Wash.
O. C. MUSGROVE.....Elma, Wash.
J. W. VICKERS.....Kennewick, Wash.
JACK MITCHELL.....Olympia, Wash.
T. EARL STARK.....Port Orchard, Wash.
EARL A. FRY.....Seattle, Wash.
T. A. LALLEY.....Spokane, Wash.
R. T. PORTER.....Raymond, Wash.
J. CONDRA.....Vancouver, Wash.
L. E. McCURDY.....Vancouver, Wash.
JOSEPH DROLET.....Yakima, Wash.
LEO PACKARD.....Yakima, Wash.
PAUL MUEHLEMANN.....Glenwood City, Wis.

(Continued on page 62)

Bullets of GOLD



Western *Lubaloy* Cartridges are Clean to Handle—Keep Your Gun Clean, too!

WESTERN's new *Lubaloy* (lubricating alloy) Smokeless .22's keep your rifle bore clean—and keep your hands and clothing clean, too!

The new WESTERN Non-Corrosive Priming, in Smokeless loads, keeps the bore bright, rustless and accurate—free from pitting and corrosion.

The glistening *Lubaloy* coating makes these new cartridges shine like Bullets of Gold! . . . When loaded with Smokeless powder they are FREE from GREASE . . . yet *cost no more* than old-style lead-bullet .22's! (Also available in lubricated Lesmok loads.)

You can handle WESTERN *Lubaloy* Smokeless .22's freely or dump them out of the box into your pocket without soiling hands or clothing. Lint and grit cannot stick to them and get into your gun.

If you haven't seen and tried WESTERN *Lubaloy* .22's there's a big surprise in store for you. They *look* different and *are* different from any rim-fire cartridges you have ever seen!

All Western Cartridges are Now Made with Lubaloy Bullets

WESTERN .22's, WESTERN Pistol Cartridges and WESTERN High-Power Cartridges are all made with *Lubaloy* (lubricating alloy) bullets.

Lubaloy High-Power Cartridges have long been the choice of many big-game hunters throughout the world, because of their deadly accuracy—freedom from barrel fouling—bore protection—longer life—and ease of cleaning.

The new *Lubaloy* coated bullets are an exclusive WESTERN development . . . the result of months of development work by the same ammunition experts who perfected WESTERN *Lubaloy* Boat-tail and *Lubaloy* Open-point Expanding bullets, and the popular *Super-X* and *Xpert* shotgun shells. If you've a .410-gauge shotgun, you'll find that *Super-X* .410 shells outshoot every other load.

Write for free literature describing WESTERN *Lubaloy* cartridges and WESTERN's exclusive developments in rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 746 Hunter Ave., EAST ALTON, ILL.
Branch Offices: Hoboken, N. J.; San Francisco, Cal.

Western

Lubaloy

[LUBRICATING ALLOY]

Cartridges

Interested in Skeet or Trapshooting?
We will gladly send complete information regarding traps, targets and layout of grounds, without charge.

Waltonian Activities

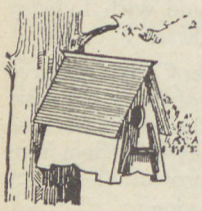
News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Building Bird Houses Is Favorite Spring Activity

BIRD-HOUSE contests, one of the most widespread and popular diversions of Izaak Walton League chapters, are drawing to a close about this time of year. Prize winners are being announced, speeches are being made, and bright new bird houses are dotting the trees in the parks and community forests of hundreds of American communities.

Many Walton chapters are conducting these contests either among the Boy Scouts, the school children, or the boys and girls of the community generally. In every case prizes are awarded for the best bird houses and in many cases essay contests are held in conjunction and prizes awarded also for the best essays.

National Headquarters of the League especially urges that all chapters which have put on bird-house contests send in all information regarding them. Although it is too late this year to issue any material relative to these contests, it is the plan of National Headquarters to next year issue a complete mimeographed booklet with directions for staging the contest, how to benefit from the publicity, how to hook up the contest with community forest projects and including complete plans, specifications and drawings of the various kinds of houses.



This will be available for the contests to be held next year and there probably will be arrangements made for deciding the winners in the various states and finally the national winners, whose pictures will be printed in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

In other words, it is the intention of the League to begin next year a national bird-house building contest which will extend into every Walton League community.

* * *

Gary Contest

ONE of the most interesting of this spring's contests was that held in Gary, Indiana, in which one hundred and fifty bird houses were entered by the school children of the town. Chas. L. Biederwolf of Indianapolis, president of the Indiana Division of the League, made the principal address at the presentation ceremony in the Horace Mann auditorium at Gary. E. A. Spaulding, president of the Emmerson School, also addressed the youngsters, and R. R. Engels of the Gary chapter of the League, who supervised the contest, also spoke. Mr. Engels declared that the contest will be an annual affair.

C. G. Ringle, a member of the Gary chapter, imitated bird calls for the young contestants and motion pictures of bird life in Canada were shown.

* * *

Evanston Contest

ONE of the most comprehensive bird-house contests ever staged by a League chapter was put on by the Evanston, Illinois, Chapter this spring.

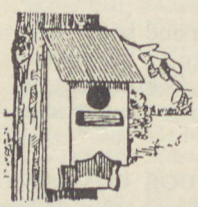
The contest was open to all boys sixteen years of age and under, living in Evanston, and all of the bird houses had to be home made. Prizes were awarded for the best bird house of any kind, best bird house made of small branches, best one made of small bark slats, best one of rough wood stained, the best one of roofing paper, and the best one of tin can. Special awards were given for the best houses for the various kinds of birds. Fifteen prizes in all were given. In conjunction with this was held a bird essay contest, open to all girls in Evanston under sixteen years of age.

The Evanston Chapter furnished all contestants with sketches and plans of bird houses and a four-page mimeographed bulletin giving all of the details of the contest, suggested materials, directions for entering the contest, suggestions as to kinds and types of houses and every possible bit of information that could be desired. The thoroughness with which this was done was largely responsible for the complete success of the Evanston bird-house contest.

* * *

Calumet Contest

CALUMET, Ill., Chapter recently closed a very successful contest in which 34 houses were turned in. The contest was staged with the co-operation of the Boy Scouts. Four prizes were given.



The houses are to be placed at various spots about the countryside to attract the birds. The troop of Scouts that entered the contest will be given a day's outing by the chapter.

* * *

Austin Contest

UP in Austin, Minnesota, the Waltonians promoted a city forest and planted several thousand trees as a starter.

A bird-house contest naturally followed. The chapter put on such a contest and gave prizes for two classes—wrens, and all other birds. Contestants likewise were divided into two classes—up to 12 years, and from 12 to 18 years. Following the contest the houses were suitably mounted in the new city park. The contest is held annually, and is growing every year.

* * *

Joplin Contest

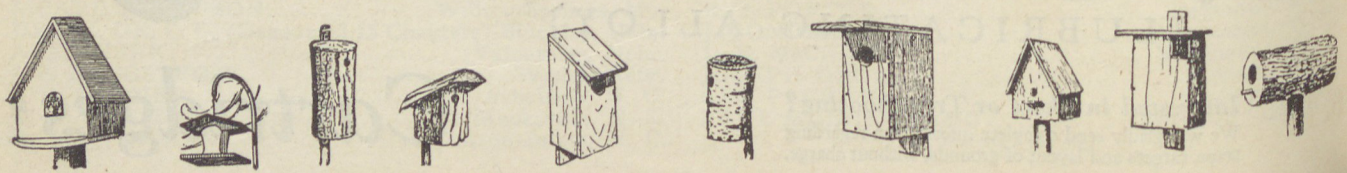
JOPLIN, Missouri, Chapter divided its contestants into classes according to age and awarded prizes in each class. The contest was conducted in the Junior High School in Joplin and prizes were awarded the builders of the ten best boxes in each of four age divisions ranging from seventeen years old down to boys under twelve years of age. Mr. L. H. Dorn of Joplin Chapter was chairman of the committee in charge and the contest aroused city-wide interest and participation.

* * *

Pana Contest

THE Pana Chapter of Illinois conducted its bird-house contest among the three Boy Scout troops of Pana. A unique rule of this contest was that the Scout had to obligate himself to place the bird house after exhibition and award of prizes in the best position he could find for birds to nest in. Prizes given by the Pana Chapter were blankets, haversacks, axes, compasses and knives. In addition

(Continued on page 58)



Wherever you go outdoors

Flit gives relief from *Flies* and *Mosquitoes*

"... where fish were thick and mosquitoes thin and hungry! We would have been miserable without our Flit sprayer."
—Ralph B. Blake, Trout Lake, Canada

"Flit makes our camp safe for the babies and happier for all of us."
—Konrad Brunner, Cayuga, N. Y.

"I even sprayed the horses with Flit to keep off the mosquitoes and flies. It sure worked fine."
—Julius Luoma, Cokeville, Wyo.

DO YOU enjoy the great outdoors—or do flies, mosquitoes, ants, gnats, midges and fleas get the real enjoyment out of your visits to Nature? The fun will all be yours if you carry Flit in your kit. Here's the way to use Flit outdoors:

Inside of Tents: Close tent flaps and fill inside of tent with Flit vapor. Spray top and walls of tent. Spray cots and bedding. Flit will quickly kill all the flies and mosquitoes inside and keep those outside from coming in. While deadly to insects, Flit is absolutely harmless to people.

Outdoors: While Flit does not *kill* insects out in the open, it is very effective in keeping them at a distance. At meal-time, spray Flit on the ground under or around the table. When hiking, spray Flit on leggings, stockings and sweaters. Flit will not stain. Spray boats and canoes.

Always carry Flit in the camp kit. Lovers of outdoors everywhere use Flit. Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer today. For sale everywhere.

FLIT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"The yellow can with the black band"

© 1928 Stanco Inc

KILLS · FLIES · MOSQUITOES · GNATS · MIDGES

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Been so long since I swung the fly-rod that I just must warm up. See that swirl in the water over there, where the current pauses to chase its tail? Trout lying there! Now, this way and that. Ah, I begin to get the hang of it again. Now we will try out a cast, for we just can't wait any longer. Watch that fly! See it bend gracefully downward. It strikes the water! A swirl, a splash! Ye gods and little fishes, he's hooked!

MIDSUMMER FLY-FISHING FOR TROUT

I APPRECIATE early fly-fishing, when the lambent breezes blow and all Nature is in a friendly mood; but for best results and highest joy give me lusty mid-summer, with its hot days and nights. How one sweats, but it is good to sweat. Understand I "sweat," not "perspire"; to perspire is too weak and effeminate for me. I have said I can sweat out a deal o' meanness following a trout stream in July and August, and it is true. (I know a host of stream-polluters and dam-builders who ought to sweat!) In July the very air shimmers with excess heat. Literally you can *see* how hot it is. Strange as it may seem to some, I just love to go fly-fishing for trout in such torrid weather, the sweet smell of freshly cut grass in my nostrils, the hot sun beating down. "But do you catch fish?" There you go again, John Henry, as though it mattered whether or not I catch trout so long as I have an opportunity to sweat out accumulated meanness. But I *do* catch trout, enough to odorize the pan at noon, and a few to take home for dinner. What more would you ask? Enough has long been as good as a feast.

Now the mid-summer trout is a unique fish, totally different from the whimsical, notional fish of the early spring. Count on its being shy beyond imagining, but know that if you can duplicate the fly it is feeding upon, and are capable of "fishing fine and far off," success will be yours. Be it said, however, not all of us become proficient in mid-summer trout fishing. The streams are low and preternaturally clear, so low that the angler must walk craftily lest his shadow alarm, so clear that the trout can see for long distances. Do you know, I have come to quarrel a bit with those wise anatomists who assert that the trout's eyes are so placed that its angle of vision is circumscribed; at any rate, I deport myself as though he can see me twenty rods away and the result is that I take fish where others fail.

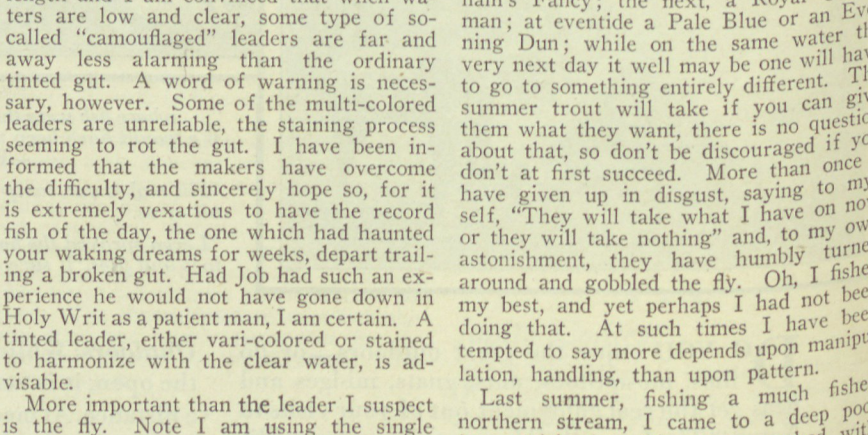
Whenever possible I affect the lightest of tackle, 8½ foot fly-rod, weighing not more than three ounces, with the remainder of the outfit of correct weight to preserve the unities. Yes, a single action reel, weighing when filled with size F double tapered line, once and a half as much as the rod. That is an easy rule to remember and sufficiently accurate to form a basis for first purchase. Of course there are other elements entering in, such as character of the water, size of fish and experience of the fisherman, but then, a rule with neither shadow nor possibility of variance is no rule for an angler. I am always suspicious of the would-be fishing guide who starts out by saying, "The correct rod should weigh exactly—" I generally read that far, then turn to the advertising section.

While I would not have you doubt for a second the importance of rod, line and reel, I ask you to bear in mind that, all else being equal, leader and flies are of greater moment. I have been using a tapered, multi-colored when streams are unusually low as occurs at this season, to my own gratification, as well as to the satisfaction of my creel. I have experimented quite at length and I am convinced that when waters are low and clear, some type of so-called "camouflaged" leaders are far and away less alarming than the ordinary tinted gut. A word of warning is necessary, however. Some of the multi-colored leaders are unreliable, the staining process seeming to rot the gut. I have been informed that the makers have overcome the difficulty, and sincerely hope so, for it is extremely vexatious to have the record fish of the day, the one which had haunted your waking dreams for weeks, depart trailing a broken gut. Had Job had such an experience he would not have gone down in Holy Writ as a patient man, I am certain. A tinted leader, either vari-colored or stained to harmonize with the clear water, is advisable.

More important than the leader I suspect is the fly. Note I am using the single number, for it is unwise to employ two flies late in the season, whether or not the fisher be a past master of the dry-fly or is a wet artist. By the way, the fact is, that most wet-fly men, fish dry when the streams are low, even if they do not know it. Of course they do not practice Simon-pure dry-fly methods, "fishing the rise," etc., but they do fish the surface for there is no necessity for sub-surface fishing, indeed, it is very likely to alarm this most easily of all frightened trout. Taken by and large, the smaller the fly the better, though there are exceptions to the rule. I have tried it out quite at length, retaining the same pattern of fly, but going to small and ever smaller, and when I reached the smallest in my book I have been greeted with success.

As to patterns, one can not say much, for all depends upon the particular stream and the rise of insects on at the time. I am coming to hesitate about recommending flies any time, anywhere, even to myself. Some day it will be a tiny Wickham's Fancy; the next, a Royal Coachman; at eventide a Pale Blue or an Evening Dun; while on the same water the very next day it well may be one will have to go to something entirely different. The summer trout will take if you can give them what they want, there is no question about that, so don't be discouraged if you don't at first succeed. More than once I have given up in disgust, saying to myself, "They will take what I have on now or they will take nothing" and, to my own astonishment, they have humbly turned around and gobbled the fly. Oh, I fished my best, and yet perhaps I had not been doing that. At such times I have been tempted to say more depends upon manipulation, handling, than upon pattern.

Last summer, fishing a much fished northern stream, I came to a deep pool into which the white water rushed with foam and snarl. A good "hole" ordinarily but it was mid-summer, and a mid-summer



Proof of the fishing, as of the pudding, is in the eating.

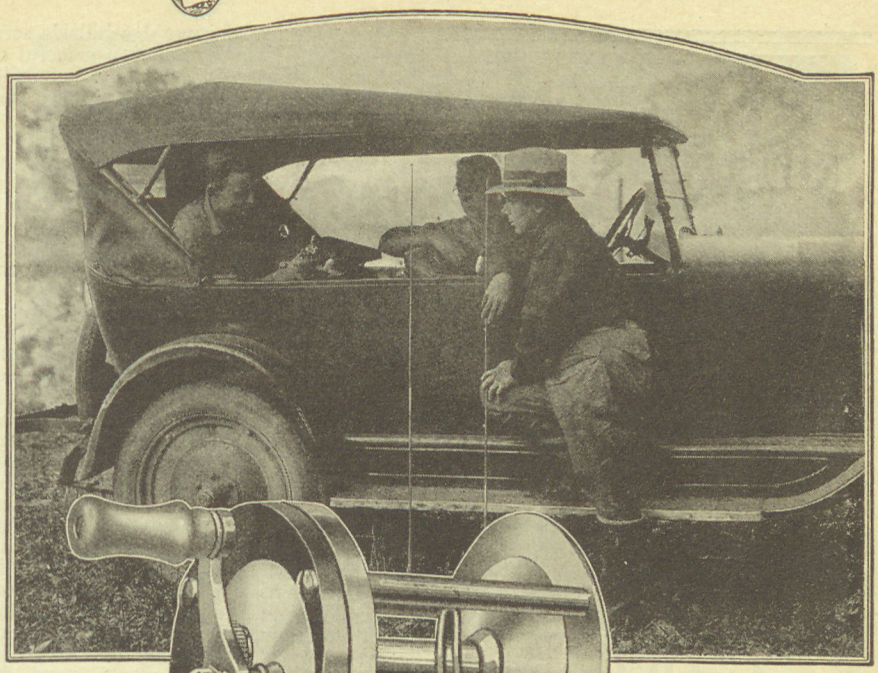
Waiting for a rise.

shower pattered down heavily. Remembering a former experience, I put on a Black Prince and though I could see the backs of interested fish, not one would take. I knew I was not giving the fish what they wanted. So I changed. I do not now remember what I put on, but I do remember right well that finally I went to a No. 14 Brown Hackle. I had found THE Fly, the one high fly. Believe it or not, but as I am an angler, I stood right there and took fifteen as beautiful rainbow trout as ever graced a mid-summer angler's basket. Mind you, the fish were still taking when I quit, for I thought the other members of my party would do as well and that we would have all the trout four families could use. Imagine my surprise at lunch time to find that I had had practically all the luck. "Was it chance?" Perhaps, to a certain extent, but remember that I changed flies until I found one that met the fancy of the fish.

The picture of the "hole" and its surroundings is indelibly photographed on memory's page. The high bluff across the water, the gorge, rock-filled and rain-swept above: myself standing on a spit of sand, in plain sight of the water, casting right and left. I tried a picture with my pocket camera, foolishly, and got nothing. I have the memory, however. Some wise angling editors have explained it all satisfactorily to themselves but I am giving the credit to Lady Luck, helped out by a bit of stick-to-itiveness on my part.

That incident is unusual, for in summer-time we seldom meet low streams and rain, but I was there just at the beginning of a shower which developed into a rain which brought the stream up, filled it bank-full of muddy water. When questing mid-summer trout, with streams at the usual low stage of the season, the angler must needs employ all his skill and cunning. I attribute some of my success in fishing to the fact that I treat the summer fish as though he were possessed of all the reasoning ability of a university graduate, plus the instinct of the wild. You may laugh if you want to and you probably will, but I sit down often and ask myself what I would do if I were a trout under given conditions, and acting upon what I *think* I would do if I were a fish, I get trout when others fail. I know how absurd it is, but it works, and that is the important thing.

It is the mid-summer surroundings, however, which intrigue me. I am in love with the spring-time, in fact I love each season, but as an angler it is the mid-summer I love best; not just because it is my most successful time for fishing, either, whether you credit the statement or not. Mid-summer is the high tide of the season, the period for which all the rest of the year has been staging. Off on the hillsides, the sumac is blushing red, touched with the decline of the year. There are few birds to serenade the fisherman, but the indigo bunting, luxuriating in the shimmering heat, will be found on the very



"Mine's a Marhoff"

The Reel they all Talk about

When good anglers get together, you'll hear them mention the Marhoff. And when they do, you'll notice that they speak of it with much the same affection that a true horseman talks of his thoroughbred.

No wonder the Marhoff counts so many seasoned fishermen among its friends. From the day that the first Marhoff level-winding reel was completed by the late Walter E. Marhoff, Shakespeare craftsmen have built into his design only the best materials and workmanship worthy of the finest watch. As a result, the designer's ideal of a 100% combination of action, strength and beauty is today realized in every reel that bears his name.

Under all conditions of use, a Marhoff will give you perfect performance and heightened casting joy. See one at your sporting goods dealer's and you, too, will want to be the proud possessor of a Marhoff.

$12

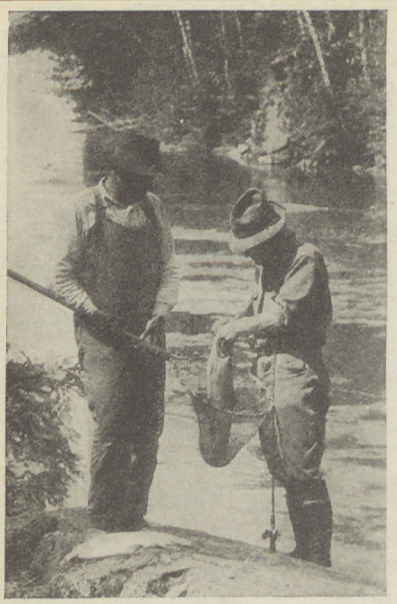
SHAKESPEARE CO., 346 Pitcher St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Shakespeare

HONOR BUILT HONOR SOLD

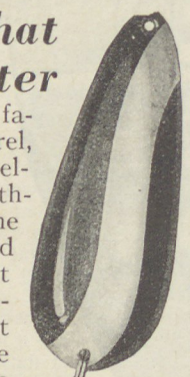
RODS-REELS LINES-BAITS

FINE FISHING TACKLE



You Get What You Go After

Dardevle plays no favorites, Bass, Pickerel, Brook Trout, Muskellunge, Wall-eyes, Northern Pike, all the game ones fall for The Old Boy—and it doesn't matter who uses Eppinger's Dardevle. It works for the novice just as well as the veteran—*the greatest all around lure in the world.*



"Dardevlet" 2¼" long 1" wide. 3/5 oz. Price 85c.

And You Don't Need Experience

If you have never used a Dardevle what a thrill you have coming the first time you put one on the end of your line. No experience needed. Just put The Old Boy where the fish are and watch the action!

Use "Notangle" Weedless Spinners

Here is an answer to the fervent prayer of many anglers. A real spinner, with detachable fly, that will not tangle in the cast, and a hook guard that makes it a wonder combination. In nine patterns. Choice of eight weedless flies.

"Notangle" Weedless Spinner. 2/3 actual size. Detachable weedless fly. Price complete, $1.00.

Write for catalog in full colors.

Canadian Distributors

Canada Needle & Fishing Tackle Co., Ltd.
76 West Wellington Street, Toronto

Lou J. Eppinger

"Outfitters of Sportsmen"

Dept. W-7, 131-135 Cadillac Square
Detroit, Mich.

"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game"

topmost branch of some dry hillside scrub telling high Heaven what a wonderful old world it is. Multi-colored butterflies, banded-purples and tiger swallow-tails, will flash in and out of the sun-crisped shrubbery.

Good it is at noon, with a brace or two of fish, to kindle a little fire no larger than your hat, down on the sand close by the water's edge, where there will be no danger of its igniting the super-dry vegetation, and cook dinner. Simple matter, once you know how. A little cook-kit is an important requisite for any real mid-summer angler, and the getting of dinner takes but a few minutes. Fish, trout especially, never taste so sweetly as when lifted from the pure, cold waters of a mid-summer stream, right into the hot bacon fat. Though the day is torrid, hot tea possesses the quality of cooling the angler. Funny about that, but it is a fact. Then comes the high moment of the day, satisfied, well-fed, the angler stretches out under the shade of some solitary tree, so that what breeze there is may get at him, and invokes his soul. So he lets the world go by, as it will go by when he is done with it. Something some of us can not seem to realize, imagining we are so important that the sun would stand still aghast, if we were to stop work for a day. The world must get along without you one day, brother, why not get it used to the notion now—now that mid-summer trout are rising?

NOTES, COMMENT AND CORRESPONDENCE

In that new book by Mr. Southard, "The Evolution of Trout and Trout Fishing in America," the author pokes fun at the "superstition" that to touch a trout with a dry hand is to pave the way for its death. Now I have tried it out with trout in confinement and have found a sort of fungus forming where the slime has been broken, and in time the small fish have died. Have never had the opportunity to try it out on large fish, however. What has been your experience?—O. W.

A LITTLE DOPE ON FLY FISHING FOR BASS

Sir: I congratulate you on your membership in the League. As I see it, all real anglers will be found in the League, because it stands for the conservation and preservation of fishing, as well as all out-o'-doors. Now to your question. It is exceedingly impossible to tell you how to fly-fish for bass in the compass of a single letter, indeed, I have long been writing books on such topics. In a word, I prefer a 6 or 6½ ounce rod, 9 or 9½ feet long. Should have considerable back-bone. I employ a large single action reel, or sometimes an automatic. I use a D, double tapered line with 6-foot leader. You will find the flies generally advocated for bass, good, though you should govern yourself in selection by local conditions. I have been having great good luck with Brown Hackle. I always allow the fly to sink, after casting, a bit, then retrieve with tantalizing jerks. The so-called "bass bugs" and "feather minnows" are very alluring, if handled properly. Don't overcast, but throw with studied circumspection. The small spinners, with flies, are proving very much worth while in my experience. I have only touched the subject, of course, more lengthy discussion being utterly out of the question. —O. W.

WHY DO CARP LEAP?

Editor Angling Department: I would like to know why carp leap from the water, and if there would be any chance of taking them on artificial flies?—L. F., Wisc.

Sir: It would be exceedingly difficult to say with certainty just why carp leap from the water, other than to say, because they want to. There are times when trout leap—"play"—for no other apparent reason than because rife with the joy of life. I think it is the same with carp, if they leap it is because they just can't contain themselves. Of course, in the spring, when the urge of procreation is upon them, and they are making their way upward, one will see them striving to mount falls and dams. I doubt very much if they ever feed on flies, i. e., leap for insects as do so many fish. We would be pleased to receive comments upon this matter.—O. W.

TROUBLE DYEING FEATHERS

Editor Angling Department: I am having difficulty with dyed feathers for fly-tying. Perhaps I boil them too long, following directions, for the quills seem to be soft and the feathers matted. What's the difficulty?—G. K., Iowa.

Sir: I can not quite understand your trouble if you follow directions carefully. I have used commercial dyes largely and never experienced any great difficulty, save that perhaps the colors have not lasted as well as natural tints, but then, they have lasted until the flies were worn beyond redemption, so I can't kick. The first step is to wash thoroughly, which evidently you have done. Tie the feathers in **small** bunches, by the ends of the quills. After each immersion in the dye, dry them slightly, by holding by the quill end and moving back and forth through the air, swiftly. Sets the feathers all a-fluff. When sure all natural oil is removed, I put a lump of soda in the last washing water, it seems to help fluff. I don't BOIL the feathers, merely have the water scalding hot and dip; though if directions call for boiling, it should be o. k., and if not, write the makers of the dye and state your difficulty, for they certainly desire to do the right thing.—O. W.

REEL AND ROD

Dear O. W.: What about a reel for night fishing, where I can't see even to spit on the bait? Will a steel rod, I mean solid steel, work well?—E. H., Detroit, Mich.

Dear Fellow-Angler: I certainly appreciate your good words for my "Casting Tackle and Methods." I wrote it to help out fellows like yourself and to know that it is accomplishing its purpose is highly satisfactory. While some say they would not have a self-thumber on a bet, there are times, as in night casting, when they are of real value. You will make no mistake to get the one you suggest, for I have used it myself and it stands the gaff. One fine point about it is that the self-thumbing device can be thrown off when it becomes a plain level winding winch. The level-wind mechanism is positive and durable, furthermore is a great comfort. In the matter of steel rods, the solid ones you mention are all right, I have them and have used them quite extensively. The only difficulty I have found is that they are a bit too resilient, "whippy," for playing a fish, though ideal for casting. I think if you get the "stiff" one you will like it better for casting than even the medium action. If I have not helped, write again.—O. W.

WE, TOO

A Wisconsin farmer, a Dane, applied for naturalization papers. The judge asked him: "Are you satisfied with the general condition of the country?"

"Yas-s-s," drawled the Dane.

"Does the government suit you?" queried the judge.

"Yas, yas, only I would like to see better fishing," answered the Dane.

Battling the Rogue

(Continued from page 8)

spirits for perhaps an hour; a row of many-sized woolen socks smoldered on a rack; stiff leather boots cluttered one corner. Pipes and cigarettes vied with the fire. We yawned and stretched—like contented cats—before turning in. . . . .

A second day happened—just such a one as the first, only this day one of the three men caught a steelhead! We saw him struggling—heard the reel sing—he must have ploughed through the water at least a quarter of a mile. We followed. . . . . His hat was on the back of his head—perspiration running down his forehead.

. . . He was laughing a bit tremulously.

"Some babies!" . . . . The reel whizzed—then stopped. "Whew!" he cried, taking time out to blow his nose. "It's a good one."

The fight was over. The struggling fish was conquered.

On the third day, my husband successfully lured one of the illusive, finned creatures. Feeling his decided superiority, without admitting it to the others, he quietly placed a shiny spinner on the end of my over-worked line. Secretly—I longed for a worm!

With this added attraction dangling from my rod (I insisted on calling it *pole* in those days—much to John's humiliation), I sallied forth—deeper and deeper—out into the beckoning shadows of a very alluring pool. The water climbed to the extreme of my waders. Barely keeping a highly precarious balance against heavy pressure pushing from three sides—I cast a noble line.

Whang! . . . . A strike!

Instantaneously—a dead weight struck me broadside. . . . . A sickening shiver crept over me—the blood seemed to freeze in every vein. What on earth was lurking in those mysterious, clammy depths? I couldn't look. . . . . Bang! Again it knocked against my knees which all but gave way. . . . . The spinner and nudge were forgotten. . . . .

Then I remembered someone explaining: "Don't get scared if a half-dead salmon hits you in the rear". . . . .

In the meantime, my line was painfully slack. Without thinking, I started after it. The bottom of all things abruptly disappeared. My right arm went down into the water, in an effort to hang on to something. My feet went out from under. . . . . The question was actually: How soon would I be floating head first? At last—the heavy boots bumped against something solid while I still hovered in wet space. . . . . Saved! What a moment! And I had completely forgotten the one precious, much angled-for, wept-over strike.

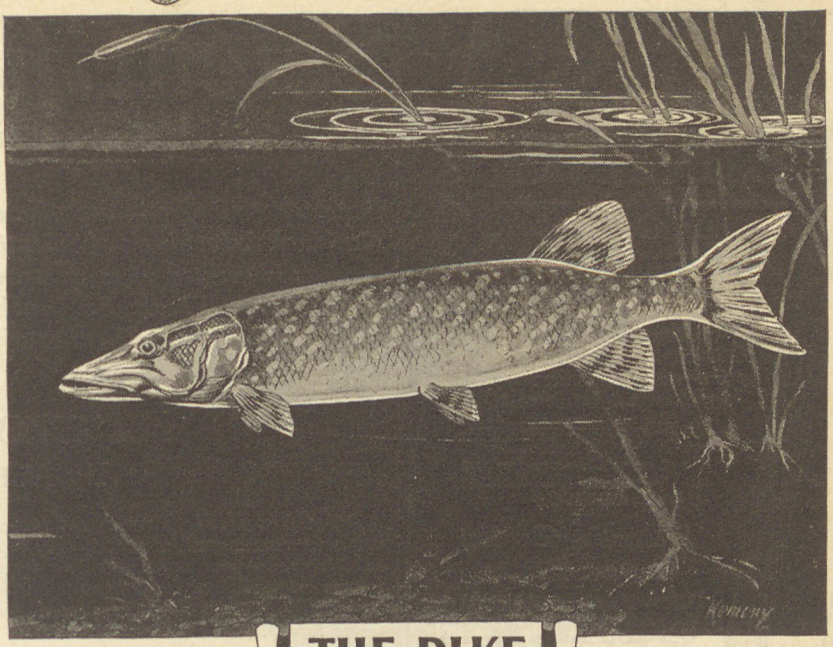
But with this vital event of a nudge added to my pathetic credit—I could finally join in the flow of conversation which never ceases, as I realized, when fishermen get together, on the subject of proper sensations when one first meets a steelhead. Possibly it is much better that I never landed his majesty (undoubtedly a large one), because the existence of the dazzling spinner would then have been known.

Crawling cautiously toward shore which offered easier moments, a strange commotion, in a shallow, still pool arrested my panting attention. Stealing further—the disturbance turned into a large number of huge, mouldy, greenish salmon wallowing in the sand; their fins bristling above the water, their slippery bodies careening about—sleek sides glistening in the afternoon sun that penetrated between low-hanging branches. It was their final desperate attempt to fool destiny; Life, for them, was nearly over; the eggs were laid and fertilized; soon each sluggish, slimy object would burrow into the loose sand—there breathe its final, gasping breath.

Not long after, figures came toward the bruised, and still shaking object that was me—once on *terra firma* the novice stayed put.

More power to the world's champion fly-casters! No more will I speak of fisherman's luck—not anyway—when trespassing on those breathless words: Steelhead fisherman's luck in the Rogue.

Coming—Another Story
By MRS. JOHN BORDEN



THE PIKE

Lazy Fish but not Lazy Fishin'!

Most of the Wise Old Ones are fed up ready to take it easy in hot weather—ready to let the little fellows chase the splashing bait cast wide of its mark. Now you must go to them.

This is the time when, as never before, a True Temper Rod will add to your own skill and help to tempt big ones. Its delicate balance and wonderful action enable you to drop the bait *where you want it* and where the fish are.

This rod needs no loving care on the trip and afterward it needs no silk or varnish—only a few drops of oil. It will not break or set in the most grueling battle. Best of all, its one-piece tip is made of rapier steel with a clock spring temper and hand ground to a taper that gives perfect action. Experienced fishermen have said, and rightly, that "it's the greatest rod ever made for fishing." Send for free catalog.

[1] One piece; no joints or stiff spots; guides can't come loose; no ferrules to slip or turn.

[2] Hand ground taper and perfect temper give strength and action never before equaled.

[3] Offset reel seat gives perfect balance. Reel can't come loose or turn.

[4] Superb casting action requires only one-third the usual effort. Made in lengths from 3½ to 5 ft., 4 degrees of stiffness and 5 different finishes, with 4 styles of reel seats and 5 styles of guides. For the veteran or the beginner.

Made and Guaranteed by
THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
General Offices: Cleveland, O. *Factory:* Geneva, O.

TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

ALLOY LINING

An Original GEP-ROD Feature

NOW—no more sticking or rusting of ferrules. Put your GEP-ROD together—take it apart—the alloy lining makes it easy at all times. [Pat. July 6, 1926].

The *Alloy-Lining* is an exclusive GEP-ROD feature, You'll find it on all Combination and all Three-piece GEP-RODS. (Nos. 44 and HFG.)

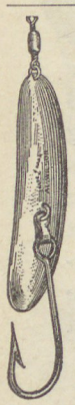
Interesting Booklet Sent on Request

Ask your dealer to show you the alloy-lining. Also other exclusive GEP-ROD features such as the Automatic Reel Lock [locks your reel in place without screws] and the Automatic Rod Lock [keeps guides properly aligned]. Or write today for free booklet describing the complete line of One-piece, Combination and Three-piece Steel GEP-RODS.

GEPHART MFG. CO.
222 W. Illinois Street
Chicago, Illinois
Dealers: *Write your jobber*

GEP-ROD

GET A GEP—THE ROD WITH A REP



AL WILSON
Fisherman and Inventor of the
GENUINE and FAMOUS WILSON
Trolling Spoons and Spinners
SUPERIOR TARPON LURE
Great attractors of Muskellunge, salmon, yellowtail, bass, trout and so on. Send for the NEW CATALOG.
Genuine Al Wilson tackle manufactured only by
AL WILSON COMPANY
1539 Folsom St., San Francisco

EXPERT Telescope Pocket Gaff Hook

Ideal for landing all kinds of game fish. One hand to operate. **Eliminates** the open landing net, tangle of line and exposed gaff hook. *Sent postpaid.* ***Price $2.00.*** *Dealers Wanted.*
F. C. WOODS & CO.
15776 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Favorite Flies

By ALFRED M. HALL

Dr. Alfred M. Hall, one of my fraternity brothers at Amherst, is exceedingly difficult to interview—somewhat like the trout he knows so well, not long in any particular or settled place. So I persuaded him to write me a letter on the subject. Dr. Hall is an ardent member of the League and seldom misses a meeting. *F. J. L.*

DEAR Fred:

You ask me for the names of my three favorite flies. If I were to start out on a fly-fishing trip around the world I could limit my assortment to eight or ten flies but to decide on just three is very difficult. So much depends upon the time of the year, time of day, locality, sky and other conditions, that I do not know which to choose.

A few years ago I thought I knew the trout quite well but at the end of forty years or more experience with them I have come to the conclusion that I know very little. Why is it that one day a certain fly will fill the creel and on the very next day in the same pool under seemingly the same conditions the same fly will be a total failure?

I sometimes doubt whether it really makes very much difference just what fly is used if one is reasonable in his choice. If trout are plentiful most any good fly will lure them if the fly is in the hands of a skillful caster. If trout are not plentiful one may have to work just as hard with a favorite fly. A good fly in the hands of an awkward caster will be a failure in either case.

Yellow Babcock. If I were in northern Maine, whipping Moosehead Lake, its tributaries and the ponds over along the New Brunswick border I would certainly want a Yellow Babcock to be one of my flies.

Van Dyck. Were I in Forest County, Wis., or on any of the streams running into Lake Superior, a Van Dyck would be my first choice.

Pete Vigeant Special. In the Soo Rapids a "Pete Vigeant" for me.

Professor. In the western country—Wyoming for instance—I would perhaps pick out a Professor. I see I have gone on and named four—well you can cut out any one of them you want to, I can't.

P. S.—Fred: I am considerably concerned about my condition. I cannot sleep nights. I have wondered and wondered why it is. I know now. It is because I am thinking all the time of the reason why the trout of today are so different from the trout of twenty-five years ago. I have solved the problem at last as all fly-fishermen will agree. It is because most of them are hatchery trout. You see they have no sex problems to worry them. Their mothers are stripped of all that they have. The eggs are artificially fertilized, the young spawn is raised in carefully prepared beds, the water is purified and tempered to suit their young lives, their food is prepared by careful hands in the diet kitchen, they are protected from their father and mother cannibals. As they grow up their guardians see that they associate only with their own kind and age until finally they are dumped into the lakes and streams to take care of themselves. Is it any wonder that they are different and develop into a new variety? This change has been mostly since the World War. They are a new generation and want nothing of the old. No Cahills, Royal Coachmans, Parmachenee Belles for them. Everything new for them. They are modern flappers, out for the bobbed fly and it must come to them in permanent waves. A new trout.

P. P. S.—You will notice that my letter is quite different from those recently given in OUTDOOR AMERICA. There is a reason for it. People will not go to the theatre night after night to see the same play nor will live flycasters read the same sort of articles repeatedly. Fred Peet, Sutter, DeGarmo and others had the first pick out of the fly box and it was comparatively easy for them to choose three "favorite flies"—the old reliables. We tail-enders cannot pick the same ones much as we would perhaps like to. It might be misunderstood. We must look the fly box over and make a sort of second choice. What I have given you in my letter however has proven to be an excellent first choice. The Yellow Babcock is a fly much like the standard Babcock except instead of a reddish body and a gold thread with spread out wings, the body is much like the Professor and the wings lie down close to the body. The yellow and black are more pronounced. These flies are mostly tied by a hermit who lives at Freezes Camp about twenty miles east of Moosehead. His name is Babcock. He has lived this hermit life in an old dug-out cabin for many years and many of the streams, rivers, lakes and mountains were named by him. I met him. It is seldom he sees anyone. If he cares to he will show his den. He showed it to me and it was most interesting. He has a room where he ties his flies and mounts his birds.

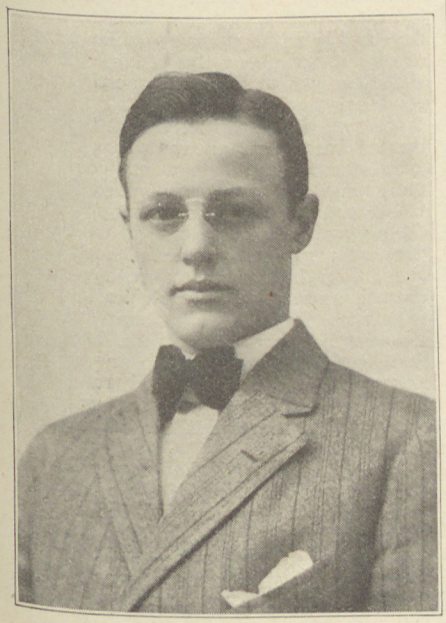
Everybody knows the Soo Rapids. "The Pete Vigeant Special" is named after an old guide and native of Sault Ste. Marie. He has most of the records for large salmon and knows just how to coax them. It is a wonderful experience to go out into these rapids and hook a big one on a light rod. When you go there, call on Pete Vigeant. He will gladly give you all the dope.

About the Van Dyck. This was a new fly to me until two years ago. I can almost hear Fred Peet say—"Oh—that's no time to judge a fly. It takes at least

twenty years to find out if a fly is good." Well—I saw one in Watersmeet, Mich., one day and it was love at first sight with me and it proved to be to many good square tails also. It was a little different—just what they wanted. Day after day I used this fly and only this and it always gave me a good catch. Many times when others could not get them at all.

The Van Dyck is a wingless fly of the fuzzy order. The color is yellow and green, made, I believe, of fine deer hair with a cork body which makes it a fine floater.

So there you are, Fred, rather more than I intended when I started. How can anyone stop when one's mind once turns in this direction!



V. Deane Reese.

JUST at this time any item from Columbus is of interest, so we offer a photograph of V. Deane Reese, one of the great casters of Columbus.

Deane, at present, is the holder of the Amateur Championship of the distance baits, a distinction gained at the last National Tournament at Detroit. As a fly caster he displays form that is the envy of most casters, and he is generally among those taking honors. Reese holds the record of the quarter ounce accuracy having made a perfect score at the 1925 Tournament.

Walton Golf Scores

AT the second Tournament of the Illinois Casting Club "Bill" Stanley won the championship title from the former holder, Campbell Mathie, who captured first honors in a previous contest. The scores for the nine rings were turned in as follows:

Stanley	25	Randall	30
Mathie	28	De Garmo	30
Vong	28	Kromphardt	34
H. Chatt	26	Bennington	37
G. G. Chatt	29	Lane	37
White	29	McCombs	38
		Marjorie Mathie	42

Full information will be given to those wishing to learn more about Walton Golf upon inquiry of the Scientific Angling Dept., Outdoor America.

Tris Speaker and his Muskies taken on Foss lures.

TRIS SPEAKER *says:*

"I am sold on your bait!"

I ENCLOSE photo of Muskies caught at my Rice Lake Camp. They were taken on one of your pork rind minnows.

"After browsing around with many makes of casting and trolling lures, I am sold on your bait.

"I have taken Muskies in other Ontario waters—also large mouth and small mouth Bass and other kinds of game fish in many States.

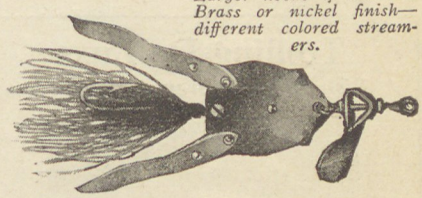
"Last Fall, while on a trip with Ty Cobb in the Jackson Hole country, I was amazed at the effectiveness of the small Shimmy Wiggler in Trout fishing Bridger Lake—which fishing was done with a bait-casting outfit—a method of taking these Trout which seemed to be unknown in this section.

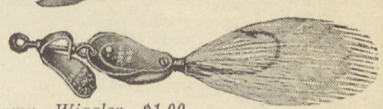
"I might also add that I am using an Al Foss Easy Control Reel and am very much pleased with it."

Tris Speaker,
Washington Base Ball Club,
Washington, D. C.

Take a tip from Tris and stop "browsing around" and this year learn what real fishing is like. The Foss lures shown are waiting at your dealers. If any out of stock, sent direct on receipt of price.

Foss Frog Wiggler $1.00. No. 12—½ oz. 1/0 hook. No. 11—¾ oz. 3/0 hook. Larger hooks if ordered. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers.





Shimmy Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers.

45c—Bass Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

AL FOSS

Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnow

9508 Quincy Avenue **Cleveland, Ohio**

Oriental Wiggler $1.00 ½ or ⅝ oz. All Red, all White, or Red and White.

Little Egypt Wiggler 75c. Weight ½ oz.

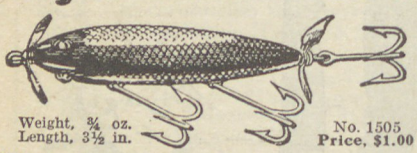
Shimmyette Fly-rod Wiggler 50c.

Jazz Wiggler 50c. ½ or ⅝ oz.

TWO GREATEST LURES FOR ALL GAME FISH

Remember—those big, old wise FISH know a thing or two! So the ordinary run of lures don't faze 'em! It takes lures that are true-to-nature in size, shape, color and NATURAL SWIMMING MOVEMENT—to tempt 'em to strike! And you can bet your last nickel that you're going to lose some big fish on your next trip if you don't take these two "prize winners" along with you! WARNING: Look out for inferior imitations! Get Genuine Creek Chub Creations and you'll get "More Fish."

The Original Injured Minnow



Weight, ¾ oz. Length, 3½ in. No. 1505 Price, $1.00

With slow short jerks this "Bass Getting" wonder represents an injured minnow—lying on its side—just able to make a little fuss on the surface—right up where you get all the fun—where you can see, hear and feel each strike! No other lure like it! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 1518, and new luminous day and night finish No. 1521!

The Famous Pikie Minnow

Weight, ¾ oz. Length, 4½ in. No. 700 Price, $1.00

The greatest of all lures—for salt water or fresh! Recognized everywhere as the most deadly killer of all game fish! Even the large old educated Fish can't tell it from a live minnow! And how it gets 'em is nobody's business! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 718!

Every Creek Chub Lure sold with a guarantee to Catch Fish—or money back! At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY

327 S. Randolph St. GARRETT, IND.

Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT., for Creek Chub Bait Company

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

Trolling De Luxe

A Fisherman's Dream Come True

The ideal fishing rod support when trolling or still fishing. It clamps to the seat of the boat by means of thumb screws. The rod is held rigid making of it an automatic striker. When the fish strikes the bait the spring back of the rod sets the hook. The rod is always within easy reach of the fisherman. It is safe, sane and convenient. **Price $5.00 post paid.** Patented and sold by the

MEACHEN AND RICHARDS MFG. CO.
Dickson City, Pa.

HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS

Have you read Hildebrandt's new Hints with a lot of ideas on using Hildebrandt baits that "hook and land 'em?"

It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it. *Free to you*—tell us where to send it.

John J. Hildebrandt Co., 875 High St., Logansport, Ind.

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

ONE afternoon, late in the summer, I stood upon the end of one of the wing dams which stretched out into the Upper Mississippi River. I looked across into the reaches of the Winneshiek Bottoms behind which rose the high bluffs on the Wisconsin side.

The smooth flow of the river broke into ripples around the end of the dam, swirling and eddying about the jutting rocks, and slipping into a quiet spot just below.

The sun was just dropping behind the tree tops throwing long cool shadows across the waters. As I strung the line through the guides, tied on my leader and fly, I thought that I had seldom seen an evening more suited to bass fishing. I felt sure that big ones were waiting for my fly to strike the water. I could almost feel the weight of the fish in my creel. I waited until the bass had time to forget the commotion made by our boat, then commenced to cast, but with no success. I changed flies again and again, until I had tried every pattern that I had tied with so much care, during the long winter evenings, and which I was so sure would attract the most wary and fastidious fish, but cast as carefully as I could, and retrieve the fly in the manner I had been taught was the most seductive, still I did not get a rise.

After I had tried every pattern of my own tying, I wondered whether it could be possible that my own craftsmanship was so faulty that the fish could see the defects, so I tried flies that I had purchased, with no better success. Alas! the only bites I got were from the mosquitoes that came in clouds to add to the troubles of the poor fisherman. I kept casting until the shadows spread all over the river and I could see to cast no more. As I rowed sadly back to my camp, my ears ringing with the hum of the mosquitoes, I tried to discover the fault in my tackle, or methods which were responsible for the failure.

I was sure that there were bass around those rocks. I had noticed the circles of rising fish which looked like bass. When I went into the tent and lay there looking out at the stars the last thing I remember was thinking, "Why did they fail to bite?"

I continued to wonder and ponder this important and weighty question, until one evening, I sat in the little room in which Fred Peet, secretary of the Izaak Walton League and noted as one of the best fly tiers in America, keeps his fishing tackle, and ties his flies. Perhaps here I could get some light on this question. I described the location, condition of the weather, time of day, and tried to picture to him the flow of the water about the end of the dam, and then put to him the question I had pondered over so long.

He smiled and answered that those bass wanted bass bugs. I wanted to know all about these same bugs which could coax the bass, when my carefully tied flies had failed to interest them. He opened the cabinet and took out a case in which were row after row of wonderful cork bodied bugs, their bodies painted with glistening enamel, some with little stripes and some with wide little eyes that stared at you. When I held this magic little box, I felt that here was the answer to my summer's long questioning and I wished that I might be back on a wing dam on the upper Mississippi with some of these enticing little lures.

Fred Peet noticed the longing look in my eyes and asked me if I would like to have some of the bugs. I looked them over carefully trying to pick out the one that would be best for my bass stream. A choice was most difficult, I thought of the story of the men who came to the table and saw among the potatoes in the dish, a very large and desirable one. All wanted to have this potato, and a dispute arose as to which one of the men were to have it. Since they could not agree it was finally decided that the one who could best say Grace was to get the large potato. The first man reverently bowed his head and said "By the Grace of God divine, the big potato is mine."

The next man who sat just in front of the dish took his knife in one hand, his fork in the other, stood them on end on each side of the dish, bowed his head a trifle so that he would not lose sight of the dish and said "Through the parlor and through the hall, by the Grace of God I'll take them all," which he proceeded forthwith to do. I told Fred Peet this story, but

Bert Willford, Pres. Iowa Division, I. W. L. A., and Judge Wood about to try out some bass bugs on the Upper Mississippi.

the motive which was so apparent, did not seem to bother him, so I took two or three of the bass bugs home with me. As I rode along, I took them out and vowed that those bass on the Mississippi would pay me for all the disappointment I had suffered at their hands.

When late summer came again, I stood in my own dear river from which I have taken so many bass, and when they would not rise to my flies, I thought of the bass bugs. I tied one on my leader, cast it across the current, and then commenced to draw it back in a series of little jerks. I had the bug almost back when there was a commotion in the water, a big bass came after that bug with his mouth so wide open that I could almost see what he had had for breakfast. He hit the bug viciously. I had him fast. Since then, I have tried bass bugs many times, and found that for mid-summer over rocky beds they are good medicine for bass.

The next step was, of course, the making of the lures. I first put the hook into the vise, and with a fine file, removed the finish on the hook, just back of the eye. At this place, I twisted a bit of very fine wire and soldered it in place with about one-eighth inch sticking above the shank of the hook. This is to hold the cork body in place and keep it from twisting on the hook.

Now select a cork with as fine fiber and as free from spots as possible, with a very sharp jack knife, trim this into a cylinder about one-half inch in diameter, and about two-thirds the length of the shank of the hook. With your jack knife cut a slit lengthwise into which the hook is to be slipped. In order to fit the hook into the cork snugly, take a coping saw blade, and work it into the cut. At the bottom, of the cut, pull the coping saw blade back and forth until you have an opening that will just take the shank of the hook. Before putting the hook into the cork, fill this slit with a good waterproof glue. I have had the best success with Dupont's household cement, or John Collin's Cement, the latter may be had at the ten cent stores. Press the hook into the slit, and either bind the cork body tightly with common wrapping twine, or put the body into your vise, pressing it tightly together until the cement hardens.

You are now ready to shape the body of your bug. I do this roughly with a sharp knife. I then cut a strip one-half inch wide from the side of a fine sheet of sand paper. Draw this back and forth over the cork body removing the rough edges, and shaping the body into the form you desire. You will find this leaves the body smooth and even and ready for the paint.

I have some of the small cans of brushing lacquer which you see so widely advertised in the magazines. Using a small camels hair brush, I put the lacquer on in a heavy coat. This dries very quickly, so that you may put several coats on without the long delay for drying so necessary with the ordinary enamels. You will find that the cork will soak up a quantity of lacquer, but since it amalgamates with the earlier coats your finished body will be a solid coat of tough enamel. You may stripe the body by dipping a toothpick into lacquer of another color. Put two little dots of color on for the eyes in the same manner.

When these little dots are dry sharpen the toothpick and with another color make a little dot in the middle of the eye. You will be surprised at the ferocious eyes that you will be able to evolve.

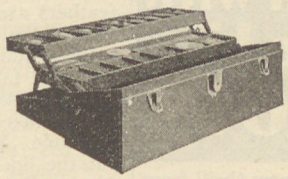
The very best material for the wings is bucktail. If this is not available and you have access to a butcher shop ask the proprietor to save you the white tips from

When Good Tackle Means Success

Your Kennedy Kit's a dependable Pal

When your prize bait has hooked four pounds of greased lightning—in the fierce battle of skill against instinct, you appreciate the protection Kennedy Kit gives your tackle.

Tackle is protected and in order in a Kennedy Kit. Waterproof and spillproof. Holds hooks, sinkers, lines, reels, and bait. Double seamed—electric spot welded. Finished in Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Nine styles.



The New Kennedy Kantilever Kit

Kennedy Kantilever Kits

Lift the lid and see how the trays swing out of the box. Yet it's the most compact Tackle Box you have ever seen. Everything accessible. Top tray divided for plugs.

All good hardware and sporting goods stores have Kennedy Kits. Reasonably priced.

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
208 Harrison Street, Van Wert, Ohio

Kennedy Kits

TRADE MARK

A Good Cast

depends a great deal on a smooth running reel. Oil regularly with

3-in-One

The Sportsmen's Oil for 33 years. Keeps all fishing and hunting equipment in A-1 condition. Sold everywhere.

FREE: *Sample and illustrated circulars.*

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
130 William St., New York

The King Minnow Net

THE BEST BY TEST

Made for 25 years, and going stronger every year. Only highest grade material used in its construction.

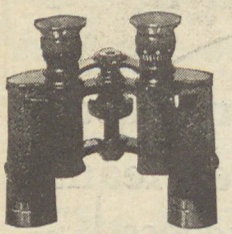
Sold on unconditional guarantee for one year. Broken or damaged nets should be sent direct to maker for repairs or replacement without cost.

Made in three sizes: 4x4 ft. $3.25, 3x3 ft. $2.75; and 2x2 ft. $2.25.

Ask your dealer for the King Net.

MADE BY
The W. H. REISNER MANUFACTURING CO.
HAGERSTOWN, MD., U. S. A.

You Can Have
Ten Mile Eyes!
10 POWER



$21.75 Prepaid

"Cheap at $50"
—Says Navy Man

Buy Direct
SAVE HALF

TEN MILE EYES! Think of the things you can see at this distance! Ten mile radius—a 20 mile circle—nearly 400 square miles. And you can easily have them too. If you can see one mile, these superpower French 10x30mm stereo-prism binoculars will extend your vision TEN MILES. ENJOY YOURSELF 10 times more! Multiply the pleasures of hobby and sport. Use a pair touring, observation, nature study, hunting, golfing, astronomy, etc. Superbly made for a lifetime of service. Case and straps free.

10 Lenses

4 Prisms

Did you know that many ordinary field glasses have but four lenses and most of the better ones only six? But this binocular has TEN LENSES and FOUR PRISMS. No wonder it gives an expansive field, brilliant illumination and fine definition.

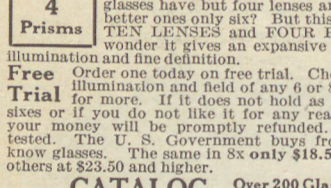
Free Trial Order one today on free trial. Check it with the illumination and field of any 6 or 8 power selling for more. If it does not hold as easily as most sixes or if you do not like it for any reason whatever, your money will be promptly refunded. Every glass tested. The U. S. Government buys from us. They know glasses. The same in 8x only $18.50. Surpasses others at $23.50 and higher.

CATALOG Over 200 Glasses All Makes—$1-$110

Everything in binoculars, field glasses, Telescopes and optical instruments. The finest and largest assortment in America. Catalog gives all information how to choose the best for your individual needs at the LOWEST PRICE.

Try America's Leading Binocular House First

DuMaurier Co. Dept. 107 Elmira, N. Y.



NOW! Fish with Life Like FROGS

Get a new thrill from the old sport. "Big Bass Prefer Frogs," said Dr. Henshall, and Heddon's new line of life-like Frog Baits makes it easy to give 'em just what they want.

Heddon FROG BAITS

Convenient—Efficient—Cleanly—Humane

life-like as life itself. They Float, Dive, Swim.

Luny Frog—Little Luny—Spoon-y Frog

Also many of the famous fish-getting "Heddon Dowagiacs" are now made with Frog colorings. Be sure to put some Heddon Frog Baits in your tackle box.

Write for Free illustrated Catalog showing all Baits reproduced in color; Casting and Fly Rods; Reels; Tackle Boxes, etc.

Also "How to Catch More Fish,"—secrets of expert fishermen, free on request.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, Dept. A-7, Dowagiac, Mich.

King's Rifleite Shooting Glasses

RIFLEITE OWNERS

will tell you in any discussion about clear shooting vision that there are all sorts of shooting glasses, but only one that is best. You know it—it's Rifleite. Clearer and steadier vision and eye comfort, too. Catalogue will tell you everything about Rifleite, and why it is worth your while to address

THE F. W. KING OPTICAL COMPANY,
Department O. A. Cleveland, Ohio

the tails of the veal calves. The hair is curly and resembles bucktail. You may dye them into desired colors by using the dyes obtainable at any drug store.

Cut a bit of the hair, such as you wish for a tail. On the hook just back of the cork body, place a little cement. Press the hair into it and bind it into place with a silk thread finish with two half hitches or by laying down a loop, wrap this three times, with the winding thread, pull the end through the loop. Take the two ends of the loop, and pull the end of the winding thread under the three turns. Cut this off smoothly. This method of fastening the end of a thread is so handy and useful that you should cut the directions out and paste them over your work bench until you have thoroughly mastered them. I use the method for fixing fish rods, whipping the ends of rope, fastening feathers on arrows, as well as the use here described.

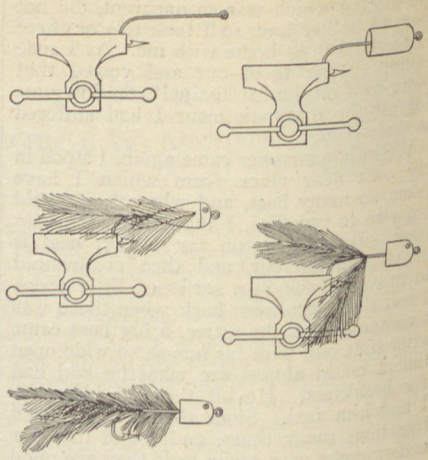
Cut two bits of hair of even length for the wings. If you put these ends into a drop of the cement and let it partially harden, you will find that it handles easier. I put a thread of cement about the end of the cork body, to better hold the thread. Wrap a bit of silk thread around the head, then with another turn catch the end of the bit of hair you have prepared first on one side, then the other. Wrap the silk around a few times and fasten the end as above described.

In addition to the hair, it finishes the bug merely if you add two feathers on top. These should be fastened on in the same manner as the hair wings. Mallard or Pintail Breast feathers or the Guinea feathers make good wings.

In place of the hair for wings, and tail, you may use hackle feathers. One splendid bug is made entirely of hackle. Three or more hackle feathers are tied on for a tail, and just above these two hackle feathers are tied by the tips. Wrap these around the shank of the hook so that the bristles stand out, up to the end of the cork and fasten.

I am indebted to Fred Peet for another idea which helps make the bass bug irresistible. When you have the bug finished, put the hook in the vise, with the bottom of the cork body up. Cover the bottom of the cork with a layer of the cement, and into this coating, dust some of the flakes of silver used by the painters to make frost effects, and which may be had at a paint shop. When this is dry, cover with another layer of cement, which will protect the silver and keep it from tarnishing.

If you have celluloid rod, varnish, or clear lacquer it will answer this purpose much better than the cement. This makes a brilliant sparkling finish on the bottom



of the bug which looks to a bass just as does an ice cream cone to a small boy on a hot day.

There are many colors and combinations of color you may use. In my own experience, I have found that red and white, yellow and yellow with black stripes are very effective. In the various catalogues you will be able to get many suggestions as to shapes of bodies, and color combinations. It is no end of fun to try to evolve a new and effective lure and to test them out along the stream. Of course, these bugs may be purchased. I never look at an assortment without a great longing in my heart. Indeed, my pocket book fairly jumps when I look at them, and yet I never get quite the thrill out of a strike with a bug I have purchased that I do when a fish rises to one of my own manufacture. Besides there is much in the pleasure of anticipation and as I stand over my work bench, busy with the paint brush, there is always the picture of the clear reaches of the streams I have fished. The wide circles made by the one that got away, are not so disappointing, for I feel sure he will not escape the deadly attraction of the bug that is commencing to take color under my brush, and when it is finished and I put it up to dry with its fierce little eyes looking at me I am sure the big one I lost will take it and I see him safe in my creel.

The bug is of course a fly rod lure. I have thought a bass bug behind a spinner would be effective lure for a casting rod. I have never tried it, though I have meant to do so for some time. I wish that some of you boys who use a casting rod would make a bass bug and try it out for me, and tell me how it works.

The Vermilion Eagles

(Continued from page 15)

tutelage, the Vermilion farmers had come to regard the eagles as privileged beings and an acquisition to the countryside. His next thought was what would become of the widowed queen? Death is the one means of dissolution of an eagle-marriage. But the theory that the eagle is a lone bird is all wrong. The eagle having possessed and lost a mate does not remain long alone, but soon finds another. For a few weeks after the shooting the female eagle would be seen, sailing sadly over the desolate December woods. Then she disappeared.

Doctor Herrick estimates that an eagle can fly six hundred miles a day, so her quest must have been a long one for she was not seen in the Vermilion district until about the first of March. And when she did come back she was a widow no longer. The untimely taking off of the lady's first husband could not have left the great nest haunted with sad memories for her—not enough to prevent her taking her new mate to the old homestead. Soon the eagles could be seen bringing new sticks and twigs, strewing the nest with fresh pine, then the queen took her place on the nest and the business of raising a family was under way.

But fate still frowned upon the royal birds. When he first viewed the eagle nest, Doctor Herrick had noticed that the hickory tree that held it was dying. By

the time the female eagle brought home her second mate the old tree was quite dead. The nest at this time weighed more than a ton, it was a cold mid-March and the core was frozen solid. On the night of March twenty-sixth a northwest gale blew across Lake Erie, splintering the hickory and bringing down to earth the palace of the kings. Saddest of all, among the wreckage next morning Doctor Herrick found the broken shells of three eagle eggs that had just begun to incubate.

The final tragedy of the eagles gave them opportunity to demonstrate that quality, which added to the bravery and constancy already shown, might well be the envy of every human American—an invincible return to the fight, a new beginning on the very scene of defeat. After the destruction of their home, Doctor Herrick watched the eagles closely, half expecting that they would disappear in a few days from the Vermilion district; but they remained and early one morning, coming to the grove, Doctor Herrick found that they had begun another nest, not more than a hundred yards from the site of the old one. In a few weeks there were eggs in the nest and a month later two little eaglets were hatched.

It seems a curious allegory that in the town of Lorain, less than ten miles away from the eagles' nest, man too, has been busy during the past summer, rebuilding his houses and clearing up the ruin made by the tornado the year before.

"There will never be such another opportunity," says Doctor Herrick, "to study the home life of the eagle as the old nest afforded." And he has visited eagle nests all over America, wherever he might chance to hear of one. "I have never seen another so large and so wonderful as the old nest was. It is improbable that there will ever be another situation where it will be practical to build an observatory where we can watch the old and the young eagles as we did in the great Vermilion Nest."

My Boy *and* I

MR. HARRY C. GOODWIN, a member of the Executive Committee of the Izaak Walton League, who began taking his boy with him on fishing trips when the boy was seven years old and missed only two seasons until the boy was twenty-two, has generously offered to give prizes amounting to $25.00 for the best photographs and hundred word stories under the title "My Boy and I."

Each photo must show the father and son on an out-of-door trip fishing, hunting, canoeing, hiking or camping. The accompanying article of one hundred words must give the ages of father and son, and how many trips they have made together.

Age is no barrier. You may be seventy and your son forty or forty-five. You may be this side of thirty and your son turning five.

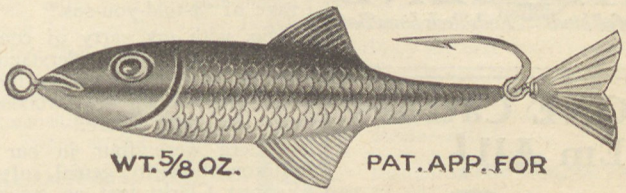
The first prize will be $15.00—second $6.00—third prize $4.00. Contest closes December 1st, 1928. Prizes will be awarded by Mr. Goodwin.

The editor reserves the right to publish any of the photos or articles received. Photos and articles will be returned after the contest closes, if postage is enclosed.

In the June issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA a drawing of a trout was published as an illustration for a story dealing with large mouth bass. The printers having cuts of several drawings of similar appearance, the captions were confused and the wrong drawing used. We sincerely regret this error.—EDITOR.

Rupert E. West used this bait, after other lures failed!

TIN LIZ



Sensational metal minnow, exact size—Price $1.00

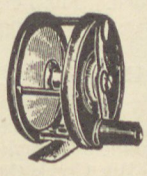
Mr. West, noted Sportsman, writes from North Carolina:

"TIN LIZ 'aint worth a D - - n'? It took me forty-five minutes to catch the 10 Bass shown in enclosed photo after I had fished with other lures all morning without having a strike. Enclosed find check for three of them as I'd be out of luck if I should lose the one I have."

FRED ARBOGAST
(World's Champion Bait Caster)
Barwell St. AKRON, O.

FISHING TACKLE

Deal Direct with the Manufacturers



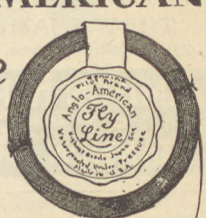
If you're after the "big uns," you know you cannot hold them unless you have dependable tackle. Experienced fishermen know Edw. vom Hofe tackle never fails when put to the severest sort of test. For well over half a century, this House has constantly built-in the highest quality; you may rest assured your catch will never work havoc with any part of an Edw. vom Hofe outfit. And quality tackle such as this costs no more, mind you, than the other kind.

2c stamp for 168-page catalog

EDWARD VOM HOFE & COMPANY
96 Fulton Street New York City

ANGLO-AMERICAN

Fly Line



New Soft Finish fly line. Equal to best English line. Will not peel or crack. Hand finished. Write for sample. Made in level all sizes. Double Taper 30 yds.

Price	H	G	F	E	D	C
100 yds....	$4.40	$5.20	$6.00	$6.80	$7.60	$8.40
35 "	2.00	2.30	2.60	2.90	3.20	3.50
Tapered ..	HEH $6.00		HDH $6.50		HCH $7.00	

The BEVIN WILCOX LINE CO.
EAST HAMPTON, CONN.

LIVE HELGRAMITE

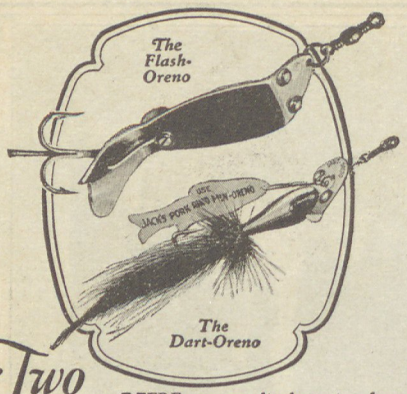
FOR BLACK BASS

Shipped direct to your fishing grounds. Price $4.50 per hundred. Send money order or check with order.

GEO. O. STRONG, Willimantic, Conn.
P. O. Box 123

U. S. HEADQUARTERS
Imported Arms, Ammunition & Parts
Mauser-Luger-Merkel Bros.-Mannlicher,-Fabrique Nationale-Webley-Scott, etc.
FULL LINE AMERICAN ARMS & AMMUNITION
Largest stock in America of fine new Rifles, Trap, Field Guns, Side Arms, Target and Air Pistols. *Springfields Restocked. * Expert Repairing. 128 page Arms Catalog 25c in stamps. Dept. 7-7.

A. F. STOEGER, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y.
509 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd St.)



Two sure ones

HERE are two lively action lures —the *Dart-Oreno* and the *Flash-Oreno*—both *sure*-getters.

Dart-Oreno is a single-hook pork-rind bait with metal body of either nickel, copper or brass. Pork strip attaches well ahead of hook wiggling *directly over the hook*. It hooks 'em—no short strikes.

Flash-Oreno is a wobbling, *but not revolving*, metal spoon with treble hook. For trolling or casting. Highly polished nickel, copper or gold plated. Also red-head with white body.

Send for your free copy of "Fishing—What Tackle and When."

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY

Manufacturers of the most complete line of Fishing Tackle.

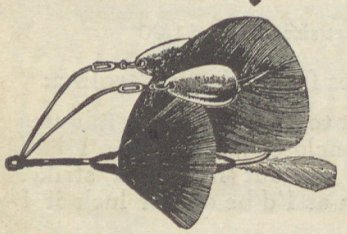
1362 High Street, South Bend, Indiana

SOUTH BEND

QUALITY TACKLE

Fishing Tackle of all kinds . . . Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits

This ONE Catches 'Em All!



The Shannon Twin Spinner

For over twenty years The Shannon Twin Spinner, the old standby, has constantly increased in popularity. Fad baits come and go and are forgotten, but the Shannon is used year after year because it is the one bait that catches 'em all. Absolutely weedless and snagless and a fish-getter any way you use it—deep water or shallow, casting or trolling.

Made in standard colors with Feather Fly, Bucktail Fly or Squirrel Tail. Barbed or Barbless Hooks. Price, each, 90c. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct.

Don't fail to send for our new beautiful catalog of fish-getting lures.

THE W. J. JAMISON COMPANY

739 S. California Ave. Dept. 57 Chicago, Ill.

JAMISON BARBLESS HOOKS

TRADE MARK

SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS

Rush Tango Minnow

The Bait that Gets the Big Fish

Baits may come and baits may go, but for muskies, bass, pickerel and pike there's nothing like the Rush Tango. A sure killer for all kinds of game fish. At your dealers, or postpaid insured. Money order or stamps. Price 75c. Illustrated catalogue FREE.

J. K. Rush, 3520 South Salina, Syracuse, N. Y.

A Rainy Day Idyl

By. L. B. Howsley

In which we were not at all IDLE

ALONG about midnight, I was awakened by the gentle patter on our tent roof. It was raining! And with the knowledge, my hopes went glimmering for the next day's fishing. We had gone to considerable trouble and expense to make the best of our few days' vacation. Thirty miles of poling a heavy laden boat up a swiftly flowing river, just to get a chance at the fishing in the far famed Big Creek. And now—RAIN! And, according to the most prominent local Izaaks, it was worse than useless to try and catch fish on either the Coeur D'Alene River or Big Creek in cold, rainy weather. No sir! It just couldn't be did! But somehow or other, my education along this line had either been terribly erroneous or sadly neglected as my many years' experience in all sections of our good land had been somewhat different from such doleful prognostications; and, therefore, I was just bound to either prove the local wise-acres all wet, or take to the tall and un-cut before a heavy barrage of "I-told-you-sos."

So, with my party of congenial spirits (human—don't misunderstand me), I had set out on the long grind which had landed us right side up in a wonderful camping spot the night before.

There were four in our party: Abe Hutton, the witty, genial, soft-spoken Abe; Forrest Clark, just as genial and witty, but not quite so soft spoken, and Little Billy Carver, the best chef who ever said good morning to a flank steak. Billy had come along to regain his health, his job of chef and mining speculator, having exhausted a none too good constitution. Of course, I was along also. Quite a good deal of ALSO. Being the husky of the bunch, the most of the poling job fell to my lot. I know the rest of the gang would enter a furious denial of this particular statement, but this is one time when I can get away with something without being in reach of violent hands.

Well, as I said before, we had landed in a most wonderful spot under the sheltering branches of huge firs and tamaracks; BUT—*we had landed on the wrong side of the river!* Some 100 yards across its turbulent expanse, we could see the roaring mouth of Big Creek emptying in on the other side. We could also hear it above the watery murmur of the river separating us. However, we were tired, and camped right where we landed. The next day we could move if conditions were not suitable.

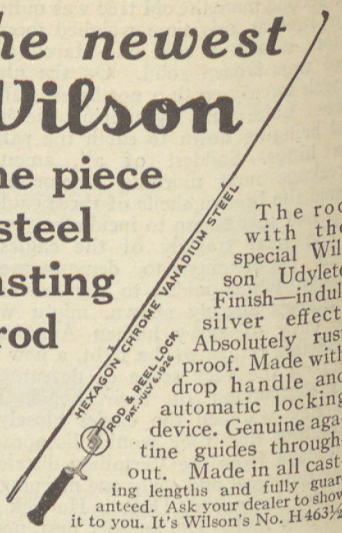
And now—IT WAS RAINING!

I lay there listening to the slumber producing music, glad to feel the pleasant warmth of the blankets. I remember making a vow that I would fish Big Creek the next day, if I had to swim over to it; and the bunch could lie around camp if they wanted to. If there were any fish in Big Creek, why in thunder wouldn't they be hungry on a rainy day as well as a clear day? And, besides—I—just—had—to.

When I awoke again, it was going very nicely. A fine wet day, I surmised, as I rolled over and pried one eye open.

Outside, the timber looked like the acme of desolation. Low clouds almost brushed the tent as they stole hurriedly

***the newest* Wilson one piece steel casting rod**



The rod with the special Wilson Udylete Finish—in dull silver effect. Absolutely rust proof. Made with drop handle and automatic locking device. Genuine agate guides throughout. Made in all casting lengths and fully guaranteed. Ask your dealer to show it to you. It's Wilson's No. H463½.

Wilson FISHING TACKLE

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

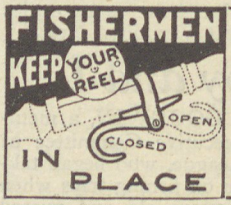
PECKS BUGS AND BIG BASS

Pecks Cane River Fly

There's real sport in bugging for bass, and a full string, if the bugs are Pecks. Pecks bugs are almost indestructible, inexpensive, effective, sportsmanlike. Bass Bugs, Standard patterns, 60c each. Johnson Bugs, Mallard or Pheasant pattern, 60c each. Famous Cane River Flies, 40c each. Send $1.00 for sample bug and Cane River Fly. Descriptive folder free.

E. H. PECKINPAUGH COMPANY, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

FISHERMEN KEEP YOUR REEL IN PLACE



With a Bull Dog Reel Clamp, guaranteed not to slip or loosen. Bolt permits it to be put on any fishpole.

At your dealer or postpaid, 75c.

BULL DOG REEL CLAMP CO.

Box A Mankato, Minn.

EXPERT ADVICE on the NORTH COUNTRY

If you want to know where to get the BIG ONES write for my FREE booklet.

B. A. CLAFLIN, *Outdoor Counselor*

Green Bay, Wisconsin

THE DRONE

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut

L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

OLD FISHERMAN'S 1928 CALENDAR

BETTER THAN EVER

Tells When You Can Catch Fish

PRICE 25¢ 5 FOR $1.00

O.F. CALENDAR

BOX 505 HIGH. STA.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

ART SUBJECTS Flower Subjects, Artistically Draped Nudes, Still Life subjects, size 7½ x 9½, Mounted on Heavy Board; highest in Pictorial Quality, exceptional values. Black and White $1.00; in OIL COLORS $2.00. Artistic Enlargements from films—oil colored. 8 x 10 $1.00. ORDER NOW.

Dept. XO, PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, INC., 2926 Broadway, CHICAGO

through the trees as though to be rid of the tall giants that stopped their progress and broke them up into tiny cloudlets. Every needle of the tall firs and tamaracks contributed their little rivulets to the already sodden earth beneath. And just within the entrance to our tent, a Rusty Song Sparrow preened his wet little body, shaking himself now and then, to hasten the task. And oh! what heavenly air! Unconsciously I inhaled deeply, holding the resin-laden, invigorating atmosphere in as long as I could. I held it in a little too long. The resultant explosion caused a stir at my side. Abe had returned to consciousness.

First, he cocked one eye on me. Then he moved its focus through the open tent end.

"Well," I remarked, for no reason at all, "what do you think of it?"

"If you are asking my opinion as to the weather, the prospects of catching any FISH, and why-in-hell I ever got stranded out here in the brush with you three crazy mutts, I might say, once and TOTAL, that I don't think much of it!" And with one move, he disappeared beneath the covers, head and all.

"But," I insisted, pulling the cover off one ear, "we came out here to fish, didn't we? Are you guys going to let a little rain keep you in?"

"I did," came from somewhere between the layers, "and I am! There wasn't no swimmin' mentioned when you guys invited me on this party. I may be a poor fish, but I'm d—d if I'm going to be a wet one!"

"Well," I rejoined, kinda riled like, "you bozos can be pikers if you want to. Me! I'm going to FISH if I have to swim over to my boots." And suiting my action to words, I threw back the covers and started to dress.

"Attaboy!"

I looked over in the direction of this outburst. There was a great upheaval of bedclothes.

"Just stir up the old fire and I'll be 'long soon 's I can get untangled from this blankety-blank mess of blank-blankety blankets." And Forrest's head emerged from the depths for all the world like a brown squirrel from his burrow after a long winter's sleep.

Now, a breakfast beneath the dripping boughs of a fir might sound darned poetic and all that, but in reality it is NOT conducive to devout religious natures. Water in the hot skillet doesn't mix overly well with hot grease and bacon; and gentle little trickles chasing themselves merrily down the exposed portion of the back of one's neck, is NOT a panacea I would recommend for strained tempers. But where is the true fisherman or hunter who will let small inconveniences like these interfere? If one can't put up with things like this, better stay home. The fraternity can get along very well without you.

Breakfast over and daylight in full gloom—no, not BLOOM—we debated whether to ford the river or pole over. Thinking that perhaps Little Billy and Abe might want to use the boat in deference to Billy's condition of health, we decided to wade. Just as well get wet at the start, for at the rate it was raining, we would be soaked before we had gotten out of sight of the tent.

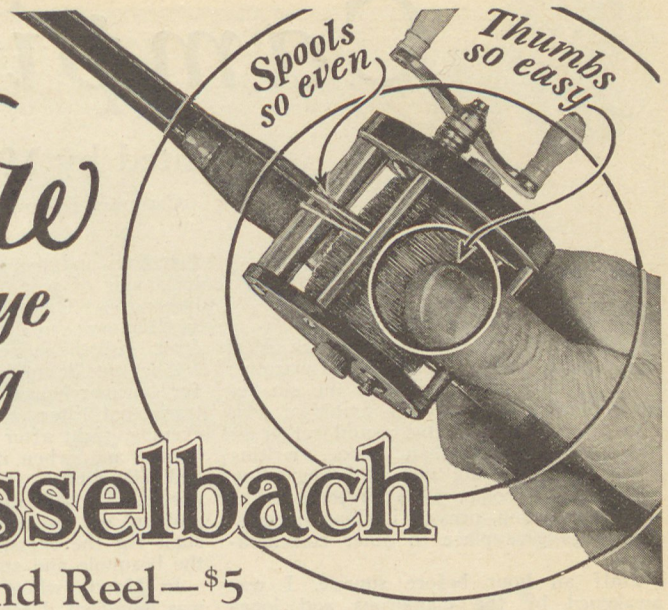
While the river was swift, it did not appear to be too deep for wading at this point. We decided to try it and eventually made the other side after several hair raising slips on too smooth pebbles on the bottom.

And then we had to come back!

Why? BECAUSE OUR CREELS WERE FULL OF FISH! Get that?

I know it is hard to believe. Fact, I

(Continued on page 55)



New
Bull's-Eye Casting
Meisselbach
Level-Wind Reel—$5

FISH and *catch* fish! *Big* boys—*fighters.* That raise your hair—set folks yelling—must be weighed, measured—are too big for the oven. Yours—all yours—through new skill in *quick, accurate,* on-the-job casting, with your straight-shooting Meisselbach No. 100 Bull's-Eye Level Wind. The reel that named itself.

Genuine Meisselbach superiority—for nearly 40 years famous for design, materials, workmanship and above all performance. Silent, strong, free running, fine balance and appearance, ample line capacity. Precision-cut gears, worm and pinions; long-life bearings. Pillars anchored solidly in Permo end plates—no twisting ever possible, however great the strain in reeling powerful fish. Finest handling, best lasting reel made for the price.

Sold by the best dealers—choice of black, brown, green or red end plates. Insist on the Meisselbach No. 100. Write us for Catalog of all famous Meisselbach Reels—FREE.

The A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.
2823 Taylor Street

Division of The General Industries Co.
Elyria, Ohio

Big Ones!

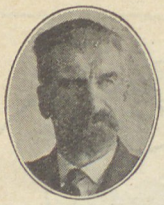
HAS your own trusty rod ever "reeled" from the lunge of a muskie? Man . . . . nothing gives you such a "kick" as that savage, ruthless strike and the rampant battle sure to follow with the most ferocious fighter among inland game fish.

Great Northern Pike, too, grow to formidable size and welcome a vigorous fight any time in Canada's clear, cold waters. If you're angling for big ones this summer, choose the matchless fishing grounds reached by the Canadian Pacific.

For full facts and a few friendly tips, write to

A. O. SEYMOUR
General Tourist Agent
2937 Windsor Station
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Canadian Pacific
World's Greatest Travel System



Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

Black Jack Island,
Lake of the Woods,
May 1st, 1928.

DEAR WALTONIANS:

This bids fair to be an ideal May Day. The sun shines warmly; the air is balmy and the smaller birds are putting on their first real concert of the season. One would rather be outside, watching, than inside, writing about it and trying not to listen. But, even in the comparative freedom of a wilderness camp, present inclinations must sometimes give place to other considerations.

Half an hour before sunrise, I was awakened by the clamorous and long-continued cawing of the two crows that have never ceased to protest my presence on "their" island. They look upon me as an intruder. No doubt I am, but they were absent when I arrived and I knew nothing of any prior claim they may have had. Such being the case, they will have to do any moving that is done. They have less baggage than I, and the heaviest loads are generally allowed the right of way.

No alarm clock is necessary to assure my early awakening. At four o'clock each morning, squirrels, woodpeckers, kingfishers, crows, gulls and a host of other creatures, raise their voices in vari-toned greeting to the new-born day. Fortunately, for drowsy campers, this hullabaloo lasts but a short time, as the birds soon begin their search for breakfast and waste no further effort or time in broadcasting, until that important matter has been satisfactorily attended to.

Last night was clear and quite frosty; for which I felt thankful. Just before sunset, I saw two men dragging a hand sled towards Kenora. On the sled, another man was reclining. This, I reasoned, could mean but one thing; another accident victim was being hurried to hospital by the only available means. They had passed beyond hailing distance before I noticed them, but, whether my supposition was right or wrong, I wished them good luck on their hard and precarious trip. The frost helped them, I know.

April, especially the latter half, was exceptionally cold. I can recall but one other that could compare with it. The old stove consumed as much wood each day, during the two weeks last past, as it did in mid-winter. I am glad no students of bird life came to visit me. They would surely have been disappointed at the almost total absence of the usual spring assortment of songsters.

In spite of the low temperatures, I have the whole front of the tent open, continuously. Not liking the idea of cutting a pipe hole in the door of another man's tent, the stove was placed just inside the threshold and the pipe supported, outside, by a pair of pole "shears" and a loop of hay wire. This arrangement has proved satisfactory; more so, I think, than a closed front with the stove in its former position.

The outside fire has been used, solely, for burning brush and other inflammable trash that litters the forest floor. Every evening, right after sunset, I have a jolly bonfire and, when it has died down a bit, and all danger from flying sparks has passed, I cook my supper in civilized fashion, on the stove. Soon, however, I shall rig the crosspole and pothooks, dig the beanhole and start on a different diet.

In March, when it seemed that spring was imminent, I sent for two cases of assorted canned stuff. These have frozen and thawed so many times I feared they would spoil, so I have been eating them twice a day, at least, since coming here. So far, I have noticed no deterioration in their excellent quality.

My new campsite is a beautiful, three-acre island, shaped like the map of Africa and covered with a virgin stand of white, red and gray pine, white spruce, balsam-fir, canoe-birch and a number of lesser species, such as: service-berry, pine and choke-cherry, mountain-ash, mountain-maple and a few young ash and elm. Besides these, there are many ground plants, flowering and fruit-bearing.

The island is founded on solid rock, but the north half is nearly level and there the top soil consists of from one to two feet of humus. This assures perfect surface drainage and precludes all chance of mud, during wet weather.

Some of the rock is slate. It can easily be split into smooth sheets of any desired thickness. This may be useful, later, when fireplace, oven and other conveniences may be wanted. Soon, I shall try using a slab of it for a pancake griddle.

There are two small sand beaches and more than a hundred feet of smooth-surfaced, gently-sloping rock that should be perfect for canoe landings, bathing, wading, casting, picnicking or basking in the sun. Like most exposed rocks, in this vicinity, it is scored with well-defined, parallel grooves, of varying width and depth. These were chiselled during the ice-age, by a flowing glacier. Textbooks on Geology mention Lake of the Woods, in connection with this interesting evidence of terrestrial shaping, but I have none at hand to quote from.

The magnetic bearing of these scratches is—approximately—northeast and southwest. As they maintain that course quite consistently, one can easily imagine their aiding a perplexed voyageur to ascertain points of the compass, when other means were unavailable.

Under the large and well foliaged pines, there are some especially inviting spots. Nicely carpeted with clean, dry moss, smooth, level and commanding a wide view, these are sure to allure the writer when the mid-summer sun becomes a trifle too ardent for comfort in the open.

There are enough over-mature birch trees to supply me with green wood, for a long time, and, from dead and down timber, I can get more dry fuel than I shall need. The tent has a good outlook but no "inlook," from the water. It is well sheltered from all winds and the only criticism I have in mind is its nearness to the shore. Seventy-five feet is too close. Mosquitoes will not hesitate to follow one that distance.

But that is looking too far ahead for trouble. It will be time enough to plan a remedy when they start to annoy me. Although there is not a foot of marsh on the island, the depth of humus and dense undergrowth may produce a fairly abundant crop of these pests so the chances for immunity are about even. Time will tell.

The view from here is remarkably fine, even for Lake of the Woods. It comprises the rising and setting sun and moon, scores of other timbered islands, river-like vistas extending for miles to southeast, south, southwest, west and northwest; also, about four miles of the steamboat channel between Kenora and Whitefish Rapids, at eastern end of the lake.

During the gold-mining excitement, some thirty years ago, this island was surveyed as a mineral claim. Its legal description consists of the surveyor's initials and three figures. When added together, the total of these figures is twenty-one, which every Waltonian knows is a "Black Jack." How could I have named it otherwise? Black Jacks generally get the money, so who knows but I may discover a gold mine here?

In spite of the late spring, I have had a fairly good opportunity to observe some birds. One of the chief factors in my decision to "spring-out" on this particular island, was the low-lying reef, about two

Tent by the Lake

By William R. Keevers

A HAVEN of quiet—a restful retreat—
Away from the turmoil, so careless, so free,
Where rippling wee waves and the wooded shore meet,
A tent by the lakeside is waiting for me.

THE clear, crystal water, the towering trees
Reflections in shadow—the sunset aglow,
The balsam perfume in the soft dusken breeze,
The silent canoe gliding gracefully fro.

I'LL welcome the twilight—the sharp evening chill,
For dry logs will snap in the cheerful camp fire,
And tired from my wand'rings afloat and on hill,
I'll sleep in contentment, bereft of desire.

O WHITHER you go—to the East or the West,
Wherever you travel—by land or the sea,
I'll envy you not, for I'll gather my quest
At the tent by the lakeside that's waiting for me.

hundred yards away. From its position, in mid-channel, between two islands, I judged that the ice would melt there before many days had passed. It didn't open as soon as I expected but there was open water around that grass-grown rock a full week before the ice surrounding the other islands showed any sign of weakening.

As soon as the water was visible, gulls, ducks, crows and at least one raven came to hunt for crayfish, snails and minnows. The ducks took their mid-day snooze there and, when not disturbed at dusk, often stayed all night.

One pair of chickadees greeted me upon arrival, but they disappeared next day and I never saw them again. A flock of slate-colored juncos stayed for about a week and became very tame. Unless I was moving around, they showed no hesitation about coming into the tent for crumbs and, to prevent them from suicide, I took up the mouse traps at dawn each morning.

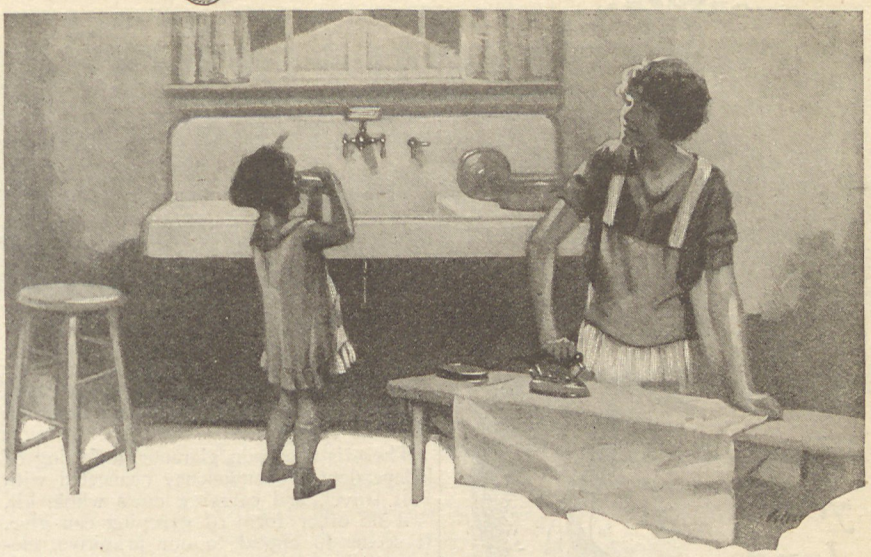
These juncos, also, had a boss. He acted in much the same manner as "Mickey McGuire," the bully of the chickadees, but was not so demonstrative. One can hardly imagine a demonstrative junco. To me, their most noteworthy characteristic is their spook-like silence. Half a dozen of them might be in the tent picking up cornmeal and crumbs and make no more sound than so many shadows. Were it not for the two tree sparrows that associate with them, the feeding flock would be absolutely inaudible.

The sparrows were shown considerable deference. There seemed to be an understanding between them and the juncos whereby the former were allowed to go where they pleased, regardless of the latter. There was no quarreling or squabbling, but whenever a sparrow approached within a few inches of a junco, the latter made way without fuss and, seemingly, without resentment. I wish they had stayed here.

The day after I arrived with my outfit, two crows made themselves very conspicuous and very disagreeable. At dawn, they would start haranguing me in such a malicious, malevolent, insulting tone of voice that it made me angry at them. They had three miles to fly for breakfast and three miles back but they always returned by ten o'clock. Then they would resume the tirade and keep it up until nearly noon. Quite likely, they had a nest here last year, and wanted to occupy the same quarters this season. That they consider me an intruder is plain enough. Doubtless, they are right about that and had they been here when I selected the site, or even when I landed with my plunder, I would have respected their "Squatter's Right" and left them in peaceful possession. But now it is too late to think of moving—I couldn't, even if I wanted to—and the black bothers must either put up with my unwelcome presence or else choose another nesting tree. That they are seriously considering one, on the next island, is quite evident, but they surely do hesitate to come to a decision.

Unless caught when young, crows are not very friendly and they persecute nearly all the other birds. Their many interesting ways hardly compensate for the trouble they cause. Well enough to camp near their nests when one is making a special study of their manners and customs, but for success in observing and photographing other species, one should either avoid or else banish every crow.

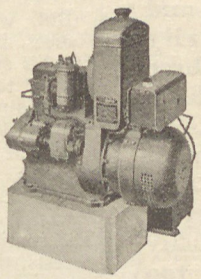
Since this camp has been established, most of my waking hours have been spent in answering letters. Had I been able or willing to work steadily and regularly at them—as one would have to do, in town—I might have had more peace of mind. But



A real vacation
— *thanks to Kohler Electricity*

"ROUGHING IT" may be the men-folks' idea of a perfect vacation, but there are others who don't see the fun of having to do hard work the hard way—without the labor-saving aids that no civilized home would think of doing without.

Why not add a Kohler Electric Plant to the scenery? Have electricity for clean, safe lights everywhere, for guests in resorts; for the cottage; down at the landing; anywhere you want to run a wire.



Kohler Electric Plant
Model D
1500 Watts: 110 Volts
Made also in 2000, 5000, and 10,000 watt capacity

Make working hours fewer, vacation hours more plentiful. Have electric power for pumping water, washing, ironing, sweeping, cleaning. It is all so easy and simple if you own this sturdy, dependable plant that has been, for years, the mainstay of thousands of owners of summer homes, camps, and resorts.

The Kohler Electric Plant generates city-standard 110-volt current and operates appliances you use in your city home. It has *no* large banks of glass-cell storage batteries to care for and find storage for between seasons—only a small *starting* battery for press-the-button, automatic operation.

Kohler owners enjoy a quality *and economy* of electrical service that will be a revelation to you of the perfection which the private electric plant has attained. Let us give you the evidence. Just mail the coupon below.

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wis. *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.
Branches in Principal Cities

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF KOHLER PLUMBING FIXTURES

KOHLER OF KOHLER
Electric Plants
Automatic—110 Volt D. C.—No Storage Batteries

OA 7-28

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis.—Please send me information about the Kohler Electric Plant.

Name..... *Street*.....

City, State..... *Use in which interested*.....

NORTHERN WISCONSIN

Where you'll land the big ones

CHICAGO NORTH WESTERN LINE

SOME place in this wonderful Land O'Lakes of silver and green and blue, there's a big one, an old wise one lying in the lee of a log and fanning his fins lazily through the currents, three feet down. He's watching the sun sink long coils of gold through the afternoon that cools the twilight. And some morning he's going to lunge just a little too quickly for a fly that's a little too bright—and why not be back of the slow deceptive flick of the wrist that skittered that fly over the old one's reflective pool?

Man, that's the treat in store for you up North Western way — in Northern Wisconsin — just overnight from Chicago.

Low Summer Fares—Splendid Through Trains

For Full Information, Reservations and Tickets apply

C. A. CAIRNS
Passenger Traffic Manager
Chicago & North Western Ry.
226 West Jackson Street, Chicago

1826

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

there are too many temptations to go outside. No sooner do I get the writing materials assembled and a letter started, when some excitement among the birds demands my immediate presence outside.

This deplorable lack of system has one advantage: it absolutely prevents boredom. The unbelievable rapidity with which the days, weeks and months glide past is a constant wonder to me. Although I am never actually idle, what little conscience I have left never ceases to upbraid me for small accomplishment and frittered time. Otherwise, life here has been almost perfect. To state that I am enjoying every moment may seem trite and almost meaningless, but I don't know how I can better express my delight in this sort of living. Verily, I am in my proper environment and crave no change.

There is a certain glamour, a feeling of independent self-sufficiency connected with foot travel, and carrying one's whole kit, that no other form of gypsying can give. It seems to appeal to our primitive, elemental instincts and, regardless of their ability to put it into actual practice, the idea of wilderness hiking has a strong grip on the imaginations of most Americans.

On the first thought, it appears to be the simplest possible form of nomadic existence. Once upon a time, it might have been, but under present conditions, no style of camping demands more discriminating judgment and common sense, both in planning and in practice than a protracted walking tour through any uninhabited region.

Choice of equipment for such a trip is, perhaps, the most perplexing outfitting problem that professional woodsmen have to solve, so I am not surprised that so many novices write for advice on that question.

But, without knowing all the circumstances, in minutest detail, one must confine his suggestions to generalities and endeavor to make these apply to as many cases as possible.

Assembling an outfit for a pleasure jaunt of this nature consists chiefly in ruthless eliminations from the ordinary lists of camper's supplies. The first thing I would eliminate is the word "necessity." For continued survival in North American forests, the only necessities I can think of are a good head and a stout heart.

There are a few conveniences, however, that are quite generally admitted to be well worth their weight in the lightest of outfits. These are: knife, axe, matches, salt, compass, map, shelter-cloth, frying-pan, pail and cup. In my own outfit, the combined weight of these items is ten pounds. Being something of an extremist on this subject, I have made a good many rather extended trips without the axe and pail, and a tin plate in lieu of the frying-pan. However, I don't advise others to do it.

Before adding other conveniences, one should be able to give definite answers to such questions as: What is the heaviest load under which you can maintain a cheerful demeanor, during three or four hours of fairly steady walking? Do you intend to eat to live or to live to eat? In other words, are square meals, at regular intervals, absolutely necessary to your peace of mind? Does your body, or your mind, really require uninterrupted sleep for several hours at a time, and must that sleep be at night? Are you immune from lonesomeness? Are you a schedule fiend, who plans each and every day's march and your exact date of arrival at destination so that unforeseen delays force you to make up for lost time and probably spoil your trip by overwork and worry? Have you enough spirit of adventure to treat unavoidable privations, discomforts and possible mishaps as part of the game, that merely add a little spice to the lark?

On your frank answers to these questions depends the weight of pack and length of your trip. To make sure of the first one, ride eight or ten miles into the country and walk back, carrying the contemplated hiking outfit in whatever style pack strikes your fancy. Two or three such trips should yield some valuable information, besides giving desirable bodily training.

If your answer to the second question is "Yes," divide the pounds of *dry* food you decide to carry by three, three and a half or four. The result will be the number of days your trip can last. Some allowance can be made for daily lightening, but don't be over optimistic about that. As a rule, the holiday hiker's pack becomes *heavier* each day, because few can resist the temptation to carry home interesting curios that are seen along the route. Pretty stones and samples of mysterious minerals may easily make up for any shrinkage in weight of food.

On the other hand, if you believe the pangs of fancied hunger can be safely ignored and that a tablespoonful of finely ground cereal, or a mouthful of whole wheat—chewed like gum—will sustain your strength for hours, your cruising radius can be indefinitely extended and the search for food along the way will add immeasurably to the journey's enjoyment.

Those tribes of savages who eat but once a day compare favorably, in strength and endurance, with those who eat two or three times as often. Think of the labor saved!

If you insist upon sleeping throughout the nights, bedding is necessary. Its weight depends on season and altitude. If willing to forego unbroken sleep and you have no objection to making up any that may be lost by noonday naps, you can dispense with blankets or bags and, in fair weather, wrap the shelter-cloth around your tired frame. When the night is cool and stormy, and the cloth must be used for a roof, build two fires and rest between them.

Whipping

By Guy Hernis

DID you ever, dear old comrade,
Feel that all-consuming joy?
That is heir to all God's children,
Be they woman, man or boy.

The thrill I now refer to
Has its setting in a nook;
Quite secluded from observance,
In a happy, babbling brook.

With muscles tense,—but shaky;
Your trusty rod in hand;
Did you ever "whip a fly," Pal?
'Course you have, you understand.

Now a beauty darts to seize it!
Then a jerk,—to set the hook!
He misses! and you see him
Quickly vanish in the brook!

Then your heart goes pit-a-patter,
As you nervously prepare,
Once again, to whip his "favorite,"
Hoping that he still is there!

Then you see a gleaming object,
And you draw the line up tight!
You observe a dash for freedom!
Boy, Oh! Boy, but they can fight!

In your creel you finally place him!
You have won the battle *fair*.
It's the game, that's worth the candle;
Shake! Old Timer,—you've been there.

Paradise Pool

By L. J. Andrews

IT was the bosom of the valley where the tree-ranks swung down the facing sidehills to shelter the banks of the narrow river. Here all things grew quiet and restful. Even the river ceased its boisterous down-rush and only spoke in drowsy murmurs where it slipped around the side of a great boulder to spread itself out into a placid little pool. The rattling kingfisher stayed its rattle, and hung with half-shut eyes over the pool from its willow limb.

At one side of the pool long fringes of weeds and grasses screened the face of the overhanging bank, dangling their ends into the eddying current. A tiny meadow, velvety green and flower-spangled, ran back from the edge of the bank to where a company of young oaks came trooping in from over the sidehill. At the other side of the pool the gravelly bottom sloped up and out of the water to a grassy plot which extended back under a scattering of maples. Beyond the maples the view was shut in at the green wall of a heavy hazelbrush growth. Below the pool the river turned off abruptly, the outer bank rising perpendicularly to the tree-lined margin. Upstream the river disappeared shortly around a bend.

It was a picture of quietness and softness. Over the tiny meadow a half-score of butterflies mingled their drifting flight with the nodding of the flower-heads. A pair of dragon flies coursed and circled monotonously over the pool, weaving their gauzy-winged gyrations into the shadowy patchwork of sunshine and shade that lay upon the water under the maples. Overhead on its dry willow limb the kingfisher hung somnolent with repose. And over all there rested a sweet serenity,—which fancy might have called the spirit of the place.

From around the bend of the river there came a man into the picture. But so quietly did he come, so gently did he blend himself into the picture, that the spirit but started up with the kingfisher, that half-spread its wings as though for flight then folded them again. The man acknowledged the lordship of the spirit. He came slowly down the river and further into the picture, without noise, without hurry, without thought as it were of undue expectation. On his head was an old felt hat, whose original shape and color had long been beaten out by sun and weather. He wore a kind of short jacket which seemed to be made up entirely of pockets. A pair of waders, and a fishbasket slung at his side, completed his gear.

He was a man of years, as could be seen by the graying hairends, which curled up against the hatbrim; by the network of fine lines at the corners of the quiet, contemplative eyes; by the seams that furrowed the cast of his face, which wore the habitual contentedness of the constitutional philosopher.

He came thigh-deep down the river, whipping, as he came, a light bamboo rod, sending the tiny flies into the spots where partly-submerged rocks and lodged driftage made little pockets in the current of the river. His progress was marked with many pauses. He studied with thoughtful deliberation each particular spot before sending out the flies to hover over it, then settle down with the lightness and action of a living insect. Once he stopped to watch a flicker feed a morsel to her open-mouthed brood in a willow snag. And once

WOODS DOWN SLEEPING ROBES

"COMFORT is what you need"

YOURS in your Woods Down Sleeping Robe, every minute you are under its care. The priceless comfort that insures perfect sleep, without a break. That turns you out in the morning fit for anything.

Every night the same—good weather or bad. Your Woods Down Robe's remarkable temperature accommodation sees to that. *Always* comforts you just right—no taking off or putting on covers. Uniform body-heat warmth retained—through controlled-air insulation in Woods Everlive Down from Northern waterfowl in staggered tubes.

WOODS

We guarantee every Woods Sleeping Robe to give complete satisfaction.

More comfort than a stack of blankets—lighter than a pair. Most widely used and highly recommended. Opens flat for airing and brushing. Down always stays fluffy. Light, strong, showerproof hygienic cover and virgin wool lining. Hood with drawstring.

For all climates and seasons—the famous Woods Arctic and the Arctic Junior. Sold by best stores. Where not displayed, please write to us for prices and full information on use of these modern robes. New folder "Comfort Outdoors" for you, FREE.

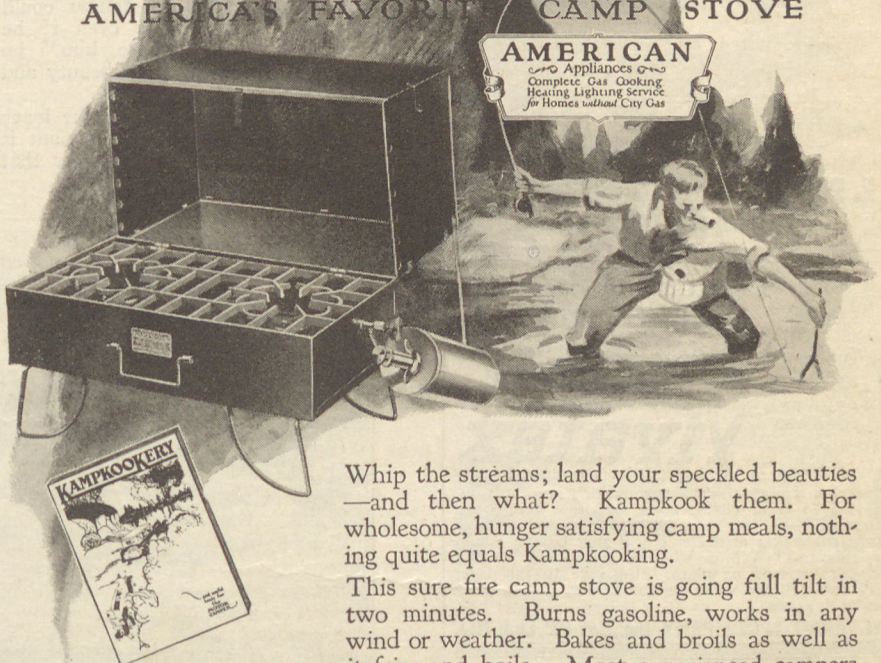
WOODS MFG. CO., LTD., 1703 LAKE ST., OGDENSBURG, N. Y.
In Canada, Ottawa, Ont.

Comfort and Health, from Arizona to Labrador and Florida to Alaska

AMERICAN KAMPKOOK

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CAMP STOVE



Kampkookery is an interesting hand-book on motor camping containing many helpful hints you won't find elsewhere. Sent free on request.

Whip the streams; land your speckled beauties—and then what? Kampkook them. For wholesome, hunger satisfying camp meals, nothing quite equals Kampkooking.

This sure fire camp stove is going full tilt in two minutes. Burns gasoline, works in any wind or weather. Bakes and broils as well as it fries and boils. Most experienced campers use Kampkook. Take a tip from them. Your dealer can supply you.

Folder describing five popular models sent on request.

American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
DEPT. D. 5, ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA
NEW YORK, N. Y. OAKLAND, CALIF.

Camp Bed Prices Hit Rock Bottom

The nationally known DOUGLAS FEATHERWEIGHT line can now be purchased at prices which will astonish you. Our large volume of sales makes this possible.

Ready for Bed in 30 Seconds!

That's all the time it takes to set up a DOUGLAS FEATHERWEIGHT; three easy moves to make, and you're all set for a good night's rest.

32 distinctive guarantees of solid comfort! Top of finest O. D. Khaki possible to manufacture, regardless of price. Single unit, no loose parts. Open, measures 48"x76"; closes to 4 x 7 x 48; weighs 42 lbs. Packed in carton for shipping.

Five different guaranteed camp beds at the lowest prices on the market.

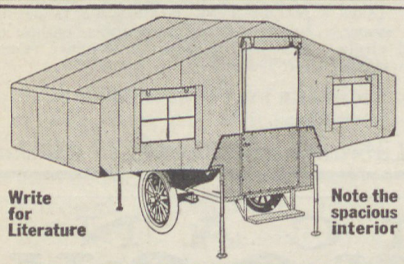
WRITE TODAY for prices and literature of the DOUGLAS FEATHERWEIGHT line. USE THE COUPON.

Douglas Manufacturing Company
Crete, Nebraska

DOUGLAS MFG. CO., Crete, Nebr., Dept. O.
Please send booklet on FEATHERWEIGHT line.

Name .....

Address .....

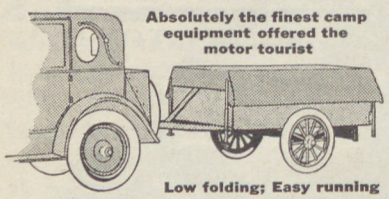


Write for Literature

Note the spacious interior

THE NEW **GILKIE** CAMP TRAILER

Absolutely the finest camp equipment offered the motor tourist



Low folding; Easy running

E. P. GILKISON & SONS COMPANY
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

MILDEW AND WATER Vivatex REPELLENT

PATENTED 1648433

TENTS and Awnings give SERVICE and LAST when finished with **Vivatex**

YOUR tent or awning fabric is completely protected from mildew, permanently repels rain. It is free from chalk, ochre or other temporary "loading"—lighter, stronger, never greasy or stiff. Any tent maker or dealer can supply Green, Khaki or "natural" White Vivatex tents, or Vivatex awnings striped or plain. Be sure to insist on Vivatex. Please write us for folder, giving your dealer's name.

METAKLOTH COMPANY, Inc., Box 402, Lodi, N.J.

Free

NEW CATALOG OF ARMY GOODS BARGAINS

Shirts, Pants, Boots, Shoes, Blankets, Tents, Guns, Harness, Tools, Etc. Government's sacrifice saves you money. Write for copy.

ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLY CO
COPYRIGHT ESTABLISHED 1909
Dept. 314, Richmond, Va.

he bent to drink in the fragrance of a solitary waterlily.

His movements were unhurried and methodical. From his wrist the light rod whipped up and back, forward and down, with a symmetry of action that made it difficult to distinguish where hand left off and rod began. There was a sudden swirl at the side of the boulder, the rod snapped into an arc, springing and vibrating like a thing alive. The line swished down the stream, across and back. Then, like a rainbow's curve of color, a ten-inch trout flashed into the air, curving over and into the water with hardly a splash. Twice again it flashed before the man brought it to net. He slipped the tiny hook from its lip, and stood awhile admiring its bright colors before he placed it in the basket that swung at his side. He fumbled in one of the innumerable pockets of the jacket, drew out a clasp knife and scored a small notch on the cork grip of the rod. The grip was covered with hundreds of notches.

"Three," he mumbled, in the manner of men fallen into the habit of soliloquy through much time spent alone in the solitudes. "Fishin' ain't the fishin' it used t' be," he mused reminiscently. "Gettin' to be so many fishermen I guess the trout are gettin' educated. A fellow sure has to know the game to fool 'em."

The man resumed his fishing, drifting along with the river to where it slipped around the side of the boulder and into the placid little pool. He leaned himself against the boulder, gazing at the pool in solemn-eyed wonder:

"Talk about your little bits o' heaven—just take a look at that! Did you ever see anything so sweet an' purty? Transplanted from paradise, that's what it is. An' that's what I'm goin' to name it—'Paradise Pool.'"

He produced a notebook and pencil from a pocket of the jacket, thumbed over the penciled pages to a blank space and jotted down the words, "Paradise Pool." He repeated them a number of times, "Paradise Pool," as though he found the sound of the words pleasant to his ear.

"I don't suppose that a fellow could think a mean thought, not even if he wanted to, with this before him," he mused, his eye drinking in the beauty and serenity of the placid pool.

It was the appreciative eye of the lover of beauty that regarded the pool; but it was the practised eye of the angler that ran down along the left-hand bank where the long weeds and grasses trailed their ends in the eddying current. And it was an eye that grew knowing and eager as it traveled up and back.

"Looks good to me," he concluded. "You bet you. Looks mighty good to me. For if that ain't a first-class hangout for an old lunker—why, I never saw one."

He studied minutely the spots where the little eddies slipped in and out through the fringe of grasses, and selected from his fly-book with discriminating care. Then he slipped into the pool, as noiselessly as a prowling mink, and sent the tiny flies out over the water in several false casts to get the distance right for a spot he had in his eye. When the flies fluttered exactly over the spot at the end of the false cast, he settled them onto the water. Nothing happened. The man waited for the space of several moments before he again whipped out the flies. Twice more did he settle the flies on the spot. Then he shifted his position, very slowly, very quietly, and sent the flies into a new spot. He whipped the length of the pool, fishing out a spot at a time, and always with the same slow thoroughness and the studious deliberation of action. At the foot of the pool he waded quietly ashore, his brow wearing the wrinkles of perplexity.

"But he's there," he affirmed. "Middle o' the day. Guess I might as well eat my snack 'fore I take another whack at him."

He rested the rod against one of the maples, seated himself at its foot and drew forth from a pocket of the jacket a couple of sandwiches wrapped in a paper. As he munched the sandwich, he became aware of a voice in the distance lifted in a kind of singsong chant.

As the voice drew on, it was accompanied with rustlings and swishings back in the hazelbrush. These grew nearer and noisier, until, with a final great swishing and rustling, a spot in the wall of hazelbrush became violently agitated and a boy trailing a cane fishpole burst into the open.

He was barefooted and bareheaded, the thick, red hair tumbled about atop his head in riotous profusion. He stopped abruptly at sight of the man.

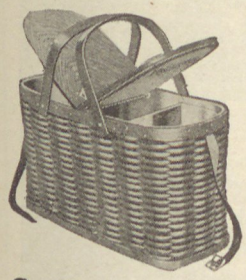
"Good mornin', young sir," the man greeted him gravely. "It seems I'm not the only fisherman abroad this fine day."

"Mornin'," the boy echoed.

He was a very prompt and expeditious young person, and he proceeded at once

Another Paradise Pool in far off Scotland. Dry point etching by Norman Wilkinson.

Hawkeye BASKET REFRIGERATOR



Now Only $7.50

Satisfaction Guaranteed
By America's Largest Basket Factory

The Hawkeye insures greater pleasure and more enjoyment to sportsmen, tourists and all lovers of outdoor life. The insulated ice-chamber and dust-proof food compartment keep food and beverages fresh and untainted. Easy to pack, easy to carry and contains an ample food supply for 5 to 7 people, according to size.

Good Meals—Outdoors at LESS Expense

Enjoy wonderful meals—delicious, appetizing food and refreshing cold drinks—at much less than it costs to eat at dusty wayside restaurants on your vacation, tours, fishing, hunting, and week-end trips.

Write for Catalog and Low Prices

Made in several popular sizes, attractive in appearance, handsomely finished and remarkably low priced. Order from your dealer—or direct from factory. We guarantee satisfaction—or money back. Illustrated circular mailed on request.

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.
"Quality Basket Makers for 40 Years"
711 Hawkeye Bldg., Burlington, Iowa

A-B-C MOTOR CAMPING free

CAMPERS! Get this book!

80 pages chock full of information—how to camp, pack, cook, etc.—sent FREE by New York's leading camp outfitters. Everything from a tent peg to a trailer. Standard equipment, very specially priced.

MODELL'S Dept. D. 200 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

There's Real Joy in Camp Life

The ideal way to spend your vacation is in the open. Thousands of Carpenter Tents now in use. They are made of the finest materials, will stand up in any kind of weather, light weight, easy to handle.
Our Auto Tents when folded just fit the running board of your car.

Tents & Camp Equipment

Write us today for our new Tent Catalog 608. It tells you all about camping—what to do and what to take along.

ESTABLISHED 1840

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.
Tent Makers for 88 Years
440 No. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

to his business. He dropped the cane pole to the gravelly shore of the pool with a clattery rattle, and rolled the legs of his overalls to his thighs. The man took in these preparations, running an eye that twinkled critically over the boy's tackle.

"One cane pole," he enumerated, "large enough and strong enough to bear up a pole-vaulter; one chalk line, heavy enough to draw up a well-bucket; one—as I live and breathe!—Red Ibis bass fly! Number 3-0 hook, weighted body," he went on, remarking the features and the gigantic proportions of the scarlet-feathered creation. He had expected a worm, a grub, or perhaps a kicking grasshopper. But a fly!

"When he's wore himself out from swingin' that Tartar's lance, and has scared the life out of all the trout with that Red Ibis, why, then I'll give him a few pointers on trout fishin'," he mused smilingly. "An' especially," he added, "a little expert opinion on the fly-game."

The boy splashed into the pool, wading out until the water came to his rolled overalls. He swung the heavy pole up and down, the Red Ibis describing a flaming parabola at the end of the line. It smacked into the water where the long grasses overhung the lefthand bank. There was a commotion of a sudden, the line went down, down, and the boy braced himself and heaved up on the heavy pole as a farmer heaves up on a pitchfork of hay. The huge pole bent to an unbelievable arc, and then, with a bursting asunder of the waters, a monster trout was hoisted to the top of the pole and was slithered across the surface and up the slope of the gravelly shore.

"Golly!" the boy ejaculated, pouncing upon the flopping monster. And "Golly!" again, as he popped into the brush and was gone.

The man stared at the spot where the hazelbrush had swallowed up the boy and the monster, his jaw agape. Then he resumed his munching of the sandwich. He produced the notebook and studied over the words "Paradise Pool" with a gathering frown of disapproval.

"Don't seem to exactly fit, somehow," he muttered. "No; don't seem to exactly fit—not now." And with that he drew a line through the words.

He finished off the remaining sandwich, and then brought out from the magic pockets of the jacket a pipe and a paper of tobacco. He puffed thoughtfully, emitting the smoke from his lips in a regular, cadence measure, his eye running over the placid pool. The murmuring of the river came to his ear in soft, watery tinkles; over the flower-spangled meadow the butterflies hung in drifting flight; the kingfisher came back to his repose on the willow limb,—and with him came the spirit of the place, all the quietness, all the softness, all the sweetness of serenity.

At length the man tapped the ash from his pipe, took the rod in hand and started up the river. At the head of the pool he paused. It was a half-resentful half-perplexed eye that regarded the left-hand bank where the long fringes of weeds and grasses dangled their ends into the eddying current. But it was an eye that grew mild and composed as it drank in the serenity of the placid pool.

"No," the man announced, quietly but firmly. "I said it before an' I say it now: A fellow just can't think a mean thought with this before him,—not even if he wanted. No sir!" he declaimed with emphasis; "here a fellow can't even feel jealous!"

And he took out the notebook, erased the words he had crossed out, and in the place rewrote—"Paradise Pool."

Service—

Years of it in a
RED HEAD BRAND
Umbrella Tent

YOU can depend on a Red Head Brand Umbrella Tent for real service. It's ruggedly built to withstand the wear and tear of motor-camping. Yet with all, it's light in weight and compact—conveniently carried on the running board of your car.

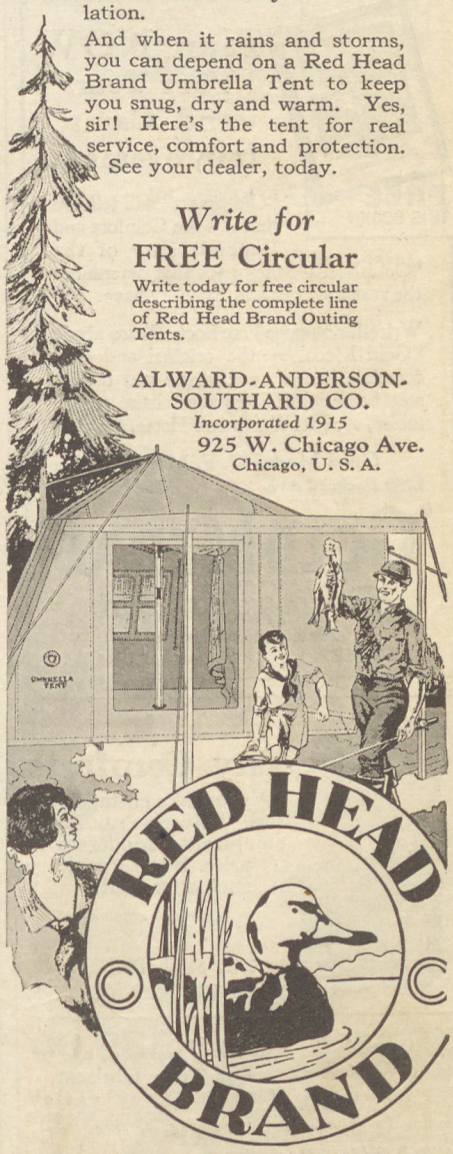
For comfort, too, you can depend on a Red Head tent. Easy to put up and take down. No stooping to get in. Plenty of head-room. Plenty of ventilation.

And when it rains and storms, you can depend on a Red Head Brand Umbrella Tent to keep you snug, dry and warm. Yes, sir! Here's the tent for real service, comfort and protection. See your dealer, today.

Write for
FREE Circular

Write today for free circular describing the complete line of Red Head Brand Outing Tents.

ALWARD-ANDERSON-SOUTHARD CO.
Incorporated 1915
925 W. Chicago Ave.
Chicago, U. S. A.



We had lost the trail

UP IN the big woods last summer, we were headed back to camp late one afternoon when we missed the trail and wandered off in the dusk. Say, what an experience! It took us all night to find camp and every one of us swore on the spot he'd never leave again without a good flashlight. Not after that experience!

Take an Eveready Flashlight with you and be prepared for darkness—any amount of it, anywhere. And along with your reserve supplies, take some spare Eveready Batteries. These batteries give you an extra ration of light, with their big reserve of power. They're jammed, crammed full of long-lasting usefulness and they have a place in every sportsman's outfit. Get the flashlight habit and always keep your flashlights loaded for darkness with genuine Eveready Batteries.

FREE THIS BOOK

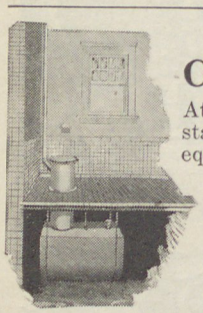
Plan NOW Your Tours and Camp Improvements

"Old-timers" will tell you that it's the Comfort and Dependability of the "Gold Medal" they pack that determines the rest they get and fun they have.

Write for 24-page Free Book. Learn about "Gold Medal"— the original and only complete line of cots; single and double steel beds; colored lacquered chairs, stools, tables, etc., for Camp and Home.

Gold Medal C. F. Mfg. Co.
1753 Packard Ave. Racine, Wis.

"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG U. S. PAT. OFF
Folding Furniture
The Recognized Standard
FOR HOME FOR CAMP

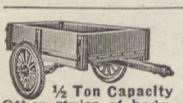


Enjoy City Comforts

At your lake cottage. Install Wolverine sanitation equipment. Moderate in price. Strictly sanitary and convenient.

Complete catalog and prices on request.

DAIL STEEL PRODUCTS CO.
742 Main St., Lansing, Mich.



Only $39.00
For This Highest Grade Auto Trailer
½ Ton Capacity
Other styles of body, same price. Light weight, easy running, just the thing for camping, touring. Absolute money-back guarantee. Write for catalogue.
BOWER MFG. CO. Box 18 FOWLER, IND.

More About Our Trees and Our Waste Paper

By

H. A. Pierce

President William Locher Chapter I. W. L. A.

Example of waste paper saving campaign most successfully carried on by the Douglas School, Minneapolis.

THE article entitled Waste Paper and Trees by Mr. Felix Pagenstecher in the June issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA carries a great message. Just prior to the publication of the story I had a talk with Mr. Pagenstecher during which he broached the subject of the indiscriminate waste of our waste paper, and from statistics gathered by him was able to state that for every man, woman and child in these United States we are wasting per person the sum of 175 pounds of paper each year. Our last census multiplied by 175 will give you an idea of our useless waste. Figure up your own household paper waste, and ask yourself how many trees you have burned up this last year, or in other words, how many trees you have caused to be cut, which with very little effort you could have saved. Don't you think it is about time we woke up and started a national movement to eliminate this waste?

This struck me so forcibly that after leaving Mr. Pagenstecher's office I immediately went to the Board of Education and posted $10.00 for the best slogan presented on the subject of conservation of our waste paper, and the saving of our forests. The slogan is limited to ten words.

The William Locher Chapter of the Izaak Walton League at Kalamazoo, Michigan, is going to further to the utmost this waste paper saving campaign.

We are going to have the Board of Education set a day each week as "Waste Paper Day" at which time the pupils will be asked to bring from their homes or neighborhood all the waste paper, taking same to the various schools where it will be baled by the janitors and collected by truck and sold, the money going into a collective fund for all the schools or an individual school, as may be decided.

I have urged Mr. Savage, President of the Michigan Division of the League to make this a state issue, and I am appealing to every Waltonian to take it up as a national movement. If thousands of the League's members would save their waste paper, it would mean thousands and thousands of trees. Is it worth while? What are you willing to do about it? Come on, let's go, and keep the subject alive.

The Tragedy of the Great Lakes

(Continued from page 23)

whether it be on laws curbing pollution or the proper size of nets to be used. Each one is a free lance with nothing but its own legislature to say what can and cannot be done, and as a rule Legislatures know little and care less about commercial fishing while struggling with tax matters or pet hobbies of their own. Further, the commercial fishermen themselves have shown little disposition to get together and demand uniform regulations governing their industry. They have been content to keep increasing their equipment when fish became scarce hoping to get the jump on their competitor. State officials until last year have evinced little interest in the matter.

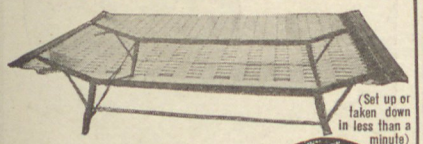
So this combination of indifference, neglect, greed and lack of co-operation has brought us to the parting of the ways. Either we will continue to go along as we have in the past and hope that some miracle will take place to again populate our Great Lakes with an abundance of food fishes, or we can insist that the same sensible and effective means of conserving our resources that has been applied to many of our other problems be brought into play to perpetuate our commercial fishing resources in the Great Lakes.

What better example have we of this than the effectiveness of our migratory bird treaty between the United States and Canada? The same problem confronts us with commercial fish.

It is a problem that should be regulated and handled by international agreement. Whether this be in form of a treaty between the United States and Canada or handled by a joint commission makes little difference. It is an international problem and should be treated as such in all its phases.

Who is there among us that can raise any serious objection to the present existing migratory bird treaty in face of what it has accomplished? And so it will be when Canada and the United States get together in the solution of their commercial fishing problem as concerns the Great Lakes. The time is ripe and there are many willing hands ready to help.

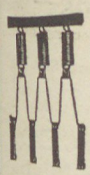
New, Unequalled COMFORT in a Portable Bed



(Set up or taken down in less than a minute)

Experienced campers know the value of a restful and sanitary bed. Here is one as comfortable as your favorite bed at home. Different, better than any you ever saw. Full bed size, 48x76 inches, or single size —32x76.

CHAMPION **Tuk-a-way**



Wonderful New Spring Fabric

A feature of the Tuk-A-Way is our patented, smooth, flat, closely-woven spring fabric. Needs only a comforter or light pad for real comfort. The unique lever exerts 1,000 pounds pull with one pound pressure. Stretches tight as a drum—no sagging toward center. Two people sleep as comfortably as one.

Light, Compact, Durable

Folds into a space 3½x4½x48 inches—frame of high-carbon steel—weighs only 30 pounds. Ideal for tourists, campers, cottages, resorts or as extra bed in home. Built for comfort and long wear. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Write for literature, prices and name of dealer near you.

Champion Folding Furniture Co.
Dept. 111 **Waukegan, Ill.**

DUPLEX CAMP COOK KIT

COMPLETE to cook meals and serve two, four or six people. Packs compactly in aluminum pail with handle. Write today for details on DUPLEX Camp Cook Kit, Auto Ice Box and Fireless Cooker and name of dealer. Address Dept. D.

DURHAM MFG. CO., MUNCIE, IND.

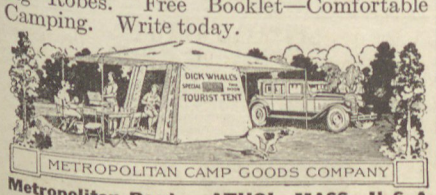
Comfortable Camping WHEN YOU SLEEP-ON AIR

RESTFUL-BENEFICIAL SLEEP for the Hunter, Camper, Fisherman, and All Who Sleep OUT-OF-DOORS

Outing Air Mattresses solve your bedding problems. Lightweight, comfortable, compact, and reliable. Cold proof and damp proof. Fifty thousand satisfie[illegible]omers in 12 years.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONE[illegible]
Sole Manufacturers of

Comfort Sleeping Pocket with ins[illegible] bed. Perfection Rain Shirt—Whall's [illegible] Door Tents. Poquaig Featherdown Sleeping Robes. Free Booklet—Comfortable Camping. Write today.



Metropolitan Road, ATHOL, MASS., U. S. A.

A Rainy Day Idyl

(Continued from page 47)

wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't been a party to the happening. But we had made the mistake of letting our flies float on the top of the water as we were wading across to the mouth of Big Creek, and we were so busy that it took us fully thirty minutes to make it across.

We waded back to camp and dumped the beauties in one pile right in front of the tent entrance, quietly, lest we awaken the two innocents within snoring lustily. Then we started out again. Take a good hold on yourself! This one is going to be good! WE HAD TO WADE BACK TO CAMP AND UNLOAD A SECOND TIME!

But in the unloading, we were startled by two hysterical voices in unison:—"Well-I'll-be-damned!"

The tardy pupils had come to life. I'll remark that they DID come to life. For the next few minutes bedclothes, exclamations and questions were thrown about without regard to direction, religion or reason.

"Wait a minute," they chorused, "'till we get on our boots", "whereinhell-did-you-get-that-heap?", "did-you-leave-any-in-the-river?", "who-was-the-guy-who-told-us-we - couldn't - catch - fish - on - a - cold - rainy-day?", "the-poor-FISH!"—and numerous other varied and choice assortment of remarks.

Forrest and I spent the few moments while waiting for the now highly excited other half of the party, by indulging in a refreshing smoke. Our pipes were hardly going, when two nondescripts emerged from the confines of the tent, un-washed, un-shaven and un-breakfasted. But such minor details were unnoticed in the mad scramble for rods and tackle.

Again we led the way across, but not until we had each and all entered into a solemn pact not to throw our flies in until we reached the other side.

By ten o'clock we were keeping only those beauties which registered around two pounds; by twelve o'clock, nothing under three pounds; and by one o'clock we had raised the limit to four pounds.

I would hesitate to make an estimate of the number of trout the four of us took that day. And we never got further than two miles up-stream, although we intended to fish Big Creek to its length.

Beauties? Gentlemen and scholars—and fishermen! Never before nor since have I seen the nearest approach to the size or quantity of the fish we took in that day's fishing. Needless slaughter? No! For we wasted NOT ONE FISH!

This was in the days before the pound limit catches came into effect. And, I might add right here, that the fishermen (real ones) in those days, did not wantonly waste nor practice the deceits they do now under some of our very unreasonable game laws.

But, again, fishing in those days, and in those particular haunts in Idaho, was virgin [illegible] unspoiled. Today there is a noisy log-[illegible]oad running the full length of both [illegible]iver and the creek, denuding the land of the charms that made its appeal to the lover of the wilds, and incidentally, ruining the fishing. For with the railroad, came the foreign element who dynamited both beautiful waters, destroying for all time the best fishing ground I have ever had the good fortune to visit.

This was twenty-one years ago. We had exploded the rainy day bogey for it rained the whole six days we spent in that wonderful spot.

Sportsmen and sportswomen everywhere rely on Unguentine

Over bright waters · · quickly cruel Sunburn comes

CANOEISTS, fishermen—all you who know the glimmer of lake, sea, or stream: have you your Unguentine close at hand today?

Anywhere outdoors, on guard! Sunburn can mean real misery. Cherish splendid hours, apply Unguentine at the first redness. Now, no blistered necks and arms to hurt, no sickening sunburn poisons. Instantly the smart is soothed, the tissues are protected, heal quickly.

Whatever your sport, here is real first aid for you. For cuts, bruises, insect bites, too. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

FREE—*a trial tube*

The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. DS-7, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me a free trial tube of Unguentine and "What to Do" by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Address.....

Campers! FREE

SLEEP comfortably outdoors under any condition. New 32 page handbook "How to Sleep Comfortably Out of Doors", by Ed Cave, camping authority, explains, illustrates construction of every known outdoor bed—bough, auto, camp beds. A score of ideas that will double the pleasure of your next trip.

Hodgman Rubber Company
57 Tripp Street Framingham, Massachusetts

MAIL THIS COUPON — *Now!*

HODGMAN — 57 Tripp St., Framingham, Mass.
Send me Free Handbook.

Name _____

Address _____

My dealer is _____

SALMON CAMP FOR SALE

Salmon camp in New Brunswick, five miles of river and stands for eight rods. Nine hundred acres, twenty-five of which are cleared. All freehold, so there are no Provincial fishing rentals payable. Comfortable accommodation, with fine water supply. Excellent trout fishing nearby, and the best deer shooting in the Maritimes. Fourteen miles over good roads from station. A splendid opportunity for a small exclusive club.

The Sportsmen's Bureau
512 Keefer Building
Montreal, Que.

CAMPING IS HEALTHFUL with this DUR-A-BILT UMBRELLA TENT $13.95 DELIVERED FULLY EQUIPPED

Made of durable weatherproof Khaki Tent Fabric; complete with awning, screened window and door, sod cloth, metal frame, stakes, jointed poles and carrying bag. 7x7 ft. only $13.95, delivered. Same tent 9½x9½ ft. and other models at lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY—Just name and address. Pay only price of Tent on delivery. We prepay Express.
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
Factory Prices save you Money.

LE ROY TENT COMPANY
3611 Gravois Av. St. Louis, Mo.

TROPHIES

Your Den or Summer Cottage

Is not complete without a touch of the outdoors. Your favorite game head above the fireplace, a mounted bird or two, a few fur rugs on the walls or floor make an admirable surrounding for your pipe dreams. Let us help you make this a reality. *Send for free catalogue and price list.*

JONAS BROS., Master Taxidermists, 1026 Broadway, DENVER, COLO.

"Snake Doctors"

By Wm. Kemsley

THOSE harmless, decorative dragonflies, with wings so delicate they are transparent, are capable of propelling their long needle-like bodies through the air with a speed making them invisible to the human eye. They can be seen erratically darting over almost any river, lake or swamp, pausing for a moment over a flower, reed or stick as if to investigate or to satisfy an ever-present curiosity.

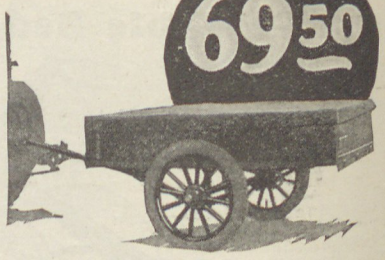
They are known here in the North as "Devil's darning needles," and to the majority of Southerners as "snake doctors." They derive this name from their supposed ability to doctor sick cotton-head snakes.

The believed origin of this legend is the sunny Southland of about one hundred years ago. A colored slave, newly arrived from Africa, was strolling along the bank of a Southern river, enjoying the lazy summer sunshine, when he spied a "snake doctor" darting to and fro over the muddy water. He stood watching it for some time, admiring its colorful markings. A cotton-head or water moccasin was sunning himself, with mouth stretched to its fullest, on top of the water. The dragon-fly paused for a moment about an inch from the snake's mouth, perhaps to lay some eggs. The Negro righteously thinking the snake was sick, for to judge from their appearance one would think they were continuously feeling ill, at once was convinced that he had witnessed an act of Black Magic. He spread the story and he and the other slaves soon termed the "Voodoo bug" a "snake doctor."

The legend, like the slave, passed from the lives of most Southern families, but the name "snake doctor" still persists.

Ed Lund, *whose painting decorates the cover of Outdoor America this month, is an enthusiastic fisherman and outdoor lover.*

A Real Outfit! 69.50



The DEAN SERVICE TRAILER

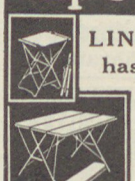
Never before has such value been offered in a touring trailer, as is ready for you in this latest "Auto-Kamp" product. Here is the trailer that fills the needs of thousands who want a well built, easy trailing outfit that will stand up, and yet do not care to pay the price for other "Auto-Kamp" touring and camping models.

for touring— camping— fishing— hunting—

Write for information concerning the Dean Service Trailer, or the Dean Steel Chassis at $39.50; or the fully equipped touring homes up to $390. Shipment in time for summer use assured. But don't delay!

AUTO-KAMP TRAILER CO.
7626 Sheridan Ave. Saginaw, Mich.

Make Your Camping Trip COMFORTABLE!



LINCOLN Folding Furniture has Many Improved Features

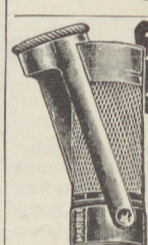
Make your camping or touring enjoyable with LINCOLN Folding Furniture! Folds compactly in 30 seconds to ride securely on your running-board. Light and durable. Full sized bed, chairs, table and stools made of all-steel frames and heavy canvas assure utmost comfort. Handiest and most serviceable you can buy. Popular everywhere.

Inspect LINCOLN equipment and LINCOLN Auto Kitchenettes at your dealer's—or write for new, free, beautifully illustrated catalog!

McGrew Machine Co.
1101 No. 22nd Lincoln, Nebr.

LINCOLN "The Tourist's Favorite" Folding Furniture

MATCHES ALWAYS DRY



Just what every sportsman, camper and tourist needs—absolutely water-tight Match Box. Holds enough matches for several days.

MARBLES Water-Proof Match Box is size of 10 gauge shell—easily carried in pocket—made of seamless brass, with water-proof swinging top, and wide rough band for striking. Get one today and be sure of dry matches always. 60c at your dealer's or sent by mail postpaid. Ask for our complete Free Catalog.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
5731 Delta Avenue Gladstone, Mich., U.S.A.
(A4)

SPINNING AUTO LIGHT

JUST PATENTED

WINDMILL RAINBOW FLASHER
Red, white and blue. Red and green for cowl. Spins with wind. Everybody wants one. Nothing like it—most beautiful light used on auto, motorcycle, airplane or canoe, radiator, mudguards, side or top—rust proof, self-lubricating—easily attached any auto. Great mail-order article. Trade discounts. Be first. Pay mailman $1.50 plus postage for sample. Money back guarantee.

GO LIGHT CO., 076 Milford Ave., Newark, N. J.

Modern Sanitation for Your Summer Home

By J. P. Eddie

THE general tendency today is for people to get away from the congested areas, particularly during the summer, to get their families out to the lakes, mountains and woods where the air is fresher and the kiddies have room to romp and play.

In doing this many things must be taken into consideration. In the cities we have modern sewer systems, for instance, all watched and kept at their best because congested areas must be protected, or soon we have an epidemic of some kind.

But what about our country place? A dozen or so years ago our lakes had one cottage or so. No one but the wealthy could afford to spend his summer at a lake, but today, with a big percentage of the American people desiring lake cottages, in many instances summer colonies are becoming as congested as city residence districts. So that the problem of water supply and sewerage disposal is becoming a real problem, and one that should be given the serious consideration of every cottage owner and outdoor lover.

The vault type chemical toilet for lakes is probably the most popular because it is more economic from the standpoint of first cost and operation and upkeep.

The principle of a vault type chemical toilet is to use an all steel tank of varying capacity, depending on the number of people utilizing it. Which is fitted with a drain valve and efficient agitating device below the floor of the building, usually in the basement. To this is connected a bowl with proper ventilating pipe and ventilator.

The tank is charged with the proper charge of dry chemical. The dry chemical will disintegrate and liquefy the sewerage and kill all bacteria, making it possible to safely and easily drain the contents of the tank into a cesspool for seepage into the soil.

This class of equipment is not an experiment, but has been used for years. It has the approval of practically all Boards of Health, and in some states in certain localities such outfits are compulsory. These outfits can be purchased for thirty-five or forty dollars.

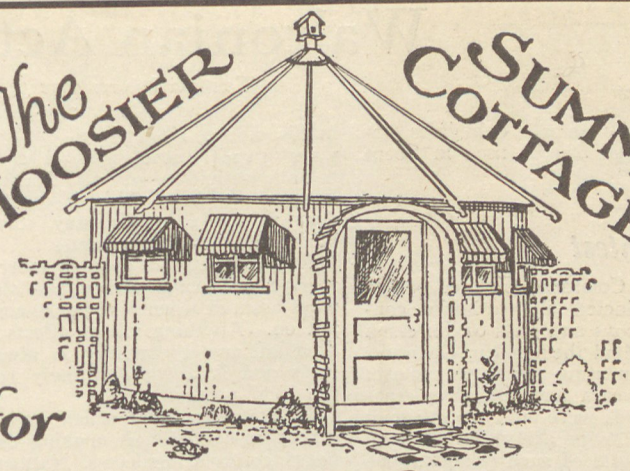
The other method of solving this problem is to use some of the present types of water pumps with regular inside plumbing and a modern design septic tank for sewerage disposal. Where electricity is available to run the pump, this is easily installed, although more expensive than the chemical type. It makes, however, an ideal proposition and regular plumbing can be used by using a proper septic tank. The cottage can be as modern and as sanitary as the city home.

The safe method to pursue is to buy from a reputable manufacturer who has studied these problems, and has to maintain his reputation by manufacturing good merchandise.

Steel septic tanks can be purchased at prices from thirty-two dollars up, depending on the number of people to be served and are easily installed.

Modern health authorities and progressive builders and home owners unite in condemning the outside closet in districts without sewer systems, as a throwback to mediæval conceptions in sanitation and appliance. With modern facilities in individual disposal systems the outdoor surroundings can be kept sightly and sanitary at an exceedingly low cost.

The HOOSIER SUMMER COTTAGE for



COMFORT and CONVENIENCE

The new HOOSIER is the ideal cottage for summer vacationists. It is made in two sizes (16 and 18 feet) and has windows in every direction which insures coolness and perfect ventilation. This wonderful little cottage is vermin, reptile and insect proof and is built of selected materials. Can be erected or torn down by an inexperienced worker in a few hours. It is good looking and durable. Write for detailed information and attractive prices.

HOOSIER B. T. & S. COMPANY
ALBANY INDIANA

A Basford

Heat where there is no Fuel
The Quickest Stove Made

Burner and manifold are all in one piece, it only takes an instant to set up a Basford anywhere, ready to use. Rigid assembly assures unvarying perfect alignment.

Made in three sizes, with or without stand and gas-saver oven. Gasoline fuel. Very strong and compact, easily folded, easy to clean, light to carry.

Cook Book FREE

Convenient vest pocket size with tough leather imitation cover. Over fifty practical camp recipes, besides campers' comfort hints. Just fill in the coupon.

Hugo Manufacturing Co.
Duluth, Minn.

H. R. Basford, San Francisco, Cal., West. Rep.
Sold by
WESTERN AUTO SUPPLY CO.
More than 150 stores in the West

HUGO MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
DULUTH, MINN.

Please send me without obligation on my part a copy of "The Outdoor Cook." My dealer does, does not (cross out one) handle Basford Camp Stoves.

Dealer's Name .....
My Name .....
Address .....
City .....*State* .....

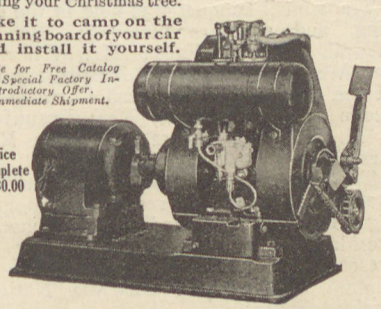
Electric Ten-Lite Plant

Will Run 10 Electric Lights 12 Hours on One Gallon of Gasoline

For Summer Camps and Cottages, for Schools, Farms and small town stores where Electric Current is not available. Portable and simple, a woman or a child can put it in operation. Wiring is as simple as wiring your Christmas tree.

Take it to camp on the running board of your car and install it yourself.

Write for Free Catalog and Special Factory Introductory Offer. Immediate Shipment.



Price Complete $130.00

D. W. ONAN & SON CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

Fishing Waders

WILL help you land the big ones. No sloshing around in clumsy, uncomfortable rubber boots to scare the fish. Keep dry and comfortable. Zephyrweights are light, waterproof, durable. Write — NOW — for full information to

HODGMAN
355 Tripp Street
Framingham, Mass.

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 34)

to the prize winners all exhibitors received a prize that can be used in Scout work.

* * *

Golden Contest

THE Golden, Colorado, Chapter of the League conducted a bird-house contest open to all boys and girls of Jefferson County, Colo. Said the Golden, Colorado, Transcript commenting on the contest: "Not so many years ago the boys especially thought birds were put on earth only to shoot at. Things are different now thanks to the efforts of such organizations as the Izaak Walton League, which today has the largest conservation program in the United States." Eighteen cash prizes in all were awarded to the boys and girls of the Golden schools. The Gold Transcript printed bird-house specifications and enthusiastically co-operated in the undertaking.

* * *

Chisholm Contest

WHEN the Chisholm, Minnesota, Chapter awarded the prizes for its bird-house contests all of the luncheon clubs in the town, the Women's Club and all others interested attended the meeting.

Wm. Killgore of the Minnesota State University gave a talk on bird life accompanied by motion pictures. This bird-house contest aroused interest throughout the Minnesota Iron Range and according to the Chisholm chapter will be repeated next year.

* * *

Waconia Contest

WACONIA, Minnesota, Chapter, admitted to its bird-house contest bird houses built not only by boys of the Waconia schools, but of all those schools in the County. In announcing the contest the chapter said in the Waconia Patriot: "The purpose of the contest is to educate the boys in bird life and create interest in birds. Birds are decreasing in numbers and the local Izaak Walton League chapter hopes through this contest to have the boys protect the harmless birds so that boys will become lovers of birds and the great outdoors."

Bird houses built in the contest conducted by the Wells, Minnesota, Chapter were exhibited in the store windows of the town and created wide interest. Cash prizes were given in each of two classes divided by age.

* * *

The Newspapers Help

ONE of the outstanding features of all of the bird-house contests held by the Izaak Walton League chapters during this spring was the wonderful co-operation given by the local newspapers.

In several cases all announcements, rules and so forth, were given to newspaper columns through the courtesy of the editor.

One newspaper editor, Mr. J. E. Schofield of the Wells, Minnesota, Mirror, became so interested in the contest he publicly announced in his paper that all bird houses could be entered for the contest in his office. Newspapers everywhere always give the best possible co-operation to all activities of all Izaak Walton League chapters. This is especially evident in the case of essay contests and bird-house building contests.

Nothing helps a chapter more than to receive newspaper notice and this is always assured when bird-house contests are put on. Anything which affects the children of any community is always good news and is always willingly carried by the local papers.

To the newspapers which gave such excellent co-operation in making these bird-house contests a success, National Headquarters of the Izaak Walton League expresses heartfelt thanks.

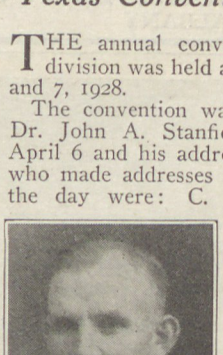
* * *

State Division Notes

Texas Convention

THE annual convention of the Texas division was held at Kerrville on April 6 and 7, 1928.

The convention was called to order by Dr. John A. Stanfield, Fort Worth, on April 6 and his address followed. Others who made addresses during the course of the day were: C. A. Wheatley, president of the San Antonio chapter, Major R. A. P. Holderby, representative of national headquarters, Ed Ratcliff, president of the Fort Worth chapter.



C. A. Wheatley, Pres. Texas Div.

Following the reports of committees the election of officers was held and resulted in the election of the following:

President, Mr. C. A. Wheatley, San Antonio.

1st Vice President, Ben G. O'Neal, Wichita Falls.

2nd Vice President, Harry McKay, Tyler.

3rd Vice President, W. L. Moody, Jr., Galveston.

4th Vice President, James C. Wilson, Fort Worth.

Regional directors elected were: L. O. Landon, Wichita Falls; Judge Perkins, Mineral Wells; Hobart Kee, Marshall; J. M. Williamson, Cisco; Albert Tatum, Kent; R. B. Lawrence, Houston; J. A. Ogden, New Braunfels.

The annual banquet was held in the evening, and speakers included: Ben G. O'Neal, Wichita Falls; Mr. Wheatley, and William J. Tucker, Austin, member of the State Game and Fish Commission; Judge Herbert Hennie, New Braunfels; J. H. Langben, Galveston; Julius Real, Kerrville.

The report of the resolutions committee the next day included resolutions suggesting Col. Charles A. Lindbergh as honorary president of the League, upholding the present bag limits on turkey and deer, endorsing the proposed Ouachita National Park, Arkansas.

The division went on record as opposing the Backus plan of private use of Superior Forest waters.

Delegates to the National Convention were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wheatley, Ben G. O'Neal, Gus Schreiner, Dr. John A. Stanfield and Thomas E. Hogg.

Galveston was selected as the next convention city.

South Dakota Division
Annual Convention
Milbank, June 12 and 13.

New York Division
Annual Convention
Jamestown, Sept. 20, 21 and 22.

Wyoming Division
Annual Convention
Casper, September 14 and 15.

Pennsylvania Division
Annual Convention
Harrisburg, October 8 and 9.

State convention dates and places will always be listed here for three times previous to the convention. Send in your dope on your next convention for listing. —*Editor*

It Was Bloomington!

It isn't Wilmington, Ill., that is turning 160 acres into a game refuge and outdoor playground. It's the Bloomington, Ill., chapter. It was called Wilmington in the last issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. That was the fault of the editor of this department, who was dumber than usual.

Bloomington is one of the liveliest chapters in Illinois. The members have installed traps on their new playground, and are stocking a stream with fish.

It's tough for Bloomington to do so much and then be called by another name.

Will this apology make it all right?

Trempealeau Chapter in Big Blow-Out

TREMPEALEAU, Wisconsin, Chapter on June 10th played host to Waltonians from nearby points in Minnesota and Wisconsin in one of the largest basket picnics ever put on by any chapter.

Those who took part were the La Crosse Chapter and the chapters at Winona and Wabasha, Minnesota; Onalaska and Sparta, Wisconsin. The Galesville Conservation Club, the Trempealeau County Rod and Gun Club also took part. President Aberg, Madison, head of the Wisconsin Division, was asked to speak.

The general public was invited, and turned out in splendid numbers.

Bait casting, trap shooting and other outdoor sports were provided for all.

The feature of the picnic was staged by

(Continued on page 63)

Bottom Boards

By J. Lippincott Foster

MOST small boats and canoes have bottom boards made of strips, 2 or 3 inches in width, nailed to the ribs and spaced apart from ½ to 1 inch. Any small object dropped, as is finally all débris brought aboard, immediately disappears between the slats, and its retrieving is usually a long, and always an annoying job. A boat with such a floor is never really clean, and is neither good looking nor comfortable; nor as durable, as the dirt that gets below is apt to rot the frames where the slats are fastened.

If, as usually, some water is along the keel, the sight of this sloshing about below removes all sense of coziness. This is about as cheerless as—in a house—would be the sight of the cellar coal-bin seen through slats in the dining-room floor, and also: if the outside water becomes choppy, the unclean inside wet may be washed over the tops of the slats, maybe splattering some paper-thin soled dainty shoe, or mayhap even splash high enough to mar the perfection of a sheeny stocking, so that, on landing, the fair wearer may say: "Thanks for the boat-ride," and your glance at her erstwhile sweet, but now dour face will tell you how darn thankful she is.

A proper bottom board for small boats is one that has floor-beams across, which are fastened to the frames, and the closely built floor merely rests on the beams; to scrub ship, it can be lifted out in one piece, or in sections, depending on the way the boat is arranged. A floor like this, especially if varnished, is a cozy place to loll around on cushions, and the passengers can be shifted forward or aft to trim the boat to its best lines. This last advantage is a particularly good point in a boat with an outboard motor, but if anyone has ever seen a closely laid level floor in a factory-built boat intended especially for an outboard motor, he has been more fortunate than I.

In some shallow lap-stroke boats as the Delaware River ducker and gunnying-skiff, the bottom board is in one piece; it is curved to fit the bottom of the boat, with a slot in the forward end to allow it to embrace the narrow center-board case; as there are no thwarts, it can be lifted out to scrub the boat. Rowing is done from a canvas-topped square box-seat which can be shifted to suit the length of reach of the oarsman. This kind of bottom board also comes in mighty useful for a sail at times when the wind is aft; often have I slid along, faster than rowing, with a stiff following breeze, under a bottom-board sail.

From years of experience with small boats, my advice to owners of small boats is never to allow slatted nailed-down floors in your boats.

The plan shows the way my own small boats have been arranged. The floor in one section or in two or three sections if the boat has fixed thwarts across, clinch-nailed to cleats, or light beams between the floor-beams when the floor is in place.

The floor-beams are fitted on top of the frames and fastened to them. The lower sheathing pieces are 6 or 8 inches wide; the lower edges are cut in a curve to fit the outer edges of the floor. They are left the full width at the forward and after ends but the curve reduces the width to 1 inch amidships, the same as the rest of the sheathing, which is sprung on and fitted closely; it is built up to the height of the lower edge of the string-piece, which supports the thwarts.

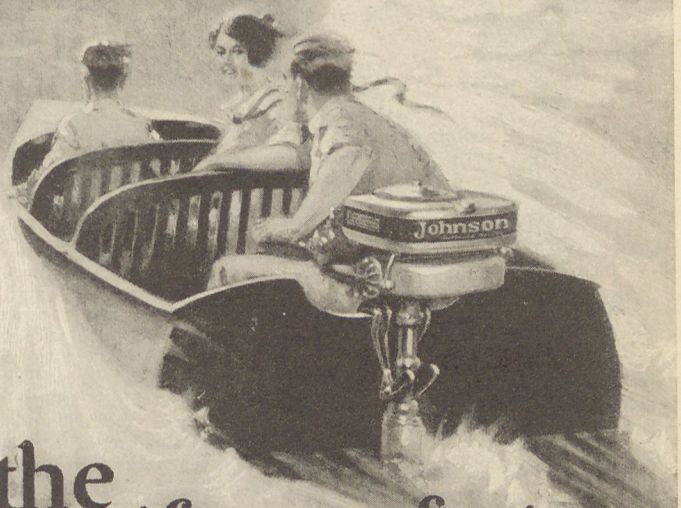
This way of arranging the inside of a boat works just as well in a shallow boat, and even in a flat-bottomed skiff as it does in a boat of considerable deadrise.

To one who has been accustomed to sloppy floors or dirty slatted ones, the comfort of a close flat floor with sheathed sides is a revelation. Even rugs may be spread and cushions piled.

For bailing a boat with a level floor, a hatch opening is made in the center of the bottom board about halfway from bow to stern or at the point lowest where the water collects; the opening is about 15 inches long across boat, by perhaps 8 inches wide. It has a snug-fitting hatch cover, made of the same width planks as the floor, and should match them at joints so that the hatch will be unnoticeable. It is well to have a flush locker-ring in the top for easy lifting and avoiding marring by prying up an edge. This cover is convenient also, when sponging the floor, all litter can be collected on it and thrown overboard.

JOHNSON HAS GIVEN WINGS TO WATER TRAVEL

Water motoring



with the *swiftness* of wings

JOHNSON MOTORS have made playgrounds of the world's waterways. Mile after mile of open water beckons you to speed along. Johnson Motors set the pace!

These mighty motors have given wings to water travel. They have provided untiring power for boats, that the cottager may utilize water trails as never before. For the angler they have converted wasted hours of rowing into golden hours of fishing. Yachtsmen ply back and forth in tenders powered by these motors—no longer dependent upon the drudgery of oars.

The 1928 Johnson models achieve new heights in outboard performance. They develop 35% more power than before and deliver maximum horsepower in each of the three popular racing classes. They are built with Lynite pistons. They hold a surprise for you in point of easy starting, quick get-away, and quiet, smooth performance. *Full Pivot Steering*, unobtainable in any other outboard motor, provides the widest range of maneuverability.

There can be no question about the dominating superiority of Johnson motors *when over half of all the outboards that are sold are Johnsons.* Write for the interesting booklet, "What You Should Have in an Outboard Motor."

Sold on free trial and time payment plan

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
1263 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.
Export Division: 75 West Street, New York City

IN CANADA
Canadian Johnson Motor Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario
Distributors: Peterborough Canoe Co., Peterborough, Ontario
Hoffars, Ltd., Vancouver, B.C.

The FIVE FAMOUS Johnsons

Light Single
World's lightest weight outboard—26 lbs. *Price*..... $115

Light Twin
World's lightest weight twin cylinder outboard—37 lbs. *Price*..... $140

Standard Twin
Class B motor developing 11 h. p. maximum. Weight 61 lbs. *Price*..... $165

Big Twin
Class C motor developing 16½ h. p. maximum. Weight 85 lbs. *Price*..... $210

Giant Twin
Entirely new model for 1928. Weight 110 lbs. 25 h. p. World's highest powered fastest outboard. *Price* $275

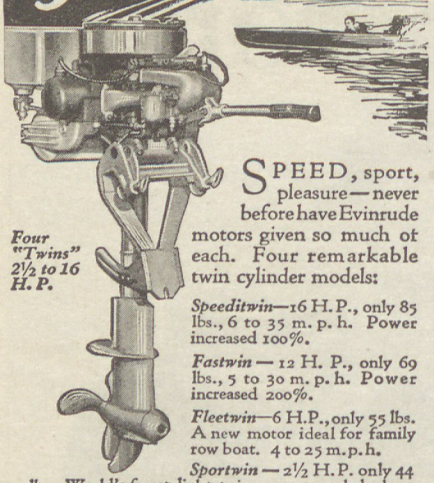
RACING MODELS
in Standard, Big and Giant Twin sizes at slightly higher prices.

All prices f.o.b. Waukegan, Illinois

Johnson
Outboard Motors

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD MOTORS

3 to 35 M.P.H.



SPEED, sport, pleasure—never before have Evinrude motors given so much ot each. Four remarkable twin cylinder models:

Four "Twins" 2½ to 16 H. P.

Speeditwin—16 H.P., only 85 lbs., 6 to 35 m. p. h. Power increased 100%.

Fastwin—12 H. P., only 69 lbs., 5 to 30 m. p. h. Power increased 200%.

Fleetwin—6 H.P., only 55 lbs. A new motor ideal for family row boat. 4 to 25 m.p.h.

Sportwin—2½ H.P. only 44 lbs. World's finest light twin, recommended where younger children use motor. 3 to 13 m. p. h.

Evinrude Boat Speed Guide tells you exactly which motor to buy to give you the speed you want on the boat you own. Insurance policy against fire and theft from $1.10 to $2.10 depending on your model.

Time payments—as small down payment as $31.10 puts an Evinrude on your boat.

Write for 1928 Evinrude Year Book

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.
917 27th Street Milwaukee, Wis.

EVINRUDE

Enjoy Outdoor Life

Take ZEMO with you. Reliable antiseptic. Healing lotion for bruises, cuts, bites, stings, scalds, itching skin, eczema, prickly heat, rashes and poison ivy. ZEMO kills germs, prevents infection, keeps your skin clean, clear, healthy. *Fine for mosquito bites!* Ask your druggist for a 35c trial size or the extra large $1 bottle.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS

BETTER BOATS at Lower Prices

The BEST that Skill and Experience can Produce

TWO BIG FACTORIES

Our complete line of 22 models offers you a variety to choose from. Prompt shipment from factory to you.

Catalog Free—Save Money—Order by Mail

Please state kind of boat in which you are interested.

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO. (20)
205 Ann St., PESHTIGO WISCONSIN (*Write to either place*) 105 Elm St., CORTLAND NEW YORK

What's What and How—in Conservation

By Seth E. Gordon

Public Fishing Waters

1. Some of the best fishing waters in my section are closed to the public. Part of them are available by paying the owner a fee of $1.00 per day; the balance are in the hands of large private clubs. Most of these closed waters have been stocked with public fish. What can we do to overcome this ever increasing menace to fishing for the man of average means? S. W. B., Vermont.

MY dear disciple of Izaak Walton, you have struck right at the root of the worst menace to free public fishing in America. And there are so many arguments both for and against what I am going to say in reply that I know I will get a whole flock of letters from fishermen on both sides of the fence. But we might just as well face the music.

In the first place, as the population increases the demand for outdoor recreational facilities becomes greater and greater, and as our wealth increases more and more of our people will be willing and able to pay handsome prices for private club property. In other words, we are drifting toward European conditions very rapidly and if we don't watch out it will be but a short time until none but the men of means will enjoy hunting and fishing. The rest of us will be on the outside of the fence looking in.

If we Americans permit this to take place we have only ourselves to blame. There are several ways to stay the evil day. One is to do everything possible to encourage the state and the federal government to buy more public lands in states where they are needed. Another is to urge the states to do what Connecticut is doing, buy or lease the fishing rights along privately owned streams and lakes, give those waters special stocking attention, and throw them open to the public. Still another plan is for Walton League Chapters to buy or lease the fishing rights on streams and lakes and throw them open to the public.

Where power dams are being built, states should do what Pennsylvania has been doing; namely, they should stipulate in the permit authorizing the erection of the dams that all waters impounded must at all times be left open to public fishing during the season. What we really need is more public-owned lands with streams and lakes in all thickly populated sections.

Many private fishing clubs are doing good work by protecting breeding streams or by restocking from their own funds far more fish than they catch, thereby improving public fishing above and below their property. Many farmers who object to fishing do so only to protect their crops and other property. If the farmers in your section are closing their waters to fishing you can follow the advice given to L. W. S., Ohio, below.

Where a water company supplying a municipality must constantly employ extra guards to protect its reservoirs against befouling the waters, and expends funds to improve fishing, such company is justified in charging a nominal fee.

No state should use fish raised with public funds, especially not with funds contributed by the fishermen through licenses, to stock private fishing waters until all waters open to the public have been liberally stocked. Private pull and politics have no place in the distribution of fish for stocking purposes.

Raising Ringneck Pheasants

2. From what you say our country is very suitable for ringneck pheasants. We tried to get some birds but found that all of them were in breeding pens, and that the prices were almost prohibitive. What chances will we have with eggs and how late can we set them? What special care must they have? G. R. E., Wisconsin.

GLAD you are thinking of trying the ringnecks. If conditions are favorable am sure you will be fully repaid for your efforts. Birds for stocking purposes are rarely available after January first. Most of them are sold during August, September, October and November. Many states now rear large numbers of birds for stocking purposes; others buy from five to fifteen thousand annually.

Ringneck eggs set during May and June are the best. Eggs set in July and even early August will produce young birds if properly handled but birds hatched before July 15th have the best chances. They will cost you from $20.00 to $30.00 per hundred delivered. Plenty of them are available at $25.00 per hundred. Full instructions for handling usually come with each shipment.

Be sure your hen is broody before being placed on your pheasant eggs. A small hen is far preferable to one of the large varieties. From thirteen to fifteen eggs will be enough for the average hen to handle properly. Some breeders give medium sized hens as many as seventeen or eighteen, but that is too many. Build the nest on the ground, but raise the general level about two or three inches above the surrounding surface. Guard carefully against rats and other vermin.

Dust the hen thoroughly with good louse powder about two or three times during incubation. The eggs hatch in about twenty-three days, depending upon the hen and weather conditions.

If you don't receive full instructions for rearing the youngsters advise me and I will see that you get complete directions.

Treating Farmers Right

3. The farmers and other landowners in my country look upon hunters, fishermen, campers and picnickers as loafers who deserve less consideration than a roadside bum. They think we Waltonians are about in the same class. How can we make them understand that we are their friends, and that we are working to protect them against the vandals who are making it difficult for us? L. W. S., Ohio.

THIS is an old problem with many avenues of approach wide open. In the first place the average farmer is about as fair-minded as any man you will find anywhere, and so long as he is getting a fifty-fifty break he will be very reasonable.

The first thing a farmer wants is recognition of the fact that his land belongs to him, and that before ramming over it and trampling down crops, breaking down fences, and raising Cain generally, he or some member of his family should be respectfully approached and proper permission obtained, even though he does not have his property posted.

It is true that the average rural resident lives so close to nature constantly that he doesn't appreciate the irresistible urge that is constantly pulling urban residents to the country. Only those of us who have lived both places can appreciate the two sides.

There are many ways to come to a better understanding. Summertime is picnic time. Hold one and invite all the farmers and their families to join you. Then have some one explain to the assembled group what the Chapter is doing to make things better for the farmer and give one or more representatives of the farmers a chance to tell you their side of the story.

Another plan is to have a special committee of live Waltonians visit every Grange in the surrounding country and address one of their meetings. Have them understand that the Walton League wants to do everything possible to stop vandalism on their property, and that their interests are your interests.

Have the chapter offer a reward of about $25.00 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anybody destroying private property while fishing or camping. Get up a good card-board or muslin-filled poster urging respect for the property of the farmers and other rural residents, and announcing the reward offered by your chapter.

The New York Division of the Walton League has not only passed special resolutions concerning this subject, but President Edwards has made a personal plea to every chapter in that state to protect the interests of the farmer. The response from the chapters has been excellent, and the farmers of that state have learned that the Walton League button is a badge of honor, the bearer of which can be trusted to play fair.

If you follow out any of the advice herein given, and I hope you will, be sure to give your local newspapers complete information. Don't hesitate to offer the reward suggested. You won't have many rewards to pay, but the fact that you are willing to do so will deter dozens of vandals. Help stop them and the farmers will be your friends.

Rearing Bob-White Quail

4. What about raising Bob-White quail in captivity? I understand that a man at the National Convention at Omaha claimed it could be done successfully. I have tried to save a dozen or more abandoned quail nests during harvest time by hatching the eggs under a domestic hen, but nary a chick did I ever raise. My mowing machine always uncovers some nests and the mother birds rarely return to them. Can I save them? G. M., Missouri.

YOU certainly got the right dope that time. We knew there were a lot of chaps like you all over this country who had tried it but had given up in disgust. For that reason we had a special address on the subject at the Convention from the State that has shown the way to raise bob-whites, old Virginia. We had hoped to publish that address in full in the June issue which came off the press May 12th, but there was so much to tell about the Convention we couldn't get it in. However, in this issue on pages 16 and 17 you will find complete instructions for handling quail eggs and rearing the young birds. *Be sure and put this valuable article away for future reference.*

I hope this article will help save thousands of quail nests this summer. Handling the little fellows will be a lot of fun. There is no man in the whole world who gets more real enjoyment out of his work than Superintendent Coleman of the Virginia Game Farm.

Remember that cleanliness of the feeding receptacles is absolutely essential, and that mites and lice are sure death to young quail.

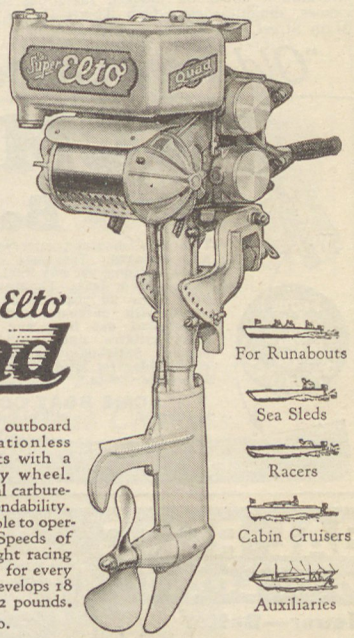
Real Runabout Luxury ~at Low Cost!

EIGHTEEN surging horsepower — eager, dependable, silky smooth. Driving big capable hulls at speeds that only an out-and-out racer can beat. Room for cargoes of passengers in deep-seated, loungy comfort. *Real express runabouts,* endowed with thrills, competence and all-'round motor boat satisfaction—at a cost that makes the check-book chuckle!

Dozens of foremost shops are building such hulls!

And *Quads* are powering them! Thousands who "could never see" an outboard motor before have thus joined the most clamorous of *Quad* enthusiasts. And thousands of veteran outboard users have found the "outfit" they knew would come some day. Swiftly, inevitably, the *Quad* has won its dominant place. The reason is plain. It gives a type of performance not available in any other outboard motor—at a cost far lower than any inboard installation equal in power, smoothness, performance.

The Super Elto catalog fully describes the *Quad*, the fast middleweight *Speedster*, the popular *Service Twin*. Included is a Directory of Boats and Builders. Mail the coupon. ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR COMPANY, Ole Evinrude, *President*, Mason Street, Dept. 42, Milwaukee



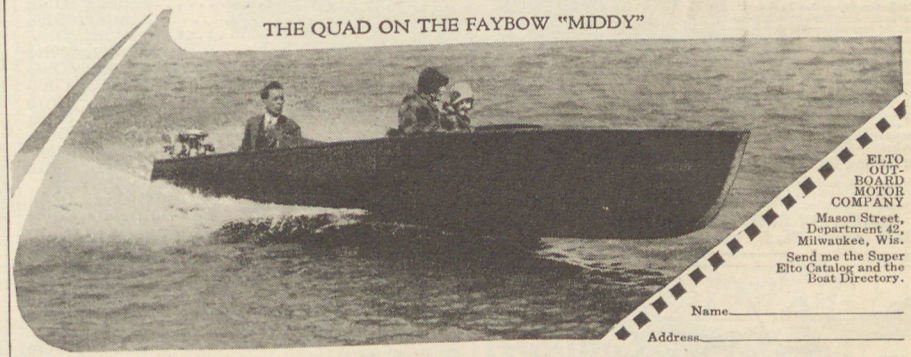
The Super Elto **Quad**

The only 4-cylinder outboard motor. Entirely vibrationless at every speed. Starts with a 2-inch flip of the fly wheel. Dual ignition and dual carburetion give double dependability. Instant reversing, simple to operate and maneuver. Speeds of 35 miles and up on light racing planes. Sturdily built for every heavy duty service. Develops 18 horsepower, weighs 92 pounds.

Price, $275.00.

For Runabouts
Sea Sleds
Racers
Cabin Cruisers
Auxiliaries

THE QUAD ON THE FAYBOW "MIDDY"



ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR COMPANY
Mason Street, Department 42, Milwaukee, Wis.
Send me the Super Elto Catalog and the Boat Directory.
Name_____
Address_____

SAVE $100 TO $200 BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT.

HEATH EASY BUILT BOATS

Thousands of Satisfied Customers

Play safe—get a Heath Waterplane. Sensationally fast Hydroplane—25 to 35 M.P.H., class B.C.D. Outboard motors. Also Heath Cruisette, a beautiful, panelled, upholstered family runabout. Speedy—safe.

WRITE for folder. HEATH BOAT CORP. Dept. E, 2935 Dunn Rd. Detroit, Mich.

SAFTIBOATS

Air driven, shallow draught, hydro-gliders from 15 to 55 foot length. Speedy!—up to 50 m. p. h. Roomy and comfortable. Models for Sport, Pleasure or "Waterbus" service. *Write*

Brownback Motor Laboratories Incorporated
1038 Graybar Building New York City

KIDNEY'S 16-FOOT V-BOTTOM BOAT

Skim along the lakes or rivers this summer with this fine pleasure boat. It's a light-weight, heavy-duty craft, built for fast travel with high speed inboard or outboard motors. Can easily make 22 miles and more an hour. Ruggedly constructed of white cedar and oak. You'll appreciate the inbuilt strength of these handbuilt boats more and more after every year of service. Send 6c in stamps direct to Kidney, for catalog showing complete line of boats and skiffs.

DAN KIDNEY & SONS, Inc. Dept. A West De Pere, Wis.

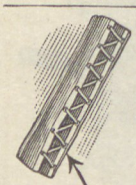
Yours for SPEED!

Chicago
Von Lengerke & Antoine
33 So. Wabash Ave.

New York
Bruno Beckhard,
Flushing, Long Island.

"OLD TOWNS" are famous for their steadiness and durability. Light in weight too. Priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory. Free catalog gives complete information about all models, including square-stern canoes, dinghies, etc. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 837 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"



ACME

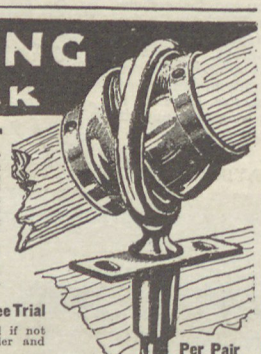
Folding Boats

From this to this in 3 Minutes

Toss onto shoulder. Carry on running board. Transport enormous loads. Strong, yet very light. Won't snag, tear or leak. Thousands have seen 10 to 20 years' hard service. Great with outboard motors. In government use here and abroad. Boat builders since 1890. Many models. Satisfaction or money back. Write today for latest literature and New Low Prices.

ACME BOAT CO.
72 Pike St. Miamisburg, Ohio

BAL-RING
PATENTED
OAR LOCK



Newer—Better

Easiest-working Oar Lock ever devised. Feather or scull, you cannot lose oars—fits any size oars—lasts a lifetime. Rustless in salt water. Noiseless, smooth operating. No wear. Less labor to rower. On in 5 minutes; taken off without injury to oar. An old oarsman says, "I wouldn't trade my 'Bal-Rings' for a ten dollar bill if I couldn't replace them." Standard equipment for largest boat builders.

Order Now On 10 Days Free Trial

Money and postage refunded if not satisfactory. Write for folder and dealer's proposition.

ANDREW SMITH CO.
181 E. Clybourn St., Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.25 Per Pair Postpaid
Brass $3.00

Solid Comfort!

NEW BACK REST FOR BOATS

1—Minnetonka
1—Good Cushion
1—Last Year's Pipe
1—June Day and the Old Tackle

OH BOY!

Substantial—All Steel—Folding

As necessary to the fishing or pleasure boat as oars.

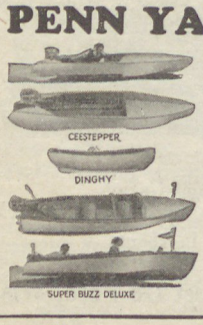
The Minnetonka has three wide, springy cross pieces, close together, which forms wide back. Adjustable to the angle or incline user considers most convenient. It is light in weight and folds compactly.

At good dealers, $1.65 or send direct to

Warner Mfg. Company Minneapolis Minnesota

PENN YAN BOATS

THE WORLD'S FINEST



CEESTEPPER

DINGHY

SUPER BUZZ DELUXE

18 Models
For all requirements

OUTBOARD BOATS
Family Runabouts—Racers

ROW BOATS
Many Types and sizes

DINGHIES
Rowing and sailing

CANOES
Write for free 36 page catalog

Illustrated in colors

PENN YAN BOAT CO., Inc.
13 Water St., Penn Yan, N. Y.

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members, are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members.

(Continued from page 32)

JOHN O. WILSON.....Warrenton, Mo.
CHAS. L. DICKEY.....Columbus, Nebr.
CARL E. VANSTROM.....Edgar, Nebr.
DIEBOLD GEHRKE.....Grafton, Nebr.
OSCAR C. HONNEN....Johnstown, Nebr.
C. E. MILLS.....Long Pine, Nebr.
WM. M. LEIBER.....Miller, Nebr.
P. A. FILTER.....Miller, Nebr.
C. C. FLETCHER.....Miller, Nebr.
L. R. VEJRASKA.....Odell, Nebr.
WM. POPPE.....Omaha, Nebr.
A. A. MISEK.....Valparaiso, Nebr.
J. E. BAGGSTROM.....Wausa, Nebr.
SOPHUS K. HOLTH.....Adams, N. D.
JIM DAWSON.....Dover, N. H.
GERALD H. HIGHT.....Weake, N. H.
A. W. SPAULDING.....Weake, N. H.
ELISHA P. WHITE.....Freehold, N. J.
GEO. J. SCHLEHR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
ROSARIO BRUNETTE.....Johnstown, N. Y.
JESSE R. FOLLETT.....Johnstown, N. Y.
GLENN A. MOREHOUSE...Johnstown, N. Y.
LOUIS H. POLLAK.....Johnstown, N. Y.
JOHN G. SOULES (24)....Johnstown, N. Y.
CHAS. H. YOUNG.....Johnstown, N. Y.
CHAS. IRWIN TRENHAM.....Rome, N. Y.
HARRY FARQUHARSON....Salamanca, N. Y.
C. HALFORD.....Salamanca, N. Y.
RAY McMILLIAN.....Salamanca, N. Y.
PATRICK CROGHAN.....Utica, N. Y.
MICHAEL DeVEANS.....Utica, N. Y.
WARD B. EDWARDS.....Utica, N. Y.
VERNON EVANS.....Utica, N. Y.
REV. ARNOLD F. KELLER..Utica, N. Y.
W. T. LANGDON.....Utica, N. Y.
B. G. LAWRENCE.....Utica, N. Y.
WALTER MARKLE.....Utica, N. Y.
L. W. PORTER.....Utica, N. Y.
CHARLES SEITZ.....Utica, N. Y.
H. A. SMITH.....Utica, N. Y.
PAUL WALLING.....Utica, N. Y.
DR. HARRY S. DAVIDSON.....Akron, Ohio
WM. LINK.....Akron, Ohio
J. PFLEUGER.....Akron, Ohio
OLIVER WISE.....Akron, Ohio
EBEN S. DAVIS.....Alliance, Ohio
J. GERBER.....Alliance, Ohio
W. E. KONKOSKIE.....Athens, Ohio
C. H. GOOD.....Canton, Ohio
J. J. FISCHER.....Coshocton, Ohio
EDGAR COCHRAN.....Doylestown, Ohio
J. G. MONFORT.....Green Springs, Ohio
D. L. ESPENSCHIED.....Hartville, Ohio
STANLEY BALLINGER, Miamisburg, Ohio
B. R. GERHART.....Miamisburg, Ohio
OLLIE F. KOEPPLE.....Miamisburg, Ohio
R. C. MANNING.....Miamisburg, Ohio
STANLEY WHEELER..Miamisburg, Ohio
HOMER HOSTETTER.....New Philadelphia, Ohio
HARRY D. ROGERS..North Baltimore, Ohio
J. A. FORBES.....Portage Lakes, Ohio
H. D. McCORMACK.....Tiffin, Ohio
C. F. BLAKEMAN.....Tiffin, Ohio
R. L. TROUPE.....Tiffin, Ohio
ROBT. S. HAINES.....Tiffin, Ohio
C. U. LAUTERMILICH.....Tiffin, Ohio
EDW. W. BRAGG.....Tiffin, Ohio
PAUL D. WEBER.....Van Wert, Ohio
O. P. SLACK.....Atoka, Okla.
A. R. TELLE.....Atoka, Okla.
J. T. MOORE.....Harrah, Okla.
CLAUDE BEESON.....Rush Springs, Okla.
L. B. STARK.....Stillwater, Okla.
H. A. GRITTON.....Enterprise, Ore.
J. R. WAGNER.....Enterprise, Ore.
F. A. COLE.....Altoona, Pa.
DR. WALTER M. ATKINSON..Brockway, Pa.
L. H. ALEXANDER.....Belleville, Pa.
K. B. BIGELOW.....Belleville, Pa.
S. L. BURKE.....Belleville, Pa.
M. T. DAHLEN.....Belleville, Pa.
C. H. MIDDLESWORTH.....Belleville, Pa.
CHAS. T. MITCHELL.....Belleville, Pa.
F. W. STEFFEY.....Belleville, Pa.
J. E. STUTER.....Belleville, Pa.
W. M. SWEIGART.....Belleville, Pa.
W. B. WELLS.....Belleville, Pa.
C. R. ZOOK.....Belleville, Pa.
CHAS. SOFSKY.....Bentleyville, Pa.
R. J. HONSAKER.....Carmichaels, Pa.
W. T. REX.....Crucible, Pa.
CLAUDE DRAKE.....DuBois, Pa.
J. I. WILLIAMS.....DuBois, Pa.
P. E. ANGLE.....Duquesne, Pa.
D. C. BURROUGHS.....Duquesne, Pa.
P. W. CLUGSTON.....Duquesne, Pa.
CARROLL CUNNINGHAM..Duquesne, Pa.
WILLIS F. DONEY.....Duquesne, Pa.
N. E. EXLINE.....Duquesne, Pa.
JAMES W. HEMPHILL.....Duquesne, Pa.
OSCAR JOHNSON.....Duquesne, Pa.
J. H. KNAPP.....Duquesne, Pa.
ANDREW MOFFAT, JR....Duquesne, Pa.
C. H. WOLFORD.....Duquesne, Pa.
A. P. SCHAFFER.....Easton, Pa.
HARVEY S. HOFFMAN.....Hazleton, Pa.
FRANK MILLER.....Hazleton, Pa.
FRED G. WIEGAND.....Hazleton, Pa.
JOHN S. COOK.....Pen Argyl, Pa.
CLARENCE HOWELL.....Pen Argyl, Pa.
DR. WM. H. MOORE.....Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES W. CARSON.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. G. CHADWICK.....Pottsville, Pa.
EMRY CAYLOR.....Ringgold, Pa.
NICHOLAS CHYKO.....Rock Glen, Pa.
MAL JOHNSON.....St. Marys, Pa.
F. L. HOOVER.....Waynesburg, Pa.
JACOB BACKMAN.....Williamsport, Pa.
J. AUG. BECK.....Williamsport, Pa.
D. W. BELL.....Williamsport, Pa.
SETH BENNETT (11).....Williamsport, Pa.
LESLIE BRION.....Williamsport, Pa.
CHAS. F. CARNER (21)....Williamsport, Pa.
OSCAR CASE.....Williamsport, Pa.
SAMUEL CASTNER (15)..Williamsport, Pa.
W. H. CORSON.....Williamsport, Pa.
PAUL DE CUBBER.....Williamsport, Pa.
DR. H. J. DOLANDSON....Williamsport, Pa.
GEO. ERDMAN.....Williamsport, Pa.
A. C. EVERHART (25)....Williamsport, Pa.
R. J. FARIES.....Williamsport, Pa.
HERBERT FLOOK.....Williamsport, Pa.
WM. GIBSON, JR. (25)....Williamsport, Pa.
EARL GREENWOOD (20)..Williamsport, Pa.
FRANK DE HAAS.....Williamsport, Pa.
BRUCE HUNT.....Williamsport, Pa.
RALPH JONES.....Williamsport, Pa.
LEO JONES.....Williamsport, Pa.
H. KAUFMAN.....Williamsport, Pa.
H. A. KOBB.....Williamsport, Pa.
CHAS. E. KRAPE.....Williamsport, Pa.
ED. LEWIS.....Williamsport, Pa.
BOYD LOWRY.....Williamsport, Pa.
W. S. MALLALIEU.....Williamsport, Pa.
JAY McCOY.....Williamsport, Pa.
T. L. MILLER.....Williamsport, Pa.
ALLEN MORRISON.....Williamsport, Pa.
W. H. POFF (13).....Williamsport, Pa.
J. HOWARD RITTER.....Williamsport, Pa.
J. HOWARD RITTER..South Williamsport, Pa.
J. H. SIEGEL (12).....Williamsport, Pa.
CHAS. SIMS.....Williamsport, Pa.
WM. STECK, JR. (34).....Williamsport, Pa.
W. A. THOMAS.....Williamsport, Pa.
IRA WITT (22).....Williamsport, Pa.
WALTER WOLFE.....Williamsport, Pa.
G. N. WILKINSON.....Williamsport, Pa.
C. C. WRIGHT.....Williamsport, Pa.
M. P. STAHL (16).....Williamsport, Pa.
FRED W. TEPEL (14).....Williamsport, Pa.
L. E. DILL.....Arlington, S. Dak.
GEO. H. WOLFE.....Deadwood, S. Dak.
O. R. DAVIS.....Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
W. J. PRATT.....Sioux Falls, S. Dak
GEO. H. WOLFE.....Deadwood, So. Dak.
GUY S. ABBOTT.....Estelline, So. Dak.
M. L. ANDERSON.....Estelline, So. Dak.
H. E. CARNALIAN.....Estelline, So. Dak.
R. S. HALLETT.....Estelline, So. Dak.
L. W. BROWN.....Lead, So. Dak.
W. B. MALKSON.....Lead, So. Dak.
J. R. RICHARDSON.....Lead, So. Dak.
A. M. WOODWARD.....Lead, So. Dak.
VERN A. WILLIAMS..Lemmon, So. Dak.
L. P. PETERSON.....Mitchell, So. Dak.
W. A. GRANT.....Nisland, So. Dak.
E. E. MAYNARD.....Rapid City, So. Dak.
ROY W. COOK.....Spearfish, So. Dak.
P. L. EDHOLM.....Spearfish, So. Dak.
JOS. M. FASSBENDER..Spearfish, So. Dak.
FRED GARLICK.....Sturgis, So. Dak.
HARRY EBBESON.....Viborg, So. Dak.
H. W. BOX.....Yankton, So. Dak.
N. A. JORGENSON.....Yankton, So. Dak.
ED. KEEHR.....Yankton, So. Dak.
H. D. KNUDSEN.....Yankton, So. Dak.
C. G. STEMBACH.....Yankton, So. Dak.
BEN G. ADAMS.....Covington, Tenn.
W. L. PIPER.....Greenville, Tenn.
ENOCH ENSLEY (29).....Memphis, Tenn.
A. J. TAYLOR.....Memphis, Tenn.
E. B. TRICKETT.....Memphis, Tenn.
DAN WOLF.....Memphis, Tex.
DAN PRIEST.....Ft. Worth, Wash.
DR. FRANK LESLIE....Centralia, Wash.
RALPH SCHWINDEL.....La Crosse, Wash.
O. C. MUSSGROVE.....Elma, Wash.
E. R. McKnight.....Port Angeles, Wash.
IRA G. ALLEN.....Pullman, Wash.
J. W. B. ATKINSON.....Pullman, Wash.
EARL FRY.....Seattle, Wash.
VICTOR A. RAPP.....Spokane, Wash.
J. O. WHITE.....Yakima, Wis.
NORMAN POPPLE.....Cornell, Wis.
G. C. WOLFE.....Cornell, Wis.
OSCAR HAFERMAN.....Horicon, Wis.
F. M. BLAKELY.....Janesville, Wis.
T. M. MELOY.....Janesville, Wis.
A. M. ROACH.....Janesville, Wis.
J. A. STEINER.....Janesville, Wis.
WM. J. P. ABERG.....Madison, Wis.
T. E. COLEMAN.....Madison, Wis.
H. M. HOWITT.....Madison, Wis.
F. H. SCHULTZ.....Madison, Wis.
HARDY STEEHOLM.....Oshkosh, Wis.
CLYDE B. TERRELL.....Pardeeville, Wis.
R. COLBURN.....Stanley, Wis.
JOHN ULRICH.....

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 58)

the Trempealeau Chapter which conducted parties to the summit of Trempealeau Mountain, and gave them a bird's-eye view of the splendid project backed by the chapter to restore Trempealeau Bay and the Upper Marsh. This project is considered one of the outstanding undertakings by any Walton League Chapter in the Northwest at the present time.

Radio Column

TUNE in, hear your fellow Waltonians on the air, then write to the stations and tell them how you liked it.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 7:30 P.M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash. Spokane chapter. Fridays at 9 P.M., Pacific Time. 370.2 meters. Courtesy KHQ.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

WASH Grand Rapids, Mich. Grand Rapids chapter. Every Saturday, 7 P.M.

WCCO Minneapolis and St. Paul. Minnesota Division. Every Thursday 10 P.M. Central Standard Time. Courtesy WCCO, "The Gold Medal Station."

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Courtesy WGES.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Arthur F. Ferriss.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

WJJD Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month, 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WOC Davenport, Iowa. Davenport chapter. Schedule undetermined.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Friday 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WSM Nashville, Tenn., schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Wednesday, 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

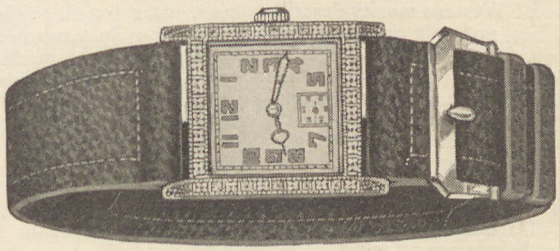
WTAX Streator, Ill., schedule undetermined.

BUY THE PEN
The WATCH Is FREE

YOU don't very often get something for nothing—but, you as a reader of Outdoor America can obtain free of charge this nifty sport strap watch—with the purchase of a Morrison $6.75 Oversize Fountain Pen. This Illinois Watch Case Co. curved back watch with jeweled movement—English straps—1928 model—sent free as a gift—free of charge with every Morrison Pen sold. You realize that any firm is willing to lose a little money for the sake of making new friends. Morrison's are guaranteed for ten years—every pen a masterpiece. Over two million now in use. We will send you this fine pen and watch on trial. Just pay $3.40 on delivery—test for ten days—then if pleased send us $3.40 balance. Yes! The watch goes along scot free. These watches have lifetime guaranteed chromium cases. Enclose this ad or mention Outdoor America when asking for free watch.

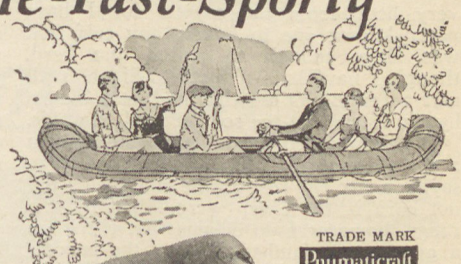
Globe Scientific Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

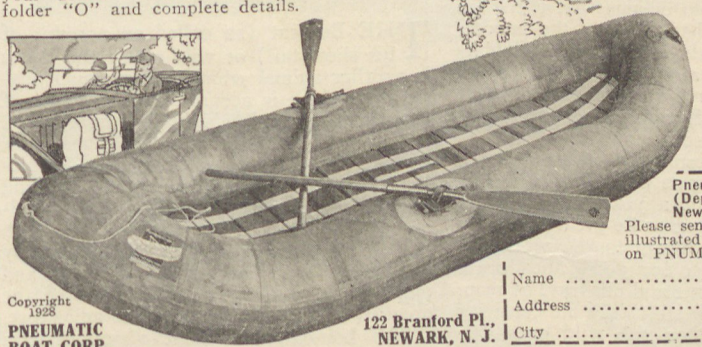
Send 10c for Parcel Post Charges



Pnumaticraft
Can't capsize-Safe-Fast-Sporty

A real 10½ ft. boat that can be inflated in 3 minutes with foot bellows! Packs into a bag small enough to carry by hand, on auto running board, stow in your motor boat or pack in your trunk! Great for auto tourists, campers, hunters, fishermen. Endless sport for children or adults. Can't capsize, carries 6 adults with ease, skims over the water with remarkable speed. Made of best materials, durable and sturdy. Moderately priced. Ask your dealer or mail coupon for descriptive folder "O" and complete details.





TRADE MARK

Pnumaticraft

Pneumatic Boat Corp.
(Dept. O.), 122 Branford Pl.,
Newark, N. J.
Please send me, without obligation, illustrated folder "O" and prices on PNUMATICRAFT.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Copyright 1928
PNEUMATIC BOAT CORP.

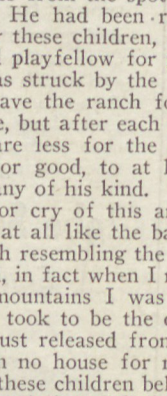
122 Branford Pl., NEWARK, N. J.

$ MONEY-MONEY-MONEY. Summer time can be money making time. Every chapter needs money. Every chapter can make money. An all day picnic properly staged will put money in the treasury. Let National Headquarters tell you HOW. Write for "Complete Picnic Plans."

I. W. L. A., 549 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Gun Rack and Game Fields

Edited by
ALEC MERMOD



Gun Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA

Predatory Animals

The Coyote

THE name of this member of the wolf family is of Indian origin and is pronounced "Ki-o-te" or "Koy-o-te" and is found on our Western prairies and mountain parks from Canada to the gulf and from Western Kansas to the Pacific coast.

In size he is larger than the fox and in conformation and color is very much like his first cousin, the Timber or Grey wolf, and has many of the characteristics of both the fox and the wolf.

Like a great many of the predatory animals and birds, the coyote carries a big burden of sins, but from what I have seen I am inclined to think that he is not quite as bad as we are led to believe.

Many writers of Western stories describe the coyote as being not only an awful pest to the stockmen, but as being dangerous and a menace to human life, but in this these writers have drawn on their imagination, for there is no authentic case where any one has been attacked by this cowardly little beast, that will never fight as long as he can run.

Another erroneous idea is that the coyotes hunt in packs of from 10 to 20, and it is then that human beings are attacked. I am not saying that these animals never travel or hunt in large packs, but I have never found more than three together, and then only at rare intervals, for the coyote is a solitary sort of a chap and seems to prefer to do his hunting alone.

For years the stockmen have waged war on all carnivorous animals, classing them all alike as killers of cattle and sheep, but I am inclined to believe that cattle suffer very little from the coyote, for I have never known one to bother any calf that was large enough to follow the herd, though I have known them to kill a small calf a few hours old that had been hidden by the cow while she sought food or water.

Just how much harm the coyote does in a sheep country, I am not in a position to say, for like the rest of the cow-men I did not care if the sheep were killed off the range, however I do believe that there are a great many lambs killed by the coyotes when other animals are scarce. Rabbits suffer more than any of the other small animals, and unless the rancher's hen roost is protected by high wire fences or a good dog, the chickens too are apt to suffer.

If taken when young the coyote makes a very cute pet, being as playful as a puppy, and till he is about a year old will stay around the house, but as he grows older he will make periodic visits to the wild, and finally will drift off for good, and forget that he was ever tame and unafraid of man. Those that have been raised in captivity are much larger than the wild ones, because of being fed regularly and often.

I ran onto and killed the largest coyote I ever saw, while riding once in the lower edge of South Park. When I started to skin him I was surprised to find that he was wearing a brass collar, and later I found that he had been a pet of some children living in the upper end of the park, about 20 miles from the spot where I had found him. He had been raised from a small pup by these children, and had been their pet and playfellow for nearly a year before he was struck by the "wanderlust." He would leave the ranch for a week or two at a time, but after each of these trips seemed to care less for the children, and finally left for good, to at last meet the fate of so many of his kind.

The bark or cry of this animal is very peculiar, not at all like the bark of a dog, but very much resembling the happy cheering of a child, in fact when I made my first trip to the mountains I was surprised to hear, what I took to be the cries of a lot of children just released from school, and as I had seen no house for miles, I wondered where these children belonged, and it was some time before I believed that this noise was made by a single coyote, yapping, for no apparent reason, just as a dog will bark at the moon.

The coyote is able to outrun almost any dog except a greyhound or staghound, and a favorite pastime in some parts of the West is to chase coyotes with a bunch of greyhounds. While I owned a fine Scotch staghound that could outrun anything but an antelope, and could kill the largest timber wolf, coyote chasing did not appeal to me, for the sport seemed cruel, and I was always hoping that the poor beast would escape, for I could imagine his agony during the time he was running for his life.

It is claimed that the coyote and dog will mate, but I have always been rather skeptical about it, for, while I have seen dogs at different times whose owners claimed were the result of this cross, there was no positive proof that such was the case, even though the dogs in question resembled the coyote in many ways. However I do not wish to go on record by making a positive statement that such a cross was never made.

The Bob-Cat

THE Bob-cat (so called on account of his short tail) or wild cat of the West, is another animal which is very much maligned, and he is accused of many acts of destruction of which he is entirely innocent.

The story writers of early days seemed to take a great deal of delight in describing the wild cat as being very savage, and allowed the readers to infer that this animal would attack a human being on sight, but of late years the authors of the "Penny Dreadfuls" have laid off the wild cat, and one seldom sees any mention made of the creature in any of the stories of adventure.

The bob-cat, like most of our North American animals, would rather run than fight, but when cornered will put up a nasty scrap against either man or dog.

When one thinks about the proverbial 9 lives of the ordinary house cat, a natural conclusion would be that the wild cat would be equally endowed, but the fact is that the tame variety is really harder to kill than his wild namesake.

The largest cat I ever saw was killed with a .22 short cartridge fired from a rifle, another I killed with a rock about the size of my fist, and still another I caught with my rope, breaking his neck before I could stop my horse.

As mentioned before the bob-cat will only fight when cornered, but one day I nearly changed my mind about it, and for a minute thought I was in for a scrap or a foot race, unless I could make a center shot on a running cat.

I was riding home from town when I saw a good sized cat in a small draw about a hundred yards from the road, so I worked my way through the brush to within about 50 yards. While only a fair shot with a revolver, I could generally place the first shot about where I wanted it, so taking plenty of time, and steadying my gun hand against a tree I touched the trigger, and scored a hit. The cat jumped clear of the ground and turned over on his back.

I was positive that I had made a clean kill, and as I shoved the gun back in the holster, wondered if I would skin the cat there or take him home as he was. Much to my surprise the cat came back to life, and with a nasty snarl he started directly for me, and for a moment I thought that he had seen me and was going to even up the score, so I did not know whether to run or take a chance on killing him before he could get to me. When within about 15 yards from me he stopped and commenced to look around, and then I realized that he had neither seen nor smelled me and was simply trying to get away from what had hurt him, so I had no trouble in placing the finishing shot.

When I looked him over I found that the first shot had merely creased his neck.

Like the coyote the bob-cat is fond of chicken and is often guilty of raiding the hen roost, but I have never known of their attacking young calves. Rabbits, chipmunks, with a grouse once in a while form their principal diet, so the wild cat does not do much damage in a cattle country, still we all seem to have that desire to kill, and do not pass up the chance to shoot at any wild animal we happen to see.

Speaking of wild cats reminds me of a very amusing incident which took place in New Mexico while I was in that country with Will McMillan.

One evening just about dusk, Will rushed into my brother's house quite a bit excited, saying that he had seen a wild cat run under the house and wanted to borrow a rifle, which he did and proceeded to kill the cat. When the animal was dragged out, we found that Will had killed my brother's tame cat. The story soon leaked out all over the Pecos Valley, and McMillan good naturedly paid for much pre-Volstead refreshment, and in later years enjoyed telling of how he once borrowed a man's gun to kill that man's tame cat under the man's own house.

If taken when young the bob-cat becomes tame and playful, but after a few months they get rough, and like all members of the cat tribe soon get treacherous.

Some, who claim to be well up in natural

history, tell us that the wild cat is not a cat, but is a lynx. I do not dispute this, for I have not been a student of natural history to any extent, and do not pretend to know the correct names of all the animals: I only know them by their local names, so there are times when I am criticized by those well posted in natural history.

The Timber Wolf

THE gray wolf, once so numerous throughout the entire North American country has been driven away from civilization, and is making his last stand on the frontiers of the United States and Canada, though every once in awhile some alarmist with a vivid imagination spreads the report that there is a large band of wolves in a certain locality, and that this band has chased school children, killed stock and robbed hen roosts. In most cases, where investigation is made, it is found that some one reported that he had seen a strange dog that looked just like the wolves his grandfather used to tell about, and the next man would repeat this story, only he would say that he had seen a large wolf, and by the time a half dozen had told the tale the dog that looked like a wolf had grown into a pack of savage wolves.

Sometimes a poor mangy wolf does stray into our central states, but these instances are rare. During the past ten years, more than a dozen reports have been broadcast around St. Louis to the effect that bands of wolves have been seen within 50 miles of the city, but in no instance has any one of these reports been substantiated by facts. In one or two cases two wolves were found, and in two more, one wolf had been seen and killed.

On our Western frontier the timber wolf is still to be found, but never in large packs of 20 or more.

As far back as 1885 there were a few wolves to be found on the Eastern slope of the "Rockies," but even then they were scarce, and seldom were more than three found running together. On the Western slope they were more plentiful, and in winter when deer had drifted down in the protected valleys, sheep would suffer, but it was seldom that cattle were bothered until early spring, for by the time the deer had left, the summer calves were pretty well grown, and able to take care of themselves.

I am told that in Canada, wolves may still be seen in packs of a dozen or more during the winter months, when small animals are scarce, and about all they have to hunt is the caribou, and one or two wolves do not have much chance of pulling down one of these animals, consequently it is necessary for them to hunt in packs.

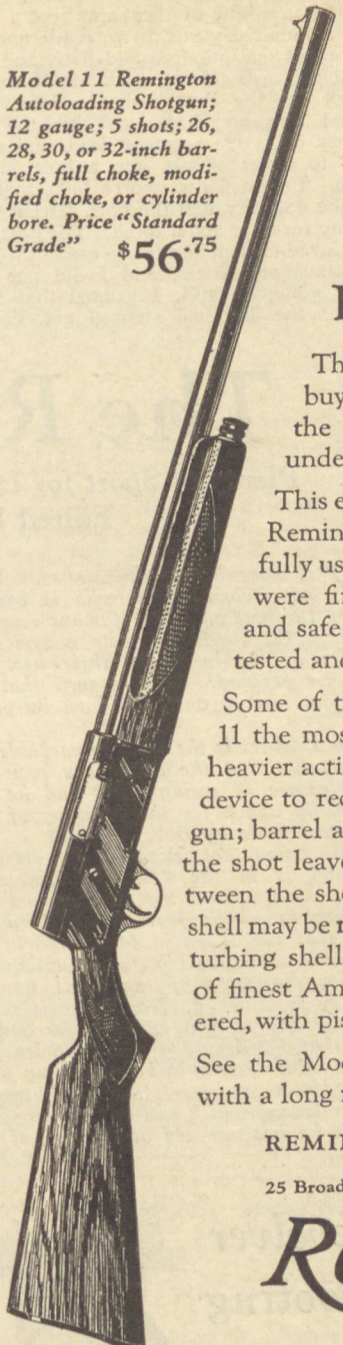
In the winter of 1886 I killed my first timber wolf while stopping at "High Lonesome Ranch" on Black Mountain, in Colorado. That year we had an exceptionally cold spring, and on Easter Sunday the thermometer registered 20 below zero and the ground was covered with 18 inches of snow.

This ranch was well named, for it was the lonesomest place I ever saw, and for over a week I was alone with only a three-legged sheep dog for company.

On Easter Sunday the constant barking of this dog wakened me just about sun up. I pulled on what few clothes I had shed the night before, and went to the door to investigate the reason for the barking, and saw three large wolves, about 200 yards from the cabin. They were out of pistol range, and the only other weapon on the place was a Winchester carbine, model 1866, adapted to a .44 caliber rim fire cartridge, styled "44 flat." The carbine was worn out, and the only certain thing about it was, that it never shot twice in the same

REMINGTON UMC

"THE ONLY SHOT THAT COUNTS IS THE SHOT THAT HITS"



Model 11 Remington Autoloading Shotgun; 12 gauge; 5 shots; 26, 28, 30, or 32-inch barrels, full choke, modified choke, or cylinder bore. Price "Standard Grade" $56.75

Proved With Heavy Long Range Loads...

The most important point to consider in buying an autoloading shotgun is: Has it the extra margin of strength to stand up under the heavy, long-range loads of today?

This extra margin of strength is built into the Remington Model 11, which has been successfully used with heavy, modern loads since they were first introduced. Its smooth, unfailing, and safe performance with these loads has been tested and proved by time.

Some of the features that have made the Model 11 the most popular autoloader in America are: heavier action and recoil springs and a friction ring device to reduce recoil and prolong the life of the gun; barrel and breech block locked together until the shot leaves the muzzle; a solid wall of steel between the shooter's face and the firing chamber; a shell may be removed from the chamber without disturbing shells in the magazine; fore-end and stock of finest American, dark walnut, elaborately checkered, with pistol grip.

See the Model 11 at your dealer's. Buy the gun with a long record as the leader.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington

©1928 R. A. Co. 1819

REMINGTON UMC

Ithaca Guns

Here's Captain Edward C. Crossman, former army ordnance expert, now Gun Editor of Forest & Stream, and The Sporting Goods Dealer. Captain Crossman said, "The Ithaca is the best designed gun in America"

Ithaca Gun Co. Ithaca, N.Y. Box 14 Trap and Game Guns $37.50 to $750.00. Catalogue Free.

Electric Ten-Lite Plant

Will Run 10 Electric Lights 12 Hours on One Gallon of Gasoline

For Summer Camps and Cottages, for Schools, Farms and small town stores where Electric Current is not available. Portable and simple, a woman or a child can put it in operation. Wiring is as simple as wiring your Christmas tree.

Take it to camp on the running board of your car and install it yourself.

Write for Free Catalog and Special Factory Introductory Offer. Immediate Shipment.

Price Complete $130.00

D. W. ONAN & SON CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

BIRD POINTS

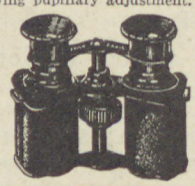
The pygmean (⅜ to ¾ inch) Agate and Jasper Arrow Heads of Oregon and Colorado are the elite among Relics of the Stone Age in Archaeology. Have sold many thousands during 43 years of Mail Order Curio Trade, and have 5,000 now in stock—all genuine finds along streams of water. Large trade in these matchless tiny beauties with Advanced Collectors and institutions. Sent on selection to those known and strangers giving good reference. Postpaid and insured one way. If you do not buy it is worth the little cost just to look at them. Mostly 25c, 50c, and 75c, many $1.00 to $1.50. Rare barbed and stemmed $2.00 to $5.00 each. No finer stock for sale in the U. S. "Not How Cheap but How Good." Ill'std Price List free of every sort of Ancient flint, slate, and Stone Relic ever found. State whether *common, medium, fine,* or *high class,* are wanted.

Also Price List free of all Buckskin Bead Work, Weapons, and Eagle Quill Work of our Sioux Indians—Wholesale and Retail, 44th year.

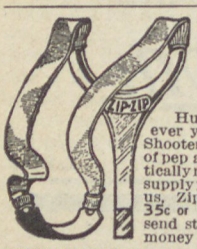
L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, S. Dak.

BINOCULARS $8.75

An old reliable firm offers 8-Mile Range High Grade French Binoculars (Case and Straps) with six carefully ground clear white crystal High Power Achromatic Lenses, excellent definition, and wide field of vision. Central focusing and hinged body, allowing pupillary adjustment. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Touring, Nature Study, Astronomy, etc. A splendid Instrument, guaranteed perfect, strongly built and will last a lifetime. Free 10-day trial, money promptly refunded if not satisfied. Order today. Price only "$8.75 C. O. D."



BENNER & CO.
D-6 Trenton, N. J.



ZIP-ZIP SHOOTER

LET'S GO BOYS:

Hunting, fishing or camping, wherever you go you will need a Zip-Zip Shooter, elastic and lasting with plenty of pep and force, scientifically and practically made. See your dealer. If he can't supply you, order from us, Zip-Zip Shooter 35c or three for $1.00, send stamps, coin or money order.

AUTOMATIC RUBBER CO. Dept. B. B. COLUMBIA, S. C.

THE HAWKINS RECOIL PAD

post-paid $3.25

Win the big event because they move the gun straight back. Write for circular, and ask your dealer for one.

THE CUSHION PAD CORPORATION, Desk F
Box 81 Sioux Falls, S. D.

SPRINGFIELD RIFLE, Model 1903

$19.50

Assembled and Refinished

8¾ pounds, 43 inches long, 24 inch barrel. Offered without bayonet, $19.50. Packing charge 50c extra. Ball cartridges $3.50 per 100. 380-page illustrated catalog with history of American arms and other Army and Navy equipment for 50c, Special circular for 2c stamp.

Established 1865.

Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 B'way, N. Y. City

place, so I did not have much hope that I would be able to hit a wolf at 200 yards. By the time I had the gun off the pegs and loaded, the wolves had moved a little closer to the house, one of them was just a little over a hundred yards away, while another was about one hundred and fifty, and was about 20 yards to the right. I, of course, picked out the closest shot. However I missed him 20 yards, and hit the one farther off! He was not dead, and managed to drag himself into a hole in the rocks. I wanted that wolf's hide, so leaving the dog to watch the hole, I went back for my revolver and a torch. The hole was only large enough for me to crawl through on hands and knees, and I did not just fancy going in, still, I wanted that skin, and as the dog had stopped growling, I figured that the wolf was dead, so in I went with the torch in one hand and my six shooter in the other. After making a sharp turn 10 feet from the mouth of the cave, I found the wolf, quite dead.

During the entire time I spent in Colorado, I only bagged one other wolf, and he was run down and killed by my Scotch stag hound, "Scout."

When fighting, the wolf seldom grabs hold, like a dog, but makes a cutting slash, as he jumps in to attack, and he can certainly make a nasty wound when he connects. My dog had adopted the same mode of fighting, and when he had finally downed the wolf for good, that animal's hide had been cut to ribbons, and "Scout" showed two nasty cuts, 4 inches long.

The Rifle Club

Plenty of Sport for Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by R. H. Nesbit

WE have been fortunate enough to get Bob Limbert, who is one of the best and most famous revolver shots in the world to write a series of articles on revolvers and their use. In fact, we persuaded him so well that we even got him to write his own introduction.

Bob Limbert is the most remarkable revolver shot that the editor has ever had the pleasure of seeing shoot and he can personally vouch for the accuracy of any statement made by Bob.

Bob, when not engaged in revolver shooting is in the "Dude" business in Idaho. Throughout the summer and fall he runs numerous pack strings into the Valley of the Moon in Idaho and in the fall runs numerous big game hunting expeditions in some of the finest hunting country in America. His hobby is revolver shooting as you might guess and he says that his accuracy and proficiency is entirely due to long and unremitting practice. However, here is his own introduction following which will be twelve articles which he has outlined at the end of this article. R. H. N.

Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT

IT is safe to say that there is no other one thing so typically American in its origin and development as the revolver and revolver shooting. It is also safe to state that there is no other one thing so much misconstrued and misunderstood.

The Rifle Club editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA, R. H. Nesbit, has asked me to prepare a series of articles regarding the various phases of revolvers and revolver shooting. In these articles I am going to consider and tell frankly many of the little things which anybody watching an exhibition of revolver shooting is apt to overlook. It is always safe to assume that any time you see a person doing something you can't, he knows something you don't. So it is with revolver shooting.

Before going further it might be well to consider revolvers from their various angles. Strange as it may seem the ownership of a revolver has been regarded in a wrong light. Radical minded people seem to think that the mere possession of one is a stimulant to crime. So strong has this sentiment become that in some places laws have been passed making the ownership of a gun of this type a felony and their sale has been prohibited. Let us consider impartially the effect of these laws. The net result has been that the law abiding citizen has been deprived of the protection and the means to protect his home, which is the God given right of every American regardless of creed, color or sex.

Had the passage of these laws succeeded in preventing the criminal element from being able to procure these weapons it could have been said that it was successful in intent and purpose, but it has not. Guns are, and always will be "bootlegged" and sold surreptitiously in unstinted numbers. This means that the criminally inclined has access to the source of supply, while the law abiding citizen who turns to the legitimate hardware dealer has not. If you doubt the truth of this remark I dare you to tell any hanger-on in the disreputable section of any city in the world that you will slip him a ten dollar bonus if he will get you a gun and then see what happens. The state of New York with its so called "Sullivan law" is a fair example. Last year I happened to be in New York city and desiring to test the efficiency of this law tried to buy revolvers at several business houses dealing in sporting goods. Naturally I was turned down and yet within seven blocks of the Commodore Hotel, where I happened to be stopping, I turned up my coat collar, placed my hat on a slant over one eye and walked to the back of a second hand store and boldly demanded that I wanted to buy a "rod." The proprietor, after a moment's inspection, walked up close, rubbed his hands and asked in hushed tones, "Well, what kind do you want?"

Stop and think, if it has proven impossible to prevent our criminal classes from obtaining such deadly weapons and machine guns what must be true of revolvers. It has been proven time and time again that any man can in ten minutes time with the aid of a hack saw and a file remodel a shotgun and produce a pocket weapon so much more deadly than a revolver that there is no comparison. I recently was shown a corner in a foreign

section of one of our largest cities on which there were fifty-seven killings in one year. A large percentage of these were sawed off shot-gun shootings where the killer concealed his gun under his coat until he was within striking distance.

I am merely bringing out these points to show that the law abiding citizen will not do these things and that the criminal will and that the source of supply is always open to the hold-up man while it is denied to his victim and the man with a home to protect.

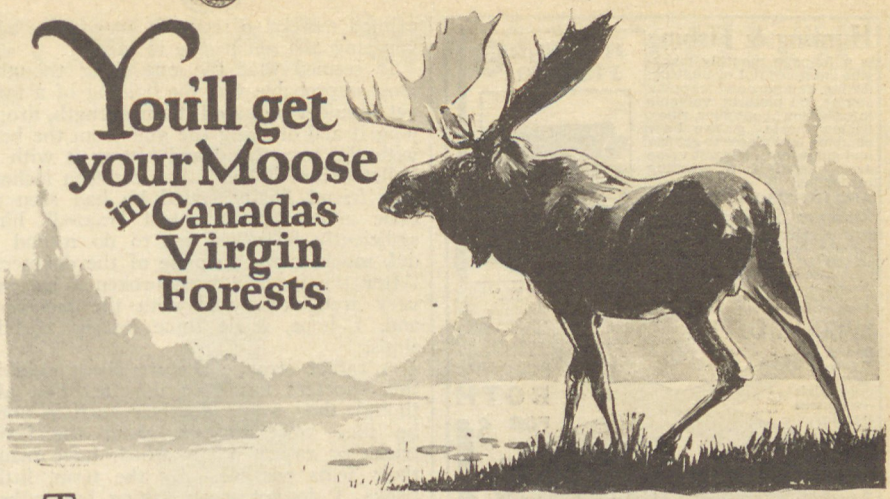
It is not my purpose to deliver a lecture on the evils and mistakes of our lawmakers, but rather to call attention to these mistakes in such a manner that other states will not do likewise. As we know our lawmakers are apt to listen to well meaning but deluded reformers who know but little of the practical and human element issue at stake in that which they wish to reform. It is indeed easy to say that such and such will be the case if so and so is done, but it is a far different matter to put these ideas or ideals into actual operation. This has been proven time without number.

There is no denying that a man who makes a practice of packing a concealed weapon, unless in the line of duty, is apt to become a potential criminal. The sale of pocket guns should always be restricted and placed under police supervision. This works no hardship on the law abiding citizen and neither does it show favoritism to the criminal as does the total restriction of sale. Under the proper supervision revolver shooting is and can be made as much of a sport as anything else, be it golf, tennis or what not. Personally I enjoy meeting and talking guns to a fellow enthusiast as much as a golfer does talking about his sticks. Regarded from a scientific angle such as the perfect coordination of eye, mind and muscle, the balance and poise, the training of the nerves, many points about what is possible and what is not possible in the laws of optics, the effect of heart and pulse action, revolver shooting holds just as many, if not more scientific problems to be worked out than almost any other sport.

Leaving out the personal element it is my belief that revolver shooting is and can be made as clean cut and interesting a sport as anything in the world. Its mastery has plenty of appeal to the imagination as well as to the more serious worker who seeks the reasons behind his problems. It is indeed surprising the amount of space that is being devoted to the subject of revolvers and revolver shooting in the columns of our various magazines. Out of curiosity I recently paused in front of a magazine rack and counted twenty-two different publications dealing with western outdoor fiction whose hero in every instance was a western gunman and in which the revolver took the leading part.

This would seemingly indicate a widespread and popular interest as publishing houses are not apt to send out anything the public is not interested in.

Some of the feats possible with a revolver seem little short of miraculous and are apt to be received with a great deal of doubt by the general public. A rather amusing incident of this kind occurred while I was in Chicago recently, as a guest of a member of the Oak Park Revolver Club. If the reader will pardon the personal digression I will relate it. It seemed that a member of the club had read an account of some of my stunt shots in the May issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA and had taken a violent exception to them on the grounds that such things were not possible, that it was a lot of "bunkum"



You'll get your Moose in Canada's Virgin Forests

THE trumpet call of hunting days re-echoes in Northland forests. Come to Eastern Canada for Moose and Bear—big game, gallant game, that tests your courage and skill. Fleet deer and caribou also abound, affording the thrill of track and chase through scented virgin wilds. Or try the Western Provinces for geese, duck, prairie chicken, big horn sheep, mountain goat and grizzlies.

Canoe trips through isolated territory. Competent guides and outfitters.

For full details mail the coupon to our nearest office or to C. K. Howard, General Tourist Agent, Canadian National Railways, Montreal.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

OFFICES

New York
505 Fifth Ave.

Chicago
108 West Adams St.

San Francisco
689 Market Street

Please send booklet checked: O.A.3

☐ Fishing in Canada
☐ Canoe Trips and Nature Photography
☐ Hunting in Canada
☐ Camp Craft and Woodlore

Name _____ (If student state grade)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

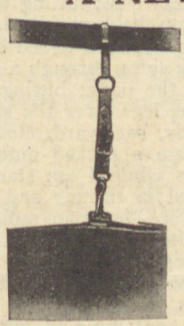
JOSTAM SPONGE RUBBER RECOIL PADS

For Shotguns. — For Rifles

Softest pad made. Easily attached to gun or rifle. From your dealer or direct. One Ply Black $1.50—Two Ply Black $2.00—Three Ply Black $2.50—Red Sponge pads 50c extra per pad, more attractive on gun or rifle. Send for our "NO KICK COMING" catalog. Address Dept. H. JOSTAM MFG. CO., 5252 Broadway, Chicago
Largest mfgrs. of recoil pads in the world.

A CENT A DAY
Keeps Mosquitoes Away
SKEET-NO-BITE
(Cream in tube)
Order by mail—pay postman 50c
H. L. King, 1433 East 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.

A NEW IMPROVED BOOT STRAP!



This new and Improved SPORTING BOOT STRAP has many advantages over the older types, because it is easier to put on and take off. Once the strap is adjusted to fit, all you do is snap it to your belt and go.

It is made to withstand rugged use and sold with a guarantee to satisfy or money refunded.

(Try your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write direct.)

PRICE 75c per set

SPORTING BOOT STRAP CO.
TONAWANDA, N. Y.

The World Famous
Black Diamond Targets and Traps
Lead all others in popularity

WRITE
Black Products Company
13613 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hunting & Fishing
is a 52-page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Biggest value ever offered in a sporting magazine.

HUNTING AND FISHING 5

AND HERE'S THE FAMOUS
Remington Sportsman's Knife
with stag handle and two long, slender blades especially designed to meet the exacting requirements of skinning and cleaning fish, game birds and fur-bearing animals. Blades are of superior quality steel with strong, durable, keen-cutting edges. The points are shaped just right for a good, clean job of slitting and skinning. We will send you Hunting and Fishing Magazine for a whole year. 12 big issues and this Remington Sportsman's Knife.

SPECIAL OFFER

The name "Remington" on the blade is your guarantee of quality.

BOTH FOR $1

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Mail your order today to Hunting & Fishing Magazine, 298 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Hoppe's for guns

GUN bores that get cleaned regularly with Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9 *stay* clean. Maintains best shooting and resale value. No matter *what* ammunition you shoot, use No. 9. Keep the working parts in best condition with Hoppe's Lubricating Oil. Pure, high viscosity, yet light and penetrating. Excellent for fishing reels, all light mechanisms; cleans and polishes. Ask your Dealer.

Send 10c in stamps for sample of No. 9.

FRANK A. HOPPE, Inc.,
2304 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Cal. .30-.40
Six Shot

KRAG CARBINE

All the qualities of a high price rifle. In fine used condition, all working parts guaranteed for one year. Send today for our Free 50 page illustrated catalog of money saving values: Guns, Ammunition, Cutlery, Sports and Gov't goods. Terms cash. No C. O. D.

$9.75

W. STOKES KIRK 1627-CM, North 10th Street Philadelphia, Pa.

$200 PROFIT IN 1 DAY FOR SPRINGFIELD CHAPTER

THE "ALASKAN ADVENTURE," 5 reel feature picture, netted a $200 profit for the Springfield, Massachusetts, chapter recently. Your chapter can do as well. This picture is proving a money maker to the League Chapters thruout the entire country. Right at this time it can be released at rock bottom price thru National Headquarters.

A DOUBLE HEADER
That Will Make Money for Your Chapter

40,000 MILES WITH LINDBERGH
(3 REELS)

WILD BEASTS OF BORNEO
(2 REELS)

These 2 super features combined will give you a complete 5 reel show that cannot be surpassed. However, they can be booked independent of one another.

The Lindbergh picture is one of the greatest attractions in the world today.

The Wild Beasts of Borneo is the most thrilling big game hunting picture in existence.

Both are being shown in the largest theatres in Chicago at enormous rentals. By special arrangement with National Headquarters, League Chapters can release them for a ridiculously low price.

Newspaper publicity sent immediately upon release of pictures.

Get in Communication with

CHAPTER SERVICE BUREAU
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois

printed merely to secure a bit of free advertising and get people to talking.

It seemed that the one thing thought most improbable was the holding of a target shoulder high and at arm's length, dropping it and drawing the gun from the belt with the same hand and hitting it with a bullet before it had fallen eighteen inches. My friend finally stated he had seen it done and after they had "razzed" him sufficiently he asked me to do it and I did, much to the surprise of the doubters. After the ice had been broken I became very well acquainted with the members and, I hope, made some lasting friendships.

A rather strange feature about exhibition shooters has been the fact that although they would do their stuff in public they were reticent about the little tricks or rather points which have made their feats possible. By the term, little tricks, I do not mean faking but rather those numerous little things, perfectly legitimate, which taken as a whole incline the odds their way. In this series of articles it is my purpose to describe simply and frankly many of the things which anybody watching an exhibition misses entirely.

I am not by any means a professional shooter. With me, revolver shooting has merely been a hobby, something from which I have derived a great deal of personal pleasure. Although I have been advertised as a world's champion, even the "World's undisputed champion," you may believe me when I say I harbor no such delusions of that sort myself. What one man can do another can do and, no doubt, do better. Consequently, I look forward with a great deal of anticipation to the day when somebody, probably some long, lean, lanky looking country boy will have as much fun with me as I have had on several occasions with others. Power be to him, he will have earned it. In the meantime I shall try to work out a dozen or so shots which I regard as really hard so that I may keep him guessing as long as possible. Life is uncertain—so is shooting.

Following are a few of the stunts I have already worked out. Holding a target at arm's length and whipping out a gun and breaking it before it falls eighteen inches; tossing pins, pennies and glass beads in the air and hitting them; cutting cards and hairs in two pieces; splitting a bullet on the blade of an axe breaking targets placed on either side; hitting tossed targets with the gun held upside down; knocking the bottom out of a tossed bottle without breaking the sides, through a piece of paper pasted on the neck; hitting targets tossed under the legs, over the shoulder, around the body, backward, etc.; allowing a man to jam a cocked unloaded gun against my ribs while I am standing with my arms raised in the air and then disarming him before he can pull the trigger; standing fifteen feet from a man who holds a cocked but unloaded gun aimed at my chest while I stand with my hands in the air as if held up and with my gun in my belt, get my gun out and snap at him before he snaps at me. He has only to move his forefinger an eighth of an inch while I have to move my whole hand a distance of about four feet.

In putting on the exhibition before the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League in Omaha the six judges on the ten trials gave me the first eight, my opponent (each one a different person) winning the ninth and I the tenth.

With me shooting has always been a hobby and I make no claim to doing anything instinctively except as a certain amount of dexterity which comes with practice. This business of claiming to be an "instinct shooter" is in my estimation a lot of tommyrot. Each and every one of my shots regardless of what you may hear to the contrary is aimed and anybody can do likewise if they will only practice. Sometimes, you feel you are on the target and pull the trigger but this is only the natural result of familiarity with your gun. To my mind, practice is the fundamental principle behind proficiency in anything be it revolver shooting, piano playing, golf, or billiards.

In the series of articles which follows I am sure to make statements to which some will take exceptions. This is only a natural sequence because what applies to any person may not, except in a general way, apply to others. It is difficult for me to tell you what you should do and how you should do it. The best I can hope to do is to suggest to you how I do what I do and then let you work it out for yourself.

Following is a list of the subjects which these articles will cover and the order in which they will come. In them I am going to try to the best of my ability, to cover each feature in detail.

1. *Revolvers,* their care, conditioning and ammunition. In this I am going to make a few suggestions which I think it might be well for our gun manufacturers to consider.

2. *Sights.* In this article I am sure I am going to make statements which will cause considerable comment as it is my opinion that much of the present day theory in regard to revolver sights and sighting is a mistaken idea.

3. *Holsters,* a discussion of the various type of belt and body holsters and methods of packing a gun. This should prove particularly interesting to members of the various police departments.

4. *A thorough discussion of the old western quick draw.* In this I am going to discuss a number of little known methods of drawing a belt or pocket gun.

5. *Holding and handling of a gun* with a discussion of the various elements which must be taken into consideration in revolver shooting.

6. *The accurate sighting of moving objects.* This article will perhaps prove the most interesting of the series as in it I shall tell how to make a moving object apparently stand still for a second or two.

7. *The revolver in the hunting field.* This will also be interesting for few people realize the possibilities of the revolver along these lines.

8. *The home target range.* Telling something about the installation of a basement target range at a minimum of cost.

9. *Self defense and home protection.* Something that every man with a home dependent upon his protection should know.

10. *The revolver as applied to police departments.* Few people realize the chances taken by police in any of our large cities. The American public seems altogether too ready to criticize and altogether too slow to assist the men charged with their protection and welfare.

11. *The teaching of children and ladies the art of revolver shooting.*

12. *The reloading of revolver ammunition for target practice.*

The Rifle Club,
% OUTDOOR AMERICA.
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Please send me information on organizing a gun club. I am interested in rifle and revolver shooting. . . .
Skeet and trap shooting. . . .
(check which you are interested in.)

REAL WALTONIANS WEAR THESE!

They Are the Badges of Service

Your League needs strength—more members, more chapters. Perhaps you have wondered why. It is because strength of numbers is the only weapon the League has in forwarding its conservation projects.

* * *

National strength is needed to back the national undertakings of the League. State strength is necessary for the vital work of your division. Chapter strength means successful work in your community.

* * *

When you help build the strength of the League you are building its power. You are taking a direct and active part in constructive conservation. The League's greatest possession is the power of numbers.

THE FOB

is awarded in bronze for five new members, in sterling silver for ten.

THE FOUNDER'S BUTTON

is awarded, in sterling silver, to the founders of new chapters.

No One Can Buy Either of Them

Thousands of Waltonians in all parts of the United States are wearing these marks of distinction. The man who wears a Merit Fob or a Founder's Button is immediately recognized in Waltonism as a leader.

* * *

To be in the thick of this great conservation movement is no small distinction. To be numbered among the real workers for a greater America and a better outdoors is something not achieved by all.

* * *

The two badges of service shown here are worn only by those who give to Waltonism in proportion. They are not expensive, yet you can not buy one. You must do your part in the League.

Your League Means—

A greater America and greater Americans.

A chance for the youth in the outdoors.

More fish and more game, more outdoor recreation and more healthful sport.

Restoration of desecrated areas and protection for our present forests, lakes, streams and wild life.

Here's How You Can Help

Fred H. Doellner, General Manager
Izaak Walton League of America
Clinton & Randolph Sts., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Doellner:

I will help build the League. I will do my part. I want to earn a fob or founder's button, as indicated below.

Check one or both:

[ ] Send me application cards, and leaflets explanatory of the League

[ ] I will organize a chapter in (name town).....,

(state).....

Please send me materials and instructions for organizing.

Name.....

Street No.....

Town.....State.....

[ ] *Check here if you are a member.*

Your Chapter Means—

Better outdoor sport in your own community.

Healthful outdoor recreation for your boys and girls.

More fish for your own streams, more wild life for your own forests and fields.

The association and good fellowship of the best sportsmen of your community.

Your Dog And Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

The Value of Observing

A MAN'S experience teaches him many things of value, though he may be somewhat archaic in thought and some of his ideas may closely range back to the Victorian era. In a collective sense the important part of all this, however, applies pertinently to the realms of dogdom, for the habit of observing is not only of inestimable value, but it is the very thing which distinguishes super-excellence from mediocrity either in an amateur or professional handler of bird dogs.

All the personal findings of man come from his own experience; they arrive from carefully observing everything within his active vision. Findings of value may be derived from the present or they may have been absorbed way back in a time which the present lover of pointers and setters regards as the dim past. Everyone of them emanate from noticing things with extreme care and constantly developing one's faculty for observing.

To me, greatness and mediocrity among handlers are to an extent regulated by the amount of observation each individual is inclined to accord. This theory is proven by the records of handlers of renown. Mediocre handlers invariably are poor observers, though they may be just as sophisticated in the craftsmanship of training as the recognized expert. Their weakness is not at all through neglecting to follow strict rules, but rather from failing to notice little things.

Not long ago I was sitting in a Southern hotel with a group of field trial handlers and owners of big circuit contenders. Discussion was rife on the subject of handlers of the past and present and how they graded in excellence. I listened in very carefully to the point where they were referring to an old timer of note and a number of his erstwhile confreres in the game, who seemed in every way to have equal ability, and possibly the same amount of dog knowledge, but when a year of events had been run the old fellow mentioned was always the leading winner. All at once the discussion was passed along to me, for no other reason than that at one time I had been closely affiliated with this man in the shooting dog and field trial game.

I tried to make clear to them my opinions that the old man was not a greater mechanical trainer than any other they had mentioned, nor did he at any time exhibit more keenness for painstaking work, but his great success was due to the fact that he was one of the closest observers I ever knew.

I progressed further by stating that this was his dominant quality when training shooting or field trial dogs, and he displayed it from the instant a puppy came into his hands until he was finished with him, whether the dog was an ordinary prospect, or one with ostensible class. He *saw* more than any man of my experience. This was the foundation for my winnowing process of discovering the right material for a great shooting or trial dog long before the average trainer gave any introspective analysis to his charges.

Many a time during a dog's field trial career this handler carried the dog through a winner, though the animal was not superior to his competitor but his success was due entirely to his trainer's intensely close faculty for observing. His eyes took in every immediate piece of territory within his range of vision. That handler was like a great general. He took in every bit of his surroundings to the minutest detail, and while he gave his dog every opportunity to find, with almost uncannily accurate judgment he swung him abruptly, yet inevitably into fertile territory, without cramping range, causing him to win through class going and superior bird finding ability. Never were any of this man's dogs seen to chop around or wander aimlessly in cover of the unproductive kind.

As it is with fistic champions among men, so it is with dogs in the trial game—only a few become champions. So it is well for the amateur to imitate the great field trial trainer's powers of observation when developing shooting dogs. It will teach the amateur to give unremitting attention to everything he does, however much of small import it may appear.

Observation originating around the kennel yards brings profitable returns in proportion to how you exercise it. How many bestow enough scrutiny to the presence of worms in the wee bit of a youngster that has only been weaned shortly? Not many. If the puppy has been wormed, little consideration is given to see if the operation was a success. Obviously condition or signs of condition is the arbiter in this. The keen observer gives medical treatment if he does not immediately see the gums acquiring a healthy rosy pink color, and the same can be said for other treatment if the coat is bad, the eyes matterate, or pustules appear on the stomach. By the close observer they are detected at once at the very first indications of their appearance. The ordinary individual sees nothing wrong until the entire system suffers; then remedies require a long time to restore.

Many are so negligent in their observations toward youngsters that frequently rickets are in full sway before anything is done. Then a lot of time is wasted to bring the youngster back to a state of health. Lack of quick attention often causes malformation of parts. Usually the observant kennel man has no after results of this sort; for he sees the prescient signs immediately, whereupon he changes the diet, providing abundance of food containing lime, and the malady is quickly checked.

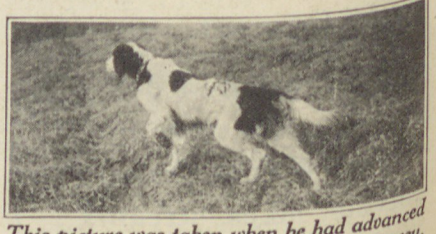
Timidity on the part of many dogs could often have been prevented by following the dictates suggested by close observation. Often at an extremely early stage timidity is detected. Some of the causes of inexplicable gunshyness and blinking, as well as handler shyness can be explained by the lack of observing essential things around the kennel yard just after and during the period following weaning.

The reason some puppies are shy, though ever so much kindness is expended toward them is frequently hard to determine. But lots of times it develops right in the midst of a litter from the handler's failure to observe and immediately separate certain ones. Puppies in a large litter are like a group of young boys, having the inevitable bully or gradations of bullies among them—one puppy, or the balance of the litter, continually picking on a certain other puppy because they are stronger and can whip it with ease. They do it so often that they regard it as a sort of indispensable pastime. That poor youngster when unprotected by its master and continued to be kept with the same bunch of vigorous rowdies remains in perpetual fear. Ultimately he loses all initiative and all daring. Daily his fear is augmented until nervous apprehensiveness has hold of him for all time. Such a condition will not last long under the observant eye of the right sort of a dog man. The first time he sees a bunch of youthful scrappers picking on a weaker relative and assures himself that it is an hourly or daily practice he separates the victim and places it where unharassed it can develop selfconfidence and courage, and he permits no opportunity to reoccur that would cause an unsatisfactory reaction.

Not so many years ago I was extremely interested in duck retrievers. Having to choose one for my own use, my choice rested between a stocky Irish Water Span-

The birds were fully 150 yards away. The dog, not being quite sure about them, advanced 75 yards . . . .

where he decided the birds were really ahead of him but some distance away.
(Owner, Burton H. Smith, Charlotte, N. C.)



This picture was taken when he had advanced 75 yards further and was on top of the covey.

iel and a big Chesapeake of the favored sedge or dead grass colored coat. Temporarily the selection was very difficult for me. The two dogs seemed equally bidable. One liked the water as well as the other. They were fearless; cold water could not turn them. They both swam with about the same speed and did their retrieving equally tenderly. Momentarily I could not tell any difference in their work and thus find something in the performance of one dog to enhance its desirability in my eyes. I confessed my predicament to an old duck hunter, and all the answer he gave me was "To Observe."

"To Observe," I repeated to myself. Then suddenly I realized that I could indeed observe more closely than I had been in the habit of doing. By closer observation I discovered that the Irish water spaniel had actually a real duck hunting brain; furthermore, he had an irreproachable memory. All in all he worked more with his brain than the big Chesapeake. Bringing both to a certain place one day where I had often shot ducks before I made my selection definitely in favor of the spaniel.

Frequently I shot from a pass on the banks of a swift mountain stream, the only place where the river provided really good shooting of this sort. When a duck fell to my left it was carried downstream rapidly for a fourth of a mile in the current. Then the current struck a projecting hill and abruptly sent an upstream current along the bank on the other side almost as far up as the very place where I made my stand. Time and again I had taken the Chesapeake there. On each occasion when I dropped a mallard, or other duck downstream, the dog went with it for a fourth of a mile, but the current carried the bird so fast that frequently the Chesapeake, before he was able to seize the bird, had to swim each way of the travel of the current, down and then upstream, to where the water subsided in a big round swirl before it again raced below.

Only once previously had I shot ducks here with the Irishman as company. On that occasion he went through the same sort of water travel to retrieve as the Chesapeake had done, before he caught his quarry. His second advent on the scene, however, proved his studious and versatile brain. I crumpled up a single redhead. He fell in the current below and floated downstream. The spaniel, however, this time did not follow the bird, but instead leisurely swam across the swift river to the termination of the upstream race of current, and paddled slowly there until the duck drifted up to him, when he retrieved it. Once I had three ducks down before one had traversed the current and the dog waited in the swirl for them and brought them to me.

A year ago I asked a friend chidingly about his sudden and inexplicable success with setters. While visiting him he showed me in the field on game the best bunch of young dogs he had ever owned, though he had been raising them for a number of years without getting a single individual you could term as above the mediocre class.

"I had no success before," he acknowledged, "until suddenly I began *to observe.*"

Fortunately he had lots of money, or he could not have maintained his speculative breeding activities as long as he had. He had a pet illusion or delusion, whichever you wish to call it, that the cost of a stud fee meant everything. According to his erstwhile tenets if a man charged fifty dollars stud fee or more and advertised the stud dog's services at such a price in a reputable outdoor magazine it was worth it. That was all there was to the matter. So he sent his bitches annually or

Scientific Standards Which Assure Efficacy And Safety

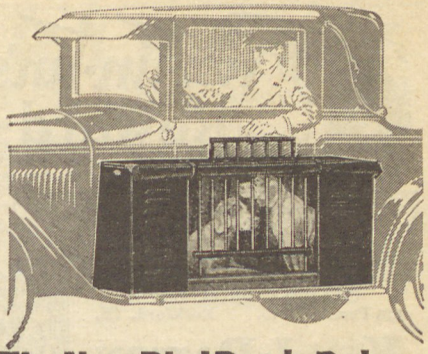
THROUGH technical research, and in conformity with the latest findings of veterinary science, we have developed new medicines and revisions in formulas. Thus dog medicines bearing the Glover's label now set even higher standards of perfection. They assure you of the best that money can buy—the best that veterinary science can today compound.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

Our Veterinarian will personally advise you concerning the health, care or feeding of your dog and kennel sanitation.

Dog Book mailed free on request

H.CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. O.A. 119 Fifth Ave., New York



The New Bird Dog's Palace

Is one of the most highly praised possessions of the American sportsman's equipment. Actual value being so outstanding it has been accepted everywhere as the most satisfactory thing of its kind imaginable.

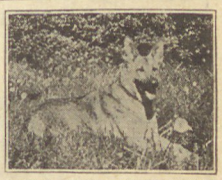
It is built throughout of very high quality automobile body materials, that will last for many years, is comfortable in all weather and strikingly finished in two-tone Du Pont Duco.

The entirely new adjustable clamps hold it rigidly on the running board of **any car** in a position that does not touch the body.

Price $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15.00 for the two-dog size, suitable for large pointers or setters as well as other breeds. Immediate shipment. Manufactured by

THE DWIGHT McBRIDE YELLOW PINE SALES CO.
GOLDEN CITY, MISSOURI

POLICE DOGS



Sturdy Northern stock sired by a brother of "Strongheart" with over thirty Champions in pedigree.

Van Den Norden Kennels
Ashland, Wisconsin

RAPPO VON DER KRIMINAL POLIZEI AKC334026 SZ72782

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to FEED AND TRAIN your dog KEEP HIM HEALTHY and CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

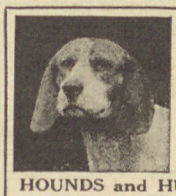
and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. 70 Bound Brook, New Jersey

MILLER'S A-1 DOG FOODS

Your dog will relish these famous health foods. Send ten cents for a trial feeding and your copy of "The Pink of Condition."

Battle Creek Dog Food Co.
752 State Street
Battle Creek, Michigan



Monthly Magazine

Fifty-six pages or more devoted entirely to hunting and hounds — all that its name implies—featuring the greatest little sporting dog in the world—

THE BEAGLE

Copy 20c—Yearly $1.50

HOUNDS and HUNTING, Decatur, Illinois

Feed Your Dogs or Puppies **Perfection Dog Food**

A food that is cooked and prepared in such a way as to be relished by dogs, all breeds and puppies, all ages. Order a direct factory shipment of 5-lbs. for 60c or 10-lbs. for $1.00. We prepay shipping charge to any point in the U. S.

PERFECTION FOODS CO.
Dept. 12 Battle Creek, Mich.

DELCREO DOG REMEDIES

Recommended by the leading breeders and fanciers.

FREE KENNEL MANUAL

How to care for your dog.

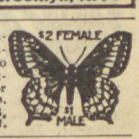
Dept. Z The Delson Chemical Co.
42 Penn Street Brooklyn, N. Y

WHITE COLLIE PUPS

The most beautiful specimens the dog world can offer. Home guards, loyal companions, useful and intelligent. Low prices. Illustrated circulars free.

Comrade Farm Kennels, Galion, Ohio

Why Not Spend Spring, Summer and Fall, gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth $1 to $7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price-list. Send 10c (not stamps) for my Illustrated Prospectus before sending butterflies.



MR. SINCLAIR, Dealer in Insects, Dept. 75, Box 1424, San Diego, Calif.

Buy Direct at Dealer Prices

Wire Netting at Wholesale

A big saving on wire netting in all sizes for any type of bird or animal enclosure. Wholesale prices and prompt delivery from our large stocks at Clinton, Mass., Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle and Minneapolis.

Free Catalogue on Crown Pen Material

Crown Iron Works Company 1252 Tyler St. N.E. Minneapolis

Rin-tin-tin's Reward~

Rin-tin-tin is the highest salaried movie dog in the world—but he'd rather have his KEN-L-RATION than a pot of gold! His master feeds him KEN-L-RATION exclusively. It's a balanced dog food of meat, cereals and cod liver oil. Packed in cans, ready to serve. Ask your dealer. Write us for FREE sample can.

CHAPPEL BROS, Inc.
118 Peoples Ave. Rockford, Ill.

KEN-L-RATION
THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

TARNEDGE FOXES
ESTABLISHED 1910
The Prize Winning Ranch
Every Fox sold is bred by Prize Winners
40 Pairs of Prize Winners

Tarnedge Vega, 1927
Grand Show Champion

The Oldest Ranch in the U. S.
Catalogue SABATTIS, N. Y.

Learn Fur Farming—
YEAR BOOK of the Silver Fox and Fur Farming Industries 1928 edition
176 pages—beautifully printed and illustrated. Tells all about fur farming, how to build pens, how to feed, how to skin. Write today for your copy. Send 25c to cover shipping.
American National Fox Breeders' Association
Official Registration Organization of the Fox Industry
424 McKnight Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Pheasant Eggs—Live Birds
Ringnecks—Blacknecks
All eggs from hardy northern grown *Wild Trapped* birds, from our 4500 acre game farms and shooting preserve. Also supply breeders or birds for liberating and restocking game preserves and dead birds for table use during Fall and Winter shootings. All live birds shipped are Wild Trapped on order.
GROUSEHAVEN GAME FARMS
LUPTON, MICHIGAN
WM. MATTISON, Manager S. W. LONG, Gamekeeper

Attract Wild Ducks

Plant Duck's Meat—highly recommended by U. S. and Canadian Governments as superior duck food. Can be planted *now*. Also Wild Celery and 40 other plants that attract fish and game. Planting information free. Write
TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM
80 L Blk. Oshkosh, Wisconsin

YEAR BOOK of the Fur Rabbit INDUSTRY
128 Pages. Articles by Rabbitmen of National Prominence. Directory of Clubs and Associations. Beautifully illustrated. Answers all questions on Rabbit-keeping, hutches, breeding stock, feeding and management. How to market Furs and Meat. Now being completed. Send 30c (postage, etc.) today for your copy. "Should be in every Rabbit-Man's Library."
Desk 41. AMERICAN RABBIT ASSOCIATION, Inc.
447 SO. HEWITT ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

RAISE BELGIAN HARES
New Zealand Reds — Chinchillas — Flemish Giants
MAKE BIG MONEY—We Supply Stock and pay you following prices for all you raise: Belgian Hares $2 each—New Zealands $3 each—Chinchillas $4 each—Flemish Giants $5 each. 32-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of Fur Farming magazine, tells how to raise skunk, mink, fox, etc., for big profits, all for 10c. Address
OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Box 59, Holmes Park, Missouri

biannually, or as often as they came in season, without making further inquiry; and for years he had a kennel full of as ordinary prospects as a man ever wanted to behold.

Then he commenced *to observe*, and forthwith discover the cause of his failures. He had been actually paying money for advertising literature instead of stud fees for a dog that really had produced winners of big circuit character. "Would-be's," he confessed, demanded service fees as high as bona fide performers and producers of performers. He began asking himself, despite the beguiling literature about a dog, what had it accomplished and what had its offspring accomplished? This brought him to observing the three times he had bred to a sire who had never made a class winning in open stakes, nor had its very close ancestry ever made a winning in a big circuit event. The advertisement of winning blood had fooled him into believing that such and such a dog was the real thing, yet intimate observation disclosed that while the dog and his progeny had won, never had the awards been achieved in a class open event. Yet the lurid and literal exploitation of the stud dog had led my friend to overlook these important factors.

Right away his breeding activities changed. He patronized only stud dogs that had produced big circuit winners that had been campaigned in real fast company. Soon he was having winners, and the type of his shooting dogs was improved at least seventy-five per cent.

IRISH SETTER PUPPY

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have just purchased an Irish Setter Puppy whelped November 17th in Tennessee. I would appreciate your advice as to whether or not it would be safe to bring this puppy here to Akron, April 1st?
I am asking this of course on account of the difference in climate.
I have lost two dogs within the last six months from distemper. Do you know of any precaution or measures that I might take in connection with this Irishman?
When would be the proper time to start training the pup?

Very truly yours,
HOYT O. SMITH,
Akron, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Smith:
It will be safe to transport your dog to Akron, April 1st. Keep him in a clean place, away from roaming dogs and feed him well. If you are afraid of distemper you may vaccinate against it, and thus help ward it off. But do not put the youngster in any kennels where you have previously had distemper without thoroughly disinfecting those quarters before arrival.
Do not start training your dog before it is ten months or a year old, but you may safely do yard breaking before then.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

TEETH-MANGE-RUPTURE

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a Fox Hound, Walker Strain, about ten months old, and he seems to have something wrong with his teeth. The teeth are very yellow, and have ridges eaten into them. This does not seem to bother the dog in eating, however. The ridges are around the base of the teeth.
Also would like to know what you would recommend to cure mange? And what should be done for a Walker Fox Hound pup about three months old which has a small rupture of the navel?

Very truly yours,
J. D. STORY,
Newhall, California.

Dear Mr. Story:
The teeth disease which your dog has can only be avoided by having lots of big bones around so that dogs can gnaw on them. That will keep the teeth clean and prevent disease. I brush the teeth of dogs that are afflicted with a stick of any soft wood, split up fine to a brush and go over the teeth with the brush dipped in listerine.
If you dip all your dogs weekly in one of the regular coal tar or sulphur lime dips they will never have mange. Destroy all bedding you may have been using, and wash quarters where your affected dog has been with a strong coal tar dip. Then wash the dog well in warm water to which has been added bicarbonate of soda. When dry apply the following ointment three times a week, and give the dog a clean place to roll. Cottonseed oil one quart, sulphur one-fourth part, powdered alum one-fourth pound, coal oil one-half ounce, iodine two tablespoons. Rub in thoroughly.
A rupture of that size ought not to bother the pup. But you can cure it through a long treatment of first applying hot water and then rubbing in absorbine liniment and right afterwards putting mud on top.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

SPRINGER OR POINTER?

Dear Ozark Ripley:
Am what the tailors call a "short stout" and therefore cannot get around the fields and woods except at very slow and clumsy pace.
Will you kindly tell me whether I should have a close or wide ranging dog? Would a springer spaniel be better than a pointer for me? Am a fairly good and quick shot. Quail and pheasants constitute the game around here.
Once in a while I enjoy going out with the "boys" rabbit hunting, but being unable to keep up with them, the result is they are away off from me with the hounds, and I am left alone to walk about and try to "kick up" a rabbit. Would a springer or Cocker spaniel help me out on these rabbit hunting trips? If so could I also use the spaniel along with pointer when quail hunting? It is not my idea to use the spaniel for retrieving only, but the season is short, and if I owned both a pointer and a spaniel I should become very much attached to both of them, and if obliged to leave either one of them at home I know it would detract from my pleasure afield, thinking of the poor little guy I left behind me. Of course I know that the pointer could not accompany me on the rabbit hunting trips.
Trusting I am not troubling you too much by these silly questions and assuring you I shall be deeply grateful to you for any advice, believe me

Sincerely yours,
J. C. BAKER,
Keyport, New Jersey.

Dear Mr. Baker:
You can teach any sort of spaniel to back your pointer or setter, but of the spaniels that make good on rabbits the Cocker and springers are most used. An Irish water spaniel is a high type retriever for cover, and in water. But I would not call one an ideal rabbit dog. I understand your reasons for the questions you asked, but it is expecting too much to combine great bird handling qualities in a dog and expect it also to work on rabbits. Teach your pointer or setter to be staunch on rabbits and they will provide you with many shots on that game. A Cocker or springer will follow trail well on a rabbit but when he does, fondness for the furry chaps exceeds love for birds. So you won't miss it far with either a Cocker or springer when you want to combine rabbit hunting in your trips.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

TRY A MUZZLE

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have an Irish water spaniel four months old. The pup is very smart and behaves very well except when I go out and leave him shut up in the house. If he is alone for an hour or two he will pull and tear everything he can reach, and things you would think he couldn't reach. He has been punished *plenty*, but it seems to do no good. I have a friend who has a dog about a year old that does the same thing.
If you can give me any advice in the matter I sure will appreciate it.

Yours truly,
R. D. COWLES,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Mr. Cowles:
There is only one way you can counteract your water spaniel's predilection and that is by muzzling him every time you go away. This often effects a permanent cure, otherwise there is nothing that will help because usually you are not there to punish at the proper time. With age the dog will forget all about such habits.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

FORCE RETRIEVING

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I wonder if you could help me find what is wrong with my dog?
She is an Irish water spaniel, two years old, and a willing worker, but she will not take a duck in her mouth. She will go out to where it fell, but when there, will smell of it and come back.
Is there a way to break her of that?

Yours truly,
JOSEPH PAAR,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Mr. Paar:
You will have to teach your dog force retrieving, then it will retrieve from land or water at your command, a duck or any game bird. Later we will publish an article on force retrieving.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

HELP FOR CHOREA

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I am a lover of dogs, and I am trying to raise a pure bred female beagle hound. She had distemper last summer, and this winter she had a relapse which turned into *chorea*. I have been feeding her raw hamburger since I found out she had this, and it seems to have helped her a great deal.
Will she ever get over it? Will she get in heat and would you advise me to breed her when she is getting better, or do you think I should have her spayed? I thank you.

Yours truly,
DONALD C. BERGERSON,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Dear Mr. Bergerson:
You have an even chance of your dog recovering from chorea.
Begin the Fowler's Solution of Arsenic treatment by giving it one drop and increase a drop each day for ten days, then reduce one drop until you get back to one drop and then continue the treatment as previously until you reach ten drops a day and again reduce. Then report to me. Also keep the animal on a meat diet as much as feasible, see that it has warm, comfortable quarters and plenty of exercise without getting wet.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

WILD AS HAWKS

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have two Cocker Spaniels, male and female, that hunt quail and I have killed quite a number of quail over them, but they are wild as hawks. They, however, retrieve dead birds perfectly. The reason for their wildness is principally due to the fact that I had two other dogs before them that were both gun shy and I let this pair do as they pleased until I was satisfied that they were going to love the gun.
This letter is not to ask you to help me correct the faults of the old dogs, but to assist me in avoiding them in the pups this coming season. I know that you have written several books on dog training, but do not know which one is the best for me to get.
You might think it funny that I want to hunt quail with a Cocker, to make a long story short, I get a kick out of doing something that the other fellow isn't.

Yours truly,
E. HAROLD JOHNSON,
Orlando, Florida.

Dear Mr. Johnson:
I have derived a great deal of pleasure at times hunting quails with cocker, particularly in heavy cover or woods. I usually trained my cockers first to back pointers or setters that were staunch on quail, but often got them to pointing before that.
The books I suggest will help you are marked on the enclosed brochure. Follow the instructions, and of course, you will have to adopt some of them to the peculiarities of cockers. I know you will get lots of fun working with the merry, intelligent little fellows.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

OZARK RIPLEY is accredited with knowing more about dogs than any man in America. He is glad to answer by letter all queries accompanied by a two-cent stamp. Space allows us to publish but a very small proportion of the thousands of questions he answers each month for the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

—EDITOR.

OZARK RIPLEY

Famous Writer of Outdoor Stories

Every Hunter and Fisherman Reads Them—Outdoor Classics For All

Modern Bait and Fly Casting . Price, post paid, $2.00
BY OZARK RIPLEY
Just Out. Dedicated to Emerson Hough. A complete treatise on fishing with fly and bait rod.

Sport in Field and Forest . . Price, post paid, $2.00
BY OZARK RIPLEY
Dedicated to the Izaak Walton League. Carries the real flavor of hunting in field and forest.

Jist Huntin' . . . . . Price, post paid, $2.00
BY OZARK RIPLEY
A classic in outdoor literature, and a volume of most interesting tales for sportsmen and nature lovers in the masterful style of O. Henry. "Each Tale a Perfect Gem." The Boston Globe.

Bass and Bass Fishing . . . Price, post paid, $1.00
BY OZARK RIPLEY
A miracle of information regarding Bass and complete instructions for Bait and Fly Casting.

Quail and The Quail Dog . . Price, post paid, $1.00
BY OZARK RIPLEY
Natural History of Quails: Their Habits: Shooting hints and up-to-date methods of Handling a Quail Dog.

Bird Dog Training Made Easy . Price, post paid, $1.00
BY OZARK RIPLEY

ORDER NOW FROM

Win Thompson, 401 Greystone Terrace, Chattanooga, Tenn.

FUR FARMING PAYS
If You Start With—

Worthmore Strains of Silver Foxes—Blue Foxes—Champion Chinchilla Rabbit—Split Cap Skunk

All Breeding Stock Registered

We will ranch for you on shares the following if breeding stock is purchased from us:
Silver Foxes Blue Foxes Champion Chinchilla Rabbits

Write today for prices and details

J. G. Sandvall Fur Farms
Box 626, Galesburg, Michigan

- FOR SALE -

BROOK TROUT
All Sizes for Stocking Purposes
Eyed Eggs in Season
Standard Prices

Write us your Needs

EDEN BROOK TROUT PONDS
ST. JOSEPH STATION
N. Y. O. & W. RY.

P. O. Address: Merriewold, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

The Mackensen Game Park

Bob White
Pheasants
Partridges
Quail
Wild Turkeys
Deer
Rabbits

Peafowl
Cranes
Swan
Ornamental
Geese and Ducks
Foxes
Raccoons

Everything in wild animals, game, fancy birds for parks, menageries, private preserves and collections of fancy fowl.

Wm. J. Mackensen, Yardley, Pa.

ATTRACT WILD DUCKS AND FISH

Natural aquatic food plants will bring thousands of Wild Ducks to your favorite waters. Plant now. WILD RICE, WILD CELERY, PONDWEED SEEDS guaranteed to produce results. Prices reduced, extra discount on early orders. Write for expert planting advice and free literature.

WISCONSIN AQUATIC NURSERIES, Box 331, Oshkosh, Wis.

MINK

Are very easily cared for. Require little space. Produce large litters and wonderful profits.

HERCULEAN FUR FARMS
Comfrey, Minn.
Breeders of Alaskan MINK Silver Foxes and Blues, finest quality. Orders booked for spring and summer delivery.

TWO FREE BOOKS

Breed squabs and make money. Sold by millions at higher prices than chickens. Write at once for two free books telling how to do it. One is 40 pages printed in colors, other 32 pages. Ask for Books 3 and 4. You will be surprised. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 216 H Street, Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts.** Established 27 years.

Our Free Kennel and Live Stock Service Bureau is under the management of

OZARK RIPLEY

Write him, care of OUTDOOR AMERICA,
549 W. Randolph St., CHICAGO
He will be glad to answer your questions.

RESORTS & CAMPS

HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

ARE you looking for the loveliest out door spot in Wisconsin—Breath of the Pines—Beauty of the Birches—Splendor of the Shining Lakes—Thrill of the Tiger Musky—Lure of Small Mouth Bass—Tug of the Wall-eyed Pike.

¶ Then come to Red Feather Camp on Rest Lake—Vilas County, Wisconsin—on the wonderful Manitowish Chain—the best Musky ground in Northern Wisconsin.

¶ Delightful 2-3 or 4 room cottages—picturesquely located on Red Feather Bay. Electric Lights, Baths, Etc. Natural sandy bathing beach—diving float—water ball—beach umbrellas.

¶ Meals served at Club House—fresh cream—fresh butter—fresh eggs—fresh vegetables from our own gardens—spring chickens from our poultry yard.

¶ Camp Equipment for trips—guides—boats and outboard motors.

Kiddies are welcome at special rates.

RED FEATHER CAMP

Manitowish, Wisconsin

WAHNAPITAE LODGE

PICKEREL RIVER DISTRICT

(One Night from Toronto)

Excellent Cuisine; Clean Comfortable Beds; Individual Cabins; Expert Native Guides; Distant Camps for Overnight Trips; References Everywhere. WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

THE FINEST FISHING ON THE CONTINENT

N. W. BARRETT
460 ELLICOTT SQUARE
BUFFALO, N. Y.

After June 10th
PICKEREL RIVER,
ONTARIO

Where to go **Go to Idaho**
for
BIG GAME HUNTING
to the
Gameland Sporting Ranches
in the wilderness

One of the three states only having open goat season. Ranch guests and pack train trips.
Write for particulars, make early reservations
Address YELLOW PINE IDAHO
(Member I. W. L. A. and Ada County Fish and Game League)

Maynards Camps
Open May 1 to Dec. 1
Trout - Salmon - Deer - Birds
CENTER OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE REGION
Camps; Baths; Reached by Auto or Train; Spring Water; Abundant Home Cooking
TELEPHONE and TELEGRAPH
$21.00-$35.00 a week
For Information and Literature address
WALTER H. MAYNARD
Rockwood [Kineo Station] Me.

FOR SALE 5235 ACRES TIMBER LANDS

Located in Sevier County, Tenn., on Chilhowee Mountain, close to Northern Boundary of the proposed Smoky Mountain National Park. Clear streams; excellent location for game preserve or private park. 28,000,000 feet timber. Low price for quick sale.

GEO. E. DAVIS, BRISTOL, VA.

FOR SALE

One story Bungalow Cottage 42' x 48' with large living room, fire place, 4 bedrooms, kitchen and bath room, located on the beautiful Flambeau River, fourteen miles north of Ladysmith, Wis. Good boating and fishing. For sale at a sacrifice.

Address
C. H. Werden, Ashland, Wis.

SPORTSMENS BUREAU CANADA

BIG FISH—BIG GAME

—in the Canadian woods and lakes

We are booking agents for the principal camps and lodges. Our supervision insures excellent meals, good rooms and beds, good guides and good sport.

Tell us what you want and when you want it; we will be happy to suggest a trip for you, with full details—write us now.

THE SPORTSMEN'S BUREAU
Keefer Bldg.—Montreal

Allan Ranch—Beyond All Roads!!

Sun River Canyon in the Big Rockies in a Big Game, Big Fish, Fine Scenic Country.
A Mountain Lodge with Warm Springs Plunge. Everything the Best. Pack Train Trips. Booklet.

You'll Not Find a More Delightful Place!
RALPH ALLAN, Augusta, Montana

ATTEAN CAMPS — JACKMAN MAINE

Has fine Trout and Salmon fishing. Extra fine canoe trips on the Moose River. 17 trout ponds in a near by radius of camp. Expert guides at hand when wanted. Accommodations for automobile parties. Cabins with baths. Rates reasonable. For booklet and map address

RUEL E. HOLDEN, JACKMAN MAINE

CANADA'S WILDS—NORTHERN ONTARIO

TIMAGAMI

Wabi-Kon Camp
LAKE TIMAGAMI
Ontario, Canada

A real North Woods BUNGALOW CAMP with every comfort, in the heart of four million acres virgin forest—1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing. Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches, Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto or Montreal. Excellent table. Write for booklets.
Address W. H. WILSON, Wabi-Kon P. O., Lake Timagami, Ontario, Canada

---

FISHING AND HUNTING
IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN

Muskies — Bass — Pike. Deer. Golfing, Boating and Bathing. The best of cooking and comforts in unsullied great outdoors.

HANSON'S SQUIRREL LAKE RESORT
Henry Hanson, Owner,
MINOCQUA, WISCONSIN

MOOSE—MOOSE—MOOSE

The Real North Woods

Cosy log cabins; apart by themselves. Do your own housekeeping. Ideal place to spend summer outing in the real North Woods. Only one night on sleeper from Toronto. Moose, deer, bear, frequently seen from cabin doors. Bathing, boating, fishing, canoeing, hiking. Comfortable spring beds. Interesting folder with 24 actual photos on request. Finest References

M. U. BATES, BOX W, METAGAMA, (via Cartier) NOR. ONT.

MORE THAN 75 MUSKIES

Were taken on Wild Cat Lake last season. Wild Cat and ten other lakes are the head waters of the Manitowish. We have boats on 12 Bass and Pike lakes that can be reached only by canoe or hiking. Over night camps can be arranged.

THE WILD CAT INN
Opens May 15th
J. L. Wilson, Boulder Junction, Wisconsin

THE HOTEL Coronado

ALL St. Louis is NEAR---

THIS Great Hotel is geographically and socially in the city's heart and on its highest point. Smartly furnished Rooms, single or ensuite—5 Dining-rooms, dancing nightly; one of the World's noted Hotels.

RATES—$2.50 up

700 Rooms—700 Baths

Saint Louis' Largest Hotel

HANSON'S

Sabaskong Bay — Brooks Lake Fishing Camps

LAKE of the WOODS DISTRICT, CANADA

Make your reservations now for this year's fishing trip. July and August are wonderful months in Canada and the Muskie Fishing is still good in July. Excellent Bass Fishing with limit catches every day during July and August. Muskies start hitting again in September.

Brooks Lake Camp is over 100 miles from nearest town and Sabaskong Bay Camp over 60 miles. Send for full descriptive folder. Address:

Kendall Hanson, Rainy River, Ontario, Canada, or
J. A. Sizer, 4401 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago
Phone Lawndale 5040

MUSKIES and BASS

STRIKE HARD IN

LAKE of the WOODS and Adjoining Lakes. Log cottages—75-100 miles by boat from railroad. No auto roads. Best of grub, guides and equipment. Hay fever unknown. For folder write

GREEN'S CAMPS, Rainy River, Ontario, Canada

If you want to catch Fish and enjoy your vacation come to

"MEMQUISIT LODGE"

The premier log cabin Bungalow Camp of "Northern Ontario." Situated on the Beautiful "West Arm" of Lake Nipissing. A fisherman's real paradise. Wonderful scenery, perfect quiet, and the best of Fishing consisting of Black Bass, Large Northern Pike, Wall Eyes and Lunge. Also duck and deer hunting in season. Excellent table. Comfortable beds, real boats and guides for hire. Everything new, clean and comfortable. A delightful trip by steamer from Sturgeon Falls to Lodge. For rates, reservations, etc., write: **CAPT. CHAS. BRITTON, Drawer S, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.**

CAMP WE-NA-NAK

Nestled in the Forests of Northern Ontario

Auto Vacationists' and Fishermen's Paradise. Wonderful Fishing. 16 lakes to fish. Black Bass, Salmon and Grey Trout. Walleyed Pike. New log Bungalows. Central dining Lodge. A. I. Tennis Court. Bathing Beaches. Canoe trips. Shore dinners. Competent Guides. Folder.

FREDERICK J. SCHMELER & SONS
Box 51, Magnetawan, Ont., Canada

CHANNEL BASS

LARGE WEAKS
Late April to Late Oct.

JUNE
JULY
SEPT.
Early
OCT.

Few best catches 1927, 4 parties, 48 Channel Bass. Largest, 53½ lbs. Address furnished on application. All salt varieties. Ducks—Nov., Dec., Jan. Boating, Surf Bathing, Sportsmen, Families. A1 Hotel; Best Va. Cooking. Booklets.
Auto Via Del Mar, Va., Train, Old Point Comfort and Norfolk Express
A. H. G. MEARS, Wachapreague, Eastern Shore, Virginia

EVERETT'S Waubee Lake Resort

LAKEWOOD, WIS., Oconto Co.

Best beds, bathing, boating, dancing, eats, fishing, log cabins. All for $3.50 a day. Rates by week. Also housekeeping cottages and camp.

Trout caught in Lake Monarch and South Fork

KaRose Colorado

A natural habitat of fish and game in the Higher Rockies, where trout are still plentiful.

KAROSE (formerly known as Monarch) is situated in Grand County, Colorado, on the headwaters of the South Fork of the Colorado River, and just below Lake Monarch, one of the largest and most beautiful bodies of water in the whole Colorado Rocky Mountain Range—only 85 miles by rail, 110 miles by auto from Denver and easily reached by Victory Highway U. S. 40 or by Moffat R. R. to Granby, Colo., thence 15 miles by good highway

For the *perfect vacation* for the entire family come to KaRose where variety of recreation awaits you: fishing, hunting, camping, hiking, horseback riding, tennis, croquet, billiards, bowling, dancing and cards, swings and playgrounds for children.

Modern hotel—newly and completely furnished cabins. For rates and reservations write P. Yungblut, Granby, Colo. Summer season June 15th to October 1st

For illustrated booklet explaining exceptional opportunity for a cabin or mountain home of your own in this splendid mountain park, or for further information address:

JOHN C. STOLLER
1901-D Woodland Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
937-D Equitable Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Fishing the S. Fork at KaRose

VIRGIN BASS FISHING—217 LAKES

In 10 miles radius—Beautiful pine fringed virgin BASS waters—CREAM of Minnesota's fishing—Unspoiled heart of the ARROWHEAD Country. Outstanding service and accommodations of the entire North Woods Lake Region. Central dining place, individual cottages all with electric lights, running water, etc. BEDS—Marshall Field & Co., say "Most comfortable money can buy." FOOD—a quality found only in the best homes. Come enjoy the finest sport in real comfort. Guides, Boats, Canoes, Telegraph and phone service. Reasonable rates. Idlewild will charm you—Don't decide without our folder.

CAMP IDLEWILD

(W. A. STICKLER, Prop.) **Marcell, Itasca County, Minnesota**

"Where efficient friendly service awaits you"

For Resort and Camp Information of all kinds, write to CAMP SERVICE BUREAU, Outdoor America, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Why Not Minnesota This Year for your vacation? Fish, golf, canoe, etc. Write for booklet. **TEN THOUSAND LAKES OF MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION, 642 Merchants Bank Building, St. Paul, Minnesota**

BIG GAME AND FISH in BRITISH COLUMBIA

Moose, caribou, elk, Coast deer, mountain goat, mountain sheep, September to December. Grizzlies and other bear, September to June (best in spring). Game birds, September to January. Salmon-fishing with fly or troll in coastal waters, early spring and at best July to October. Trout in every lake and stream, March to November. All districts except Cassiar available by motor over 17,500 miles of roads. Comfortable hotels everywhere. Some of the most sporting golf courses in the world. Ideal place for hunter, fisherman or vacationist.

Bureau of Provincial Information
VICTORIA, B. C.

More Than Two Hundred MUSKIES

Over 30 lbs. each and 34 over 40 lbs. each including 1st and 2nd prize winners in the Field & Stream Contest as well as 1st and 4th prize Lake Trout were taken around our Lake of the Woods Camps last season. Hundreds of lakes full of Bass, Pike, Musky, Lake Trout, etc., tributary to our string of wilderness camps.

Descriptive folder on request.

E. D. CALVERT, Rainy River, Ontario

Come to Northern Ontario, Canada for your Fishing and Hunting

Alf. T. Leonard will supply efficient guides, and outfits for fishing trips on the Drowning River and elsewhere. Speckled trout (up to six lbs.), pickerel (all sizes), pike (up to forty lbs.). For further information write *A. T. Leonard, outfitter, Nakina, Ont., Can., or A. Randa, Nakina, Ont.*

Ouananiche — Brook Trout Moose — Deer — Bear

Best of everything—Fishing, hunting, food, accommodation, service and guides. Specialize in long and short canoe trips. Reservations being made now for 1928. *Write to*

C. W. BATES
St. Felicien Lake St. John Co. Quebec, Can.

Index of Advertisers

Classified for the Convenience of our Readers

July, 1928, Issue Outdoor America

Read all the ads before buying; our advertisers will be happy to serve you. In writing to advertisers, please mention OUTDOOR AMERICA.

ARMS, AMMUNITION AND ACCESSORIES

Bannerman Sons, Francis 66
Black Products Company 67
Cushion Pad Corporation, The 66
Hoppe, Inc., Frank A 68
Ithaca Gun Co 65
Jostam Mfg. Co 67
Kirk, W. Stokes 68
Remington Arms Company, Inc 65
Stoeger, Inc., A. F 45
Western Cartridge Company 33

AUTO TRAILERS

Auto-Kamp Trailer Co 56
Bower Mfg. Co 54
Gilkison & Sons Company, E. P 52

BINOCULARS, TELESCOPES AND COMPASSES

Benner & Co 66
DuMaurier Co 44
King Optical Company, The F. W 44

BOATS AND CANOES

Acme Boat Co 62
Brownback Motor Laboratories, Inc 61
Heath Boat Corp 61
Kidney & Sons, Inc., Dan 61
Old Town Canoe Co 62
Penn Yan Boat Co., Inc 62
Pneumatic Boat Corp 63
Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co 60

CAMPING (Tents, Stoves, Furniture, Etc.)

Alward-Anderson-Southard Co 53
American Gas Machine Co., Inc 51
Army and Navy Supply Co 52
Burlington Basket Co 53
Carpenter & Co., Geo. B 53
Champion Folding Furniture Co 55
Dail Steel Products Co 54
Douglas Manufacturing Company 52
Durham Mfg. Co 55
Gold Medal C. F. Mfg. Co 54
Hodgman Rubber Co 56
Hoosier B. T. & S. Co 57
Hugo Manufacturing Co 57
Kohler Co 49
LeRoy Tent Company 56
Marble Arms & Mfg. Co 56
McGrew Machine Co 56
Metakloth Company, Inc 52
Metropolitan Camp Goods Company 55
Modell's 53
National Carbon Co 54
Onan & Son Co., D. W 57, 66
Sportsmen's Bureau, The 56
Woods Mfg. Co., Ltd 51

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

See pages 77, 78, 79, 80.

FISHING TACKLE AND RODS

American Fork & Hoe Co., The 39
Arbogast, Fred 45
Bevin Wilcox Line Co., The 45
Bull Dog Reel Clamp Co 46
Claflin, B. A 46
Creek Chub Bait Co 42
Enterprise Mfg. Co., The 1
Eppinger, Lou J 38
Foss, Al 41
Gephart Mfg. Co 40
Heddon's Sons, James 44
Hildebrandt Co., John J 42
Huntington, L. B 46
Jamison Company, The W. J 46
Kennedy Manufacturing Company 43
Meachen and Richards Mfg. Co 42
Meisselbach Mfg. Co., The A. F 47
Old Fisherman's Calendar 46
Peckinpaugh Company, E. H 46
Pflueger Fishing Tackle 1
Reisner Manufacturing Co., The W. H 43
Rush, J. K 46
Shakespeare Co 37
South Bend Bait Company 46
Strong, Geo. O 45
Three-In-One Oil Co 43
vom Hofe & Company, Edward 45
Wilson Company, Al 40
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co 46
Woods & Co., F. C 40

KENNELS, LIVE STOCK AND SUPPLIES

American National Fox Breeders Assn 72
American Rabbit Association, Inc 72
Battle Creek Dog Food Co 71
Chappel Bros., Inc 72
Comrade Farm Kennels 71
Crown Iron Works Company 71
Delson Chemical Co., The 71
Eden Brook Trout Ponds 73
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay 71
Grousehaven Game Farms 72
Herculean Fur Farms 73
Mackensen, Wm. J 73
McBride Yellow Pine Sales Co., The Dwight 71
Outdoor Enterprise Co 72
Perfection Foods Co 71
Plymouth Rock Squab Company 73
Q-W Laboratories 71
Sandvall Fur Farms, J. G 73
Sinclair, Mr 71
Tarnedge Foxes 72
Terrell's Aquatic Farm 72
Van Den Norden Kennels 71
Wisconsin Aquatic Nurseries 73

MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND REMEDIES

King, H. L 67
Norwich Pharmacal Company 55
Zemo 60

MISCELLANEOUS

Automatic Rubber Co. (Zip Zip Shooter) 66
Globe Scientific Company (Fountain Pens) 63
Go Light Co. (Auto Light) 56
Hupp Motor Car Corporation (Hupmobiles) ..... II Cover
Pictorial Art Studios, Inc. (Art Subjects) 46
Smith Co., Andrew (Oar Lock) 62
Sporting Boot Strap Company (Boot Straps) 67
Stanco, Inc. ("Flit" Insecticide) 35
Stilwell, L. W. (Arrow Points) 66
Warner Mfg. Company (Boat Seat Back Rest) 62

OUTBOARD MOTORS AND ENGINES

Elto Outboard Motor Company 61
Evinrude Motor Co 60
Johnson Motor Company 59

PUBLISHERS

Doubleday, Inc., Nelson ..... IV Cover
Hounds and Hunting 71
Hunting & Fishing Magazine 68
Ripley, Ozark 73

RAILROADS

Canadian National Railways 67
Canadian Pacific Railway 47
Chicago & North Western Railway 50

RESORTS, CAMPS, HOTELS, GUIDES, PROPERTY

See pages 74, 75.

TAXIDERMY

Jonas Bros 56

WEARING APPAREL

Hodgman Rubber Co 57

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 25th of the second month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

549 W. RANDOLPH ST.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Agents Wanted

$31.00 PROFITS—with $1.50 outfit—big money—easy work. Selling gold monograms for automobiles, luggage. No experience. No license. Send $1.50 for outfit. NuLife Monograms, Hartford, Conn. (7x28)

YOU are wanted to resilver mirrors at home.

Camps and Cottages—Continued

FURNISHED cottages for rent on beautiful Long Lake. Muskie, Bass, Pike Fishing. Twenty-three miles from Eagle River. Golf Course near by. For information write George Whitman, 1603 Elm St., Rockford, Ill. (3-7)

LAKE Vermilion, Minn. Housekeeping cot-

Dogs

Chesapeakes

CHESAPEAKE Bay retrievers. Wonderful type; superb workers. A. K. C. Papers. E. L. Morgan, 1435 N. Main St., Sheridan, Wyo. (3-9)

Dogs

Pointers and Setters

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

FOR Sale: Pointers and Setters, thoroughly trained dogs, young dogs and puppies all ages, all extra fine individuals and the best of blood lines. Trial allowed. Descriptive price list ten cents. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (6x28)

BARGAIN. Imported Champion Gordon Setter bitch in whelp to Champion Inglehurst Joker. Chance seldom offered. Charles Inglee, 155 Montague, Brooklyn, New York. (3-7)

ENGLISH Setter Puppies from private hunting bitch. Riley Frush; Momoney; Paliacho; Rod M, bloodlines. Papers furnished. Elmer Teeters, Lynn, Indiana.

POINTER puppies, thoroughbred, from fine hunting stock. On approval anywhere $8 and $15. Trained dogs $35. up. Wilbourn Shanklin, Route No. 1, Allensville, Ky. (3-7)

BUY your bird dog from hunters. We ship on trial. Write us your wants, enclosing stamps. McLister Bros., Brighton, Tennessee. (3-9)

ENGLISH Setter Puppies of wonderful blood lines for fall training. Price $30.00. Dwight Woolridge, 407 W. Vernon, Normal, Ill. (3-9)

POINTER Pups, fifth generation own proven hunting blood. Registered, $25.00 up. C. Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-9)

REGISTERED English Setter dogs, highly bred, farm raised. We guarantee satisfaction. Willis A. White, Geneva, New York.

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffons, finest all-around bird and duck dog. Eligible youngsters at $60. Dr. Dratz, Missoula, Montana. (2x28)

DARK Red Irish Setters. Age 5 months, $25. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-9)

FOR Sale: A few choice registered bird dogs. Rufus Bennett, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-7)

FOR Sale: English Setter Pups, with papers, photo. L. W. Peyton, Normal, Ill. (3-7)

IRISH Setter Pups. 2 mo. to 1 yr. old. Hope McDowell, Grove City, Pa. (3-8)

Police Dogs

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (3-7)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police pups. Also grown dogs. Finest imported blood. Write for particulars. Also Cocker Spaniels. Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-7)

DOBERMANN-PINSCHER puppies, eligible, black and tan, at a bargain. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebraska. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Hundred pedigreed police pups, grown dogs. Priced to sell. Approval. T. M. Helmer, Hannaford, North Dakota.

POLICE puppies for sale. Six months old. Good strain. Write for prices. Theodore Knobloch, Bloomfield, Indiana. (3-7)

BEAUTIFUL police dog. Best blood lines of Palisade Kennels. Dr. H. Pesch, Rochester, Minn.

Spaniels

SPRINGERS. Beautiful Litter: 2 black and white males, 5 liver and white males, 1 liver and white female. Colors run strong, little white. Prices thirty-five to fifty, delivered. Whelped March 26th. Sire—Ch. Thiebeau of Avandale (Ch. Pierpont-Lass by Ch. Flint of Avandale). Dam—Patsy of Winneshiek. (Dolores by Ch. Horsford-Harbour.) Also one white and liver female, $35. One liver and white female, $50. Delivered. Papers. Above bloodlines. Ten months old. All sales must satisfy. G. Schuler, Orfordville, Wis. (3-8)

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SIX Springer Spaniel Pups. Dam, Queenie of Minot. Pups nearly solid Liver. Black and white male. Ten months old, partly trained. Kennels on Platte Rivers. Leon J. Cherny, Rogers, Nebr. (3-8)

SPRINGER Spaniels: Choice farm raised puppies. Several fine bitches in whelp. All are registered. Shipped subject to inspection and approval. Lakeland Kennels, H. J. Robertson, Olivia, Minn. (3-9)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. A choice litter of liver and white puppies. Sired by Chief of Iowa. Chief at Stud. Working stock. Charles F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-7)

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males $15.00. Females $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-8)

SPRINGERS. Two grown dogs and 3 proven bitches. (2) litters Dec. and Feb. whelping. Prices very reasonable. Grant Schopp, Abilene, Kans. (3-8)

PARTLY trained Springers and Pups for sale from imported stock. "Dawson Dandy" at stud-winner at Minneapolis and Chicago shows. O. V. Brown, Dawson, Minn. (3-9)

SPRINGER Puppies, by Flint X Flame of Avondale by Princling of Avondale X Dolly, she by Sprinkbok of Ware. Dr. R. B. Miller, Abilene, Kansas. (3-9)

SPRINGERS: One male and female. Twenty months old. Reasonable. Horsford Harbour blood lines. One black and tan rabbit hound trained. Minot Hoard, Mosinee, Wisconsin.

SPRINGER Spaniels. Two imported champions at Stud. For sale, puppies, youngsters and bred bitches. Avalon Kennels (Reg.), Canal Fulton, Ohio. (3-9)

SPRINGER Spaniel Pups, Avondale breeding. Papers. Females $20, males $25. Leonard Anderson, 507 Danaher, Ludington, Mich.

SPORTING Spaniels. Booklet on their training for sport or field trials, etc. Price 50 cents. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniel Pups. Bred from hunters; ready to ship June 15th. Priced to sell. Pascu Popescu, Plentywood, Mont. (2-8)

AT Stud: Registered Springer by International Champion Boghurst Rover. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

REGISTERED Springer and Irish Water Spaniels, best of blood lines, priced reasonable. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

IRISH water spaniel. Female. Nine months old. Exceptional quality. Price $50.00. H. L. Franklin, Greeley, Colo. (3-8)

PEDIGREED Springers. November puppies. Sire several times winner, $25. Grant Nichols, Ellensburg, Wash. (3-8)

SPRINGERS. Avondale bloodlines. Beautiful youngsters. Priced reasonable. Bondora Kennels, Park Falls, Wis. (3-8)

IRISH Water Spaniels for sale. All ages. Working stock. Eligible. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Mont. (8-1)

SPRINGERS, imported stock, low prices. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn. (3-8)

Terriers

FOR Sale: Wire haired fox terrier dog. 3 years old. Sire Fellowman, Dam Penniwink. Registered. Fine specimen. Good with children. Will sell for half his value. $50. Walter F. Conway, 909 Peoria Life Bldg., Peoria, Ill.

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

IRISH Terriers. Good ones. Puppies or older dogs, pedigreed. Reasonable. Write, Will Snell, Columbus, Nebr.

IRISH Terriers. High class puppies of best blood lines at nominal prices. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-7)

FOX Terriers, Rat Terriers, lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-12)

IRISH Terriers: Young stud, bred bitch, also puppies. Altura Kennels, Route 1, El Paso, Texas.

Training and Boarding Dogs

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., wants young coonhounds for training. Give that good hound a chance. Rates $10.00 per month. (3-7)

WANTED: Pointers, Setters and Spaniels for training. All faults corrected. Dogs boarded. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (6x28)

Dogs

Wanted—Dogs

WANTED—Puppies, all breeds. Write age, sex, lowest price in first letter. Market St. Pet Shop, 439 Market St., Phila., Pa.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

YOUR money back if Minerola fails to cure Distemper or Running Fits. Dealers here's your chance. Last year one customer sold over eight thousand packages without a single complaint. $1. Pkg. Postpaid. Minerola Remedy Co., Box B, Owensboro, Ky. (3-7)

RUNNING fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (12-6)

Engines, Motors and Dynamos

FOR Sale: Brand new 6 volt Bosch motors, $3.75 each. One thousand watt, 32 volt, new Westinghouse power and light generators. Will operate off the rear wheel of your automobile, also off your 1½ HP gas engine, special price of $48.00. It requires 1½ HP gas engine at special price of $48.00 each. Quarter HP, 32 volt, DC motors at $10.25 each. New 110 volt vacuum Cleaners, equipped with General Electric motor, $17.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. New Everlite 32 volt, 1250 watt light plants at $169.75 each, complete with engine. Write for free catalog. Do not buy; consult us first. General Distributing Company, Security Storage Building, Duluth, Minnesota. (5x28)

Firearms and Ammunition

B & M SPORTER, Watson Sights, Telescope Sights, Reloading Tools and Components, Cleaning Rods and other Accessories. Free Circulars. Complete Handbook fifty cents. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-7)

EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years' experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, So. St. Paul, Minn. (3-7)

ALUMINUM butt plates for rifles and shotguns. Write the Springfield Aluminum Plate & Castings Co., Springfield, Ohio. (3-7)

WALNUT gun cabinets at factory prices. Illustrated folder free. Corbett Cabinet Company, St. Marys, Pa. (3-8)

Fish and Game Attractions

DUCK! Fish! Muskrat! Foods! that bring them in swarms. Terrell's seeds grow. Plant now. 32 years' experience. Advice free. Write for prices. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 81 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-8)

DUCK, goose, fish, muskrat attractions, celery, sago pond weed, widgeon grass and others. White's Game Preserve, Waterlily, North Carolina. (3-8)

MINNESOTA Wild Rice Seed. Write for special prices. Prompt delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly, Aitkin, Minnesota. (12-4)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

TROUT Flies, 10c value, assortment of 25, $1.00; Bass Flies, 25c value, assortment of 15, $2.00; Fish Knife, $1.25 value, 60c. Plugs, $1.00 value, assortment of 6, $3.00. Silk line, 50 yds., $2.00 value, $1.25. Pflueger Buckeye Reel, $6.00 value, $3.50. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Catalogue free with order. Fisherman's Supply Co., Jefferson & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo. (3-8)

FISHING Tackle. Brown's Fisheretto, for bass, pike and pickerel, and all game fish. Retail price 85c. Attractive dealers' prices. Brown's Fisheretto Company, Manufacturers, Osakis, Minn.

ATTENTION Sportsmen. High grade split bamboo rods. Write for information. Gilman Rod Co., 104 Maple St., Rome, N. Y. (3-9)

SCIENCE of Fishing. A splendid illustrated 258 page book for fishermen. Postpaid $1.00. Brock Books, 4053a McRee, St. Louis, Mo. (3-9)

Fishing Tackle and Bait—Cont'd

FLY or bait rods made by our expert rod maker, Win. Coultas, of special selected and evenly balanced, split bamboo, are a dream. New joints made to match your Rod. All kinds of rod repairing. Let us make you a rod. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ware Brothers Company, Spokane, Wash. (3-7)

GILMORE'S Automatic Weedless. A Selfstriking, Single Hook, Bucktail Lure. Winner of 2nd and 4th prizes in the National Bass Tournament recently held in Leesburg, Florida. "Nuff Sed." Price $1.00. Order now. Folder upon request. E. L. Gilmore & Co., Youngstown, O. (3-7)

ANTI Backlash Attachment for fishing reels, easily applied. Our self thumber beats any anti backlash reel. $1.50 guaranteed. Fish Hook Co., Windfall, Ind. (3-8)

BEST yet. Catfish bait. A little better than the best. For throw lines unexcelled. 60 cents each, two for one dollar prepaid. W. W. Hughes, Bayard, Nebraska. (3-8)

HEINZELMANN'S famous hackle flies. Long streamer tail feathers. No pork bait needed. 3 for $1. Heinzelmann Mfg. Co., 313 E. 12th, Kansas City, Mo.

CATCH catfish! One dollar for successful plan; fifty cents for bait recipe. L. H. Davis, Calmar, Ia. (3-8)

CAT Fish will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas. (5-9)

FISHERMEN! Sportsmen! 50 Doughball baits for fishing and recipe for making same with instructions. 50c postpaid. Henry Bergman, Box 9, Springfield, Missouri. (3-7)

FISHLINE Sinkers. Cast your own. All popular sizes. Complete instructions with mold. $1.00. Dolph Mfg. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia. (3-7)

BASS flies expertly tied. Your specifications. Best materials. Three to nine dollars dozen. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kansas. (3-7)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-8)

FLIES $1.50 per dozen. Double winged floaters $2.00 per dozen; also leaders. Isabel McDonald, Box 2198, Seattle, Wash. (3-9)

FISHERMEN. $1.00 brings a season's supply of catfish lure. Radibait Company, Greenfield, Ohio.

LIVE Helgramites. $4.00 per hundred. $2.25 per fifty. Postpaid. Peron Snyder, Middleburg, Pa. (3-9)

Food Products

PURE Maple Syrup $2.50 gal. Hillside Grove, Sheldon, Vt. (3-7)

Game, Birds and Animals

WE offer extra fine, dark, Northern Minnesota Muskrats from our Battle Creek and Pine River Muskrat Ranches, for breeding stock, for delivery during 1928. $25.00 per pair for single pairs. Special prices for quantity contracts. All orders will be taken care of in the order received. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., R. F. D., Lake Elmo, Minnesota. (9x27)

SPECIAL prices on silver fox. Prize winning blood. All stock registered. We were offered and received up to $400.00 for raw pelts this season. Also other fur animals. If you want stock that has fur value, write us. Free catalog. Huber's Silver Fox & Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (5x28)

MUSKRATS for breeding stock. Priced right. Live delivery. Sex guaranteed. Dark Beauties. Book just out on Pen and Ranch Raising of Muskrats. Real information. Price one dollar. Satisfaction guaranteed. Columbine Muskrat Farm Co., Denver, Colo. (3-7)

ALASKA Minks, Super-quality Northern Minnesota minks, Blue Foxes, Alaskan Silvers, finest quality. Booking orders for spring and fall delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (3-7)

MUSKRATS. Booking orders for Fall delivery. Large, dark Rocky Mountain strains. Live delivery guaranteed. Orders filled in rotation as received. Conejos County Fur Farms, Box 5, Romeo, Colorado. (3-7)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

WE can offer a few select brown-eyed, brown toe-nailed, 8 months old, first class Chinchilla does, at $15.00 each, bred, F. O. B. St. Paul. Take advantage of this wonderful offer as you will secure the finest stock in the country. Stock eligible for registration. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation, P. O. Lake Elmo, Minn. Highway No. 12 near St. Paul. Licensed breeders of Mink, Dark Muskrats, Mountain Silver Fox Rabbits, Beaver.

ALL Star Silver Foxes. First selection litters. All related to All Star "Sybil," World's Champion. We can supply you with Blue Foxes, Mink, Raccoon, Chinchilla Rabbits, Muskrats. Correspondence solicited. Minnesota Silver Fox and Fur Company, 1679 University Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota. (4-10)

SUCCESSFUL Mink Raising, by an experienced rancher, with drawings and illustrations, mailed for $1.00. A limited amount of breeding stock for sale. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-10)

FOR Sale: For June, July delivery. Mink, raccoon, skunk, muskrat, silver, blue, cross and red fox. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minn. (3-7)

MINK. Interior Alaska and Northern. Pen raised. Blues and Silver Foxes. Finest quality. Booking orders for Spring delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (3-7)

THOROUGHBRED Roller and Yorkshire Canaries. Fine healthy singers and breeding pairs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Frank Caduff, 317 16th Ave., Newark, N. J. (3-7)

PINE Marten For Sale. Rocky Mountain Strain. Pen raised. Breeding and feeding problems solved. H. E. Bowles, Idaho Falls, Idaho. (3-7)

PHEASANT Eggs for sale. Ringneck, Mongolian, Golden, Amherst, Reeves, Silvers. Karl J. Birnbrauer, Oak Lane, Phila., Pa. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Buffalo, Deer, Elk, Milk Goats, Chinchilla Rabbits, other animals. We buy all kinds. Johnson Auction Co., Canton, Ill.

FOR Sale: Canadian Mink, extra large, extra dark, super quality, pedigreed. T. Knipfer, Northome, Minnesota.

FOR Sale: Wisconsin Muskrats and Minks. Excellent Breeders, young or old. The Maples, Rib Lake, Wisconsin, Taylor Co. (3-7)

RING Neck Pheasant Eggs—$3.25 per 13. Jap. silkies, $2.50 per 13. Fertility guaranteed. Alex. Forke, New Brunfels, Texas. (3-7)

PHEASANTS, Golden and Amherst, also Japanese Silkie Bantams and Peafowl. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-8)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-9)

RABBITS, Cavies, Pigeons, Pheasants (2,000 animals). Booklet 4c. Summit Rabbitry, Bernharts, Pa. (3-9)

QUALITY Red fox pups, at reasonable prices. Eyrle Nelson, Englevale, North Dakota.

RINGNECK Pheasants; Eggs. White Game Park, Mesilla Park, New Mex. (3-9)

CAL. Valley Quail, Doves and Rare Pheasant. J. V. Patton, Hollister, Cal. (6-11)

WILD Red Fox pups, at reasonable prices. Eyrle Nelson, Lisbon, North Dakota.

Help Wanted, Instructions

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, 2190 Broadway, N. Y. (3-9)

FOREST Ranger positions pay $125-$200 month. Nice cabin. Hunt, trap, patrol. Get free list Nat'l Forests immediately. Rayson Inst., Dept. A-12, Denver, Colo. (6-12)

MEN, get forest ranger or railway mail jobs; $135-$225 monthly; permanent; experience unnecessary. For instruction details write A. Bradford, 31 South 52nd, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-7)

DO you drive a car? U. S. Government Chauffeur-Carrier job pays $141-$175 month. "How to qualify" mailed Free. Write, Ozment Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (5x28)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 249 Temple Court, Denver Colo. (3-8)

Indian Goods

PEACE Pipes, War Clubs, $5.00; Beaded Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Watchfobs, $1.00; Bow, Arrows, $1.60; 25 selected stone age relics, $10.00; dozen fine arrowheads, $2.50. Tomahawks, Rare, $15.00. Everything in Indian Curios. Costumes. Blankets. Prehistoric Relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O. A., Harbor Springs, Michigan. (2x28)

Manufacturers

WIRE and wire specialties. Cooley Mfg. Co., 528 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (3-9)

Miscellaneous

LOG Houses. Before building get our new plan. Logs stand upright. Easier and cheaper. Blueprints include foundation, walls, windows, roof, etc. Send $1.00 for blueprints with building instructions. Brock Blueprints, 4053a McRee Ave., St. Louis, Mo. (3-7)

WASHING Machines reconditioned. Water powers, $3.00. Mail motor only. 24 Hr. service. Hose 75c ea. Electrics $25.00. Run like new. Cylinders relined. Housman Hughes, 294 Park Dale, Buffalo, N. Y. (3-7)

MOOSE Shooting in Norway. The best and most certain rights to be had through Bernhd Brekke, Trondhjem, establ. 1880, cable address: Activ Trondhjem. Partner personally shot 76 moose. (3-8)

GRASS Chigger Relief. A guaranteed relief for chigger bites. Relieves other insect stings and bites. Price 50c. Weldon Litsey, 1122 6th Ave., Fort Worth, Texas. (3-8)

PALM Tree Seeds and instructions for growing, 25c. Guaranteed. Buffington, 711 N. 3rd St., Phoenix, Arizona. (3-8)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-10)

10,000 ACRE ranch resort. Deer, Turkey, Ducks, Fishing, Swimming. Picturesque, attractive. Boarders accepted year round. Booklet. Gallagher Ranch, San Antonio, Texas. (3-9)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-7)

WATER pumped night and day with Rife's Hydraulic Ram. No attention, no expense. Write for catalog. Sold exclusively by H. T. Olsen, 15-A Park Row, New York. (3-9)

FREE booklet: Ginseng Golden Seal Roots and Herbs. All about growing, gathering, selling. Get yours today. O. Twitchell, West Milan, N. H.

MINERAL rods on positive, all money back guarantee if not satisfied. Write, T. D. Robinson, Box 87-C, Elgin, Texas. (3-9)

SWIM. Learn in two days or money back. Illustrated book 25c. Book Exchange, Huntington, W. Va. (3-9)

B AN expert bee hunter. W. Grover, Bristol, Vermont.

Name Plates

DOG Collar Name Plates, 20c; Key checks, 15c. All kinds of lodge emblems on key checks. Leroy H. Eckels, 1331 Wallace St., Harrisburg, Pa. (3-7)

Outing Equipment

CADILLAC House Car completely equipped with beds, table, chairs, kitchenette, wardrobe, running water, electric lights, iceless refrigerator and various other furnishings to accommodate four people. Particulars and photographs furnished on request. Fahler's Garage, Mendota, Illinois. (3-8)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

PATENTS. Write for Instructions. Carl Miller, Registered Patent Attorney (Former Patent Office Examiner), 211-O McGill Building, Washington, D. C. (3-7)

Photography—Cameras—Pictures

MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare time or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. American School of Photography, Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago. (12-10)

NEW Sepia Prints. A beautiful finish that improves kodak pictures. Send 8c and negative for sample and catalog of specialties. Frank Scobie, 68-S, Sleepy Eye, Minn. (3-7)

COWBOY Artist. Charles M. Russell Art prints for framing. Twenty subjects. Quarter, stamps brings sample and list. Beartooth Curio Store, Red Lodge, Montana. (3-7)

SAMPLE enlargement—dime, and negative (returned). Trial roll, glossy prints, 25c silver. Brown, Warsaw, N. C. (3-9)

GERMAN Cameras, lenses. Barttro, 6436 La Riba Way, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-7)

Poultry

100 VARIETIES Fowls, Bantams. Catalog 5c. F. C. Wilbert, Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-7)

Printing, Engraving and Multigraphing

DOES your stationery advertise your business? Our workmanship does. Send your copy for estimate. Business cards $3.00 for 500. Artcraft Press, Verona, N. J. (3-9)

200 LETTERHEADS and 100 envelopes, $1.10, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1268, Chicago. (7x28)

Rabbits

SILVER fox fur rabbits. The sensation of Fur Farming. Write today for free booklet, beautifully illustrated, giving origin, breeding, care, feeding, etc. Reliable foundation breeders. Desk 41, American Rabbit Association, Inc., Arcarde Station, Los Angeles, California. (3-9)

RAISE fur bearing Chinchilla Rabbits, garage, woodshed or barn, spare time. Pedigreed. Healthy. Booklet 25c. Write for prices. De Camp Carson, Delta, Wis. (3-7)

JAGGER'S famous champion strain Chinchillas. Selected Chinchilla does, pedigreed and bred, $10.00. Jagger's Rabbitry, Box 1061, Station A, Pueblo, Colorado. (3-7)

BLUE and silver black fox fur rabbits. Real quality. Booklet. Thos. Brogden, Rush Lake, Wis. (3-9)

PROFITABLE fur rabbits. Pedigreed Chinchillas, Havanas, Silver Black Fox. Literature 4c. Ransom Rabbitry, Geneva, Ohio. (3-9)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (6-12)

SILVER fox fur rabbits, breeding stock for sale. L. O. Cochrane, Yelm, Washington. (3-9)

SILVER fox fur rabbits. Send for literature. E. L. Morris, P. O. Box 265, Ogden, Utah. (3-9)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

WRITE the owner for prices: Choice lake frontage; cottages for rent or sale on sand beach good fish lake; tourists' resort five cottages, seven hundred feet lake frontage; two miles Wolf River frontage; large and small tracts of forest land along streams and lakes adapted for wild game; eighty acres dairy farm; new house, barns, all modern conveniences; half mile lake frontage, all in picturesque Wolf River Valley, highway 55 Wisconsin. Wallrich Land and Lumber Company, Shawano, Wisconsin. (3-7)

ATTRACTIVE Bay Front farm; Cozy Elm Sheltered Home with lovely outlook. Neat and homelike; nearly 17 acres; fishing, boating, gunning to your heart's content; spring-watered pasture, fine variety fruit, acre berries. Horse and all crops thrown in; low price $2500, part cash. Details pg. 33 free illus. catalog. Sportsmen's bargains in 19 states. Strout Agency, 255-BR 4th Ave., N. Y. City.

FOR Sale: Specializing in Michigan recreational lands from one to 10,000 acres, we have summer homes, private lakes, lake and trout stream frontage, lots, fur farm locations and hunting preserves. Memberships in hunting and fishing clubs. When writing advise locality desired. Kent Realty Co., 915 Michigan Trust Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-8)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Cont'd

2200 ACRES Adirondack Forest. Situated in Lewis & Herkimer Counties, traversed for two (2) miles by Moose River. Excellent Hunting & Fishing. 200 Acres cleared, having several buildings, and affording opportunity for Golf Course and Landing Field. Price on application. Address communications to Denton & Waterbury, Whitesboro, N. Y.

BAY Lake Shores. Charming Bay Lake 118 miles North Minneapolis. Heart Lake region. Fine beach. Bass, wall-eyed and big boys. Pines, birch, health and recreation. Lots $75. to $500. For literature write John Campbell, 4507 Arden Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Pickerel River Lodge. French River District. An ideal summer home for a Sportsman, or a small Club. Completely furnished and the necessary equipment. Full particulars from F. C. Johnston, Pickerel River, Ontario, Canada. (3-8)

MINNESOTA Shore lots for sale. Heart of famous Ten Thousand Lakes; large perfect lots, heavily timbered; unexcelled bathing beaches, beautiful Ottertail Lake; finest trout, pike and bass fishing, good hunting. Terms. Luebben, 320 Endicott Bldg., St. Paul, Minnesota.

120 ACRES, all in valley with furnished camp on hillside overlooking lake. ¾ mile trout creek on property. Cheboygan County, Michigan. 16 trout streams and eight good fishing lakes, nine mile radius. $1200.00 buys furniture and all. J. C. Weed, 4060 Pingue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

ISLANDS, lots, acreage, Lake Vermilion, Minnesota. Also Hunting Lodges adjacent Itasca State Park. Lowest prices. State your wants. Write today. Reuben C. Thompson, Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-8)

LAKE and river front lands at $5 to $50 an acre, and islands at $100 each, and up, in the playground of Northern Minnesota. Write for list. Church Land Co., Duluth, Minnesota. (5x28)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

293 ACRES, nearly mile lake front, fine timber, near Big Tomahawk Lake, Wisconsin. Ideal Boys', Girls' Camp or resort, $15,000.00. Edw. Tiffin, Ferguson, Missouri.

LOTS on Blue Lakes, Michigan. Ideal fishing and hunting. $25.00 to $200.00. Cash or payments. W. S. Grumman, 1206 W. State, Columbus, Ohio.

80 ACRE tract in Aitkin. County ideal for fur farming. Price, $1000.00. 4 miles from town. Joe Lampert, 2005 Pied Ave., Duluth, Minn. (6-9)

40 ACRES land, only mile from large fishing lake in Northern Minnesota. $2 per acre. Church Land Co., Duluth, Minnesota. (3-9)

DESIRABLE Ozark ranch. Fruit, Poultry, Stock or Dairying. Write owner. A. Northcutt, 739 S. Jefferson, Springfield, Mo. (3-8)

FOR SALE: New cottage on Rose Lake. Best of fishing and bathing. Beautiful location. F. S. Voelker, Reed City, Mich. (3-8)

FOR Sale. House at Twin Mountain, N. H., for Camp or Lunch-room; bargain. J. E. Bassett, Hudson, N. H.

FOR Sale: New log cottage furnished, three acres on beautiful lake, Northern Michigan. Write Beulah Robinson, Iron River, Michigan.

FOR Sale: Lots, islands, acreages. Lake Vermilion. Arrowhead Lakes Land Co., Tower, Minn. (3-7)

UNDEVELOPED Beaver-Muskrat farm, Minnesota. Bargain. Private Lake. Covington, Box 455, St. Paul, Minn.

UNUSUAL opportunities for profit. Wisconsin Lands, lake properties. Hardy-Ryan, Waukesha, Wisconsin. (3-9)

FOR Sale: 5 miles Lake Vermilion Shore properties. Sam. Kitto, Tower, Minn. (3-7)

NEAT little cottage on one of Wis. finest fishing lakes. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (4-9)

MUSKRAT and Beaver farms. Get free list. DeCoudres, Bloomingdale, Mich. (3-7)

Stamp Collecting

BORNEO, Sudan, etc., 5000 diff. approvals ¾c each. References. Philatelic Exchange, Huntington, W. Va. (3-9)

100 STAMPS, all different. 2 White Metal Coin, 2 Crisp Notes and Catalog, 20c. Geo. Best, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-9)

Stamp Collecting—Cont'd

FORTY different United States 10c. Stamps on approval at 60% discount. C. Seidenberg, Baroda, Michigan. (3-7)

FINEST one cent approvals in America. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-8)

PRICE list United States and British North America free on request. Stanley Gibbons, Inc., 38r Park Row, New York City.

UNITED STATES, 27 different, 5c, to buyers from 50% or 60% discount sheets. State size of collection. Leduc, Redlion, Penna. (3-9)

10 BARBADOES 10c. Also premium. Grant, 6317 18th Avenue, Brooklyn. (3-9)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-9)

Taxidermy

BETTER Taxidermy. Work that really reproduces nature. Scientifically correct and lifelike, according to approved and tested modern museum methods. Experts in charge of all phases of the work. Birds, game heads, fish, tanning, museum groups. Get our free circular and list of moderate prices. Wire or write to the largest natural history house in America. General Biological Supply House, 761-763 East 69th Place, Chicago, Illinois. (3-8)

TAXIDERMIST, Furrier & Supplies. Heads, rugs for sale. Lists, specify which. M. J. Hofmann, 989 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (6-10)

GLASS eyes for birds, animals, fish. Schoepfer, 16 West 36th St., New York. (3-7)

Tours

MINNESOTA-ONTARIO Canoe Tours. Day or month trips with best fishing in North America. Write for booklet. Coach Emil W. Iverson, Athletic Department, University of Minnesota. (3-8)

Typewriters and Supplies

TYPEWRITERS. All standard makes, $7 to $29. Fully guaranteed. Dee Typewriter House, Ada, Okla. (3-7)

Wanted

WANTED: Twelve gentlemen to join twenty-eight others who have option on four thousand acres Adirondack forest adjoining State Preserve. Well timbered, excellent fishing and hunting territory, two lakes and several streams containing no other fish than brook trout. Club house erected. Can be purchased at ten dollars per acre. Hour and quarter drive from Utica. All state road but three miles. References exchanged. Communicate with Geo. H. Greenman, Foster Building, Utica, N. Y. (3-8)

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 71. (7-7)

Watches

WATCHES at a bargain. Genuine 21 jewel Elgins, Walthams, Hamiltons, Howards, Illinois and all other standard make watches, guaranteed to pass railroad inspection, for only $29.50. Slightly used but guaranteed as good as new. Other watches in proportion. Catalog free. Robert G. Parman, Arkansas City, Kans. (3-9)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

SWEATERS, remodeled, high turtle neck slipovers made V neck slipovers for $2.00; slipovers made buttoned coat style, $3.00. Send that old sweater today. Bullard Knitting Mills, Duluth, Minnesota. (3-8)

GENUINE Montecristo Panama hats. The best made. Direct from importer at $12, $15, $18 and $20. Allan Kelsey, Lakeview, Michigan. (3-7)

Leadership

THE honor of leadership in any field carries with it a definite obligation which does not countenance failure and which demands continual success. ¶ The compliment of leadership in a wide field of public welfare in America was not conferred upon the Izaak Walton League until it was evident that its shoulders were broad enough to carry the load that inevitably must follow. ¶ To insure the permanence of this vital power, the League was built, and it still stands, on a definite quality of American character which always has been synonymous with successful leadership. ¶ This is best expressed in the personality of those who direct its policies and who shape its destiny.

President
Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Ill.

Vice-Presidents
Charles Biederwolf, Ind.
Thomas A. E. Lally, Wash.
Dr. G. C. Redfield, S. D.
Theo. Robinson, Ill.
Dr. John A. Stanfield, Tex.

Honorary President
Honorable Herbert Hoover, D. C.

Treasurer
Fred A. Preston, Ill.

Secretary
Fred N. Peet, Ill.

Executive Committee
Frank J. Brady, Nebr.
Judge Frank B. Burford, Okla.
Charles K. Foster, Ill.
Harry C. Goodwin, N. Y.
Dr. Wm. H. Moore, Pa.
Haskell Noyes, Wis. (Chairman)
H. A. Savage, Mich.
J. Quincy Ward, Ky.
Frank M. Warren, Minn.

Directors
W. P. Aberg, Wis.
Thos. Ambrose, Ill.
Dr. P. R. Blodgett, Ill.
Sherman Brown, Wis.
Dr. C. G. Delfs, Nebr.
Harry J. Denney, Minn.
Charles K. Foster, Ill.
C. S. Graham, Fla.
J. L. Greer, Wyo.
A. A. Holt, N. H.
Wm. T. Huxtable, S. D.
Fred J. Lane, Ill.
Dr. C. E. Laws, Ark.
A. C. Malloy, Kan.
Haskell Noyes, Wis.
Fred N. Peet, Ill.

Directors (cont'd)
J. E. Pflueger, O.
W. H. Poling, Kan.
Clarence W. Porter, Colo.
Dr. J. Paul Price, Mo.
Theo. W. Robinson, Ill.
George E. Scott, Ill.
Frank M. Warren, Minn.
C. A. Wheatley, Tex.
A. C. Willford, Ia.
L. G. Bradford, Ind.
F. J. Brady, Nebr.
Dr. F. Brown, S. D.
Judge F. B. Burford, Okla.
R. H. Davis, N. Y.
Dall DeWeese, Colo.
Judge Escar Floyd, Tex.
R. J. Gillespie, Mich.
H. C. Goodwin, N. Y.
Glenn Griswold, Ill.
E. C. Kemper, D. C.
Stafford King, Minn.
Burr Lichty, Ia.
Fred Luenning, Wis.
M. W. Medill, Wyo.
Dr. W. H. Moore, Pa.
S. W. Morely, Okla.
B. G. O'Neal, Tex.
Hon. R. W. Scholes, Ill.
George M. Seaman, Ill.
W. A. Strong, Okla.
J. B. Thompson, Tenn.
M. E. Towner, Md.
Dr. H. B. Ward, Ill.
Clifford Babcock, Wash.
E. S. Bayard, Pa.
J. R. Cunningham, Mo.
Irvin Cobb, N. Y.
Dr. S. P. Cresap, Nebr.
R. M. Eastman, Ill.
Hal G. Evarts, Kan.
Ward B. Edwards, N. Y.
Fred C. Fletcher, O.
Judge H. Graass, Wis.
Ivar Hennings, Ind.
K. J. Lockwood, N. J.
J. T. Matson, N. Y.
Jack Miner, Can.
A. R. Reeves, Okla.
Webb Rice, Nebr.
A. L. Scott, Kan.
H. A. Savage, Mich.
Dr. W. M. Slack, Tenn.
G. R. Skinner, Ill.
J. Quincy Ward, Ky.
Dr. T. Winecoff, Pa.
Judge G. W. Wood, Ia.
J. W. Taylor, Miss.
S. W. Thompson, N. D.

Izaak Walton League of America

Clinton & Randolph Sts. Chicago, Ill.

An Invitation to All Who Long for the Forest Trail

Bacon sizzling on a pointed stick! Corn, potatoes and apples roasting in the ashes! Indian maize cakes browning in the skillet! Does any food ever taste as good as this?

Everybody longs to get out in the woods and wild places now and then. But do you know that camping pleasures increase in direct ratio to the camper's knowledge of how to live in the open—of what to see and where to see it?

The American Indians were the supreme authorities on open air life—on hunting, fishing and camping. From them the pioneers learned the twin sciences of woodcraft and campcraft.

Ernest Thompson Seton has studied the lives of the Indians and pioneers more carefully than any other writer. In six of the most valuable and fascinating books of their kind ever written, dealing with Hiking and Canoeing, Animals and Birds, Indiancraft, Woodcraft, Earth and Sky and Wild Animals, he has incorporated a vast wealth of knowledge that represents years of painstaking study and research.

The Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft

by Ernest Thompson Seton

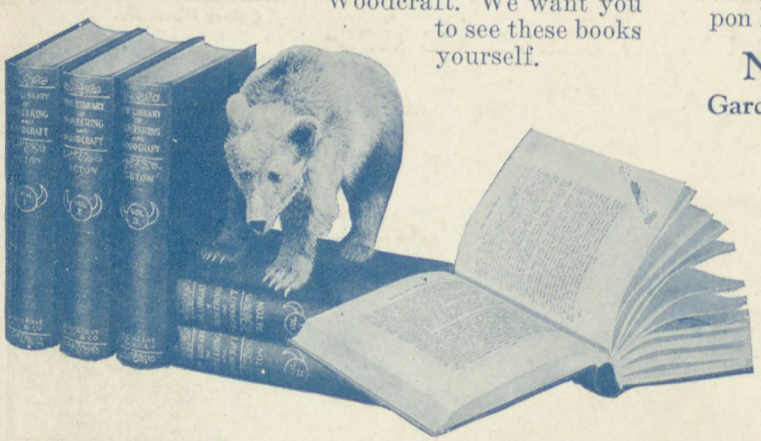
Six volumes of woodland lore woven into the most thrilling of adventure tales comprise the Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft. Stories about people who lived in the woods by themselves. Stories about wild and domestic animals. Accurate information about how the Indians lived, fished, hunted, tanned skins, preserved meat, ground maize, made bows, arrows and implements. Indian stories.

DO YOU KNOW:

- How to make a fire without matches?
- How to build a waterproof shelter?
- How to find food and remedies?
- How to make knots, traps?
- How to know birds, animals, trees?
- How to hunt, fish, travel, cross streams?

Examine These Wonderful Books FREE

It is impossible to tell you here of all the fascinating and valuable information, all the thrilling stories that are contained in The Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft. We want you to see these books yourself.



With no obligation and at our expense, we will gladly send them to you for five days' free inspection. Simply mail the coupon and the six volumes, tastefully bound in National Blue Cloth and profusely illustrated, with photographs and drawings by the author, will go forward to you immediately. You can either return them within five days at our expense, or send only $1 as first payment and then only $2 a month until a total of $11.00 has been paid, an astonishing low price for books of such interest and value.

These books contain a world of pleasure and information that will appeal to every one that loves the out-of-doors. No risk. No obligation. Mail the coupon NOW!

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC.

Garden City Dept. SZ-197 New York

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. SZ-197,
Garden City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me for free examination, the Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft (6 vols.) by Ernest Thompson Seton, illustrated with 1450 drawings and photographs by the author, and handsomely bound in National Blue Cloth. I shall either return the books within 5 days or send you only $1.00 as first payment, then $2 a month till the full price of $11.00 has been paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation.....